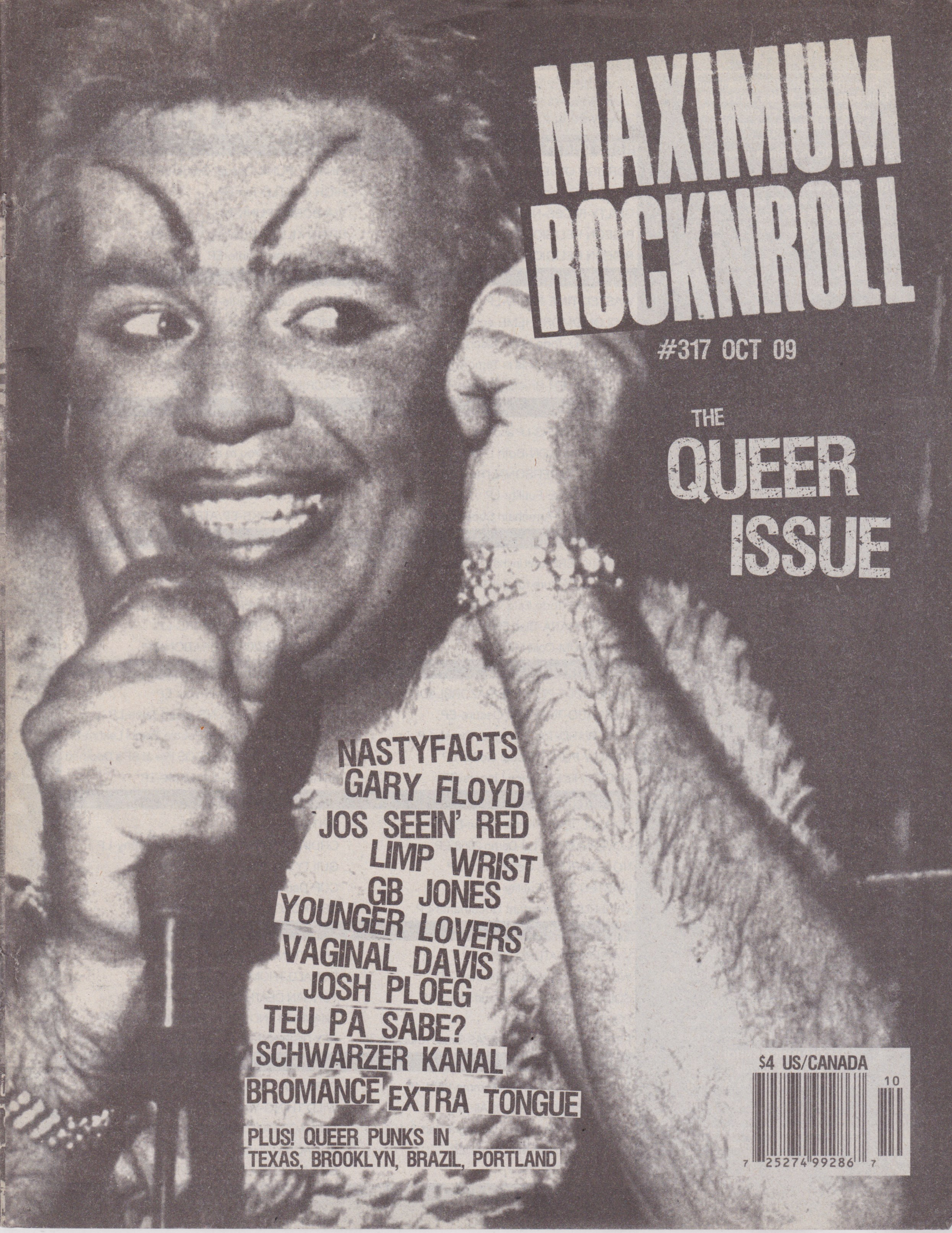

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

#317 OCT 09

THE QUEER ISSUE

NASTYFACTS
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LIMP WRIST
GB JONES
YOUNGER LOVERS
VAGINAL DAVIS
JOSH PLOEG
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SCHWARZER KANAL
BROMANCE EXTRA TONGUE

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

DIANE ANASTASIO

- FOREIGN OBJECTS-Leave Me-EP
- ATENTADO-Todo Está Oscura-EP
- GUILTY FACES-Nightmares-LP
- PIGEON RELIGION-Scorpion Milk-EP
- PIGEON RELIGION-Dead Boss-EP
- FINALLY PUNK-Casual Goths-LP
- HIGH CASTLE-Ten-LP
- V/A-BORNE PUNK-LP
- BRAIN KILLER-Breaking Wheel-EP
- ECOLI-Judas Cradle-EP

JUSTIN BRIGGS

- WASTED TIME-Futility-LP
- D-CLONE/MÖRPHEME-split EP
- ATENTADO-Todo Está Oscura-EP
- OBLITERATION-This is Tomorrow-EP
- BRAIN KILLER-Breaking Wheel-EP
- ECOLI-Judas Cradle-EP
- SLICES-His Presence Lingers-EP
- DETONIZE-Rat Dogs of War-LP
- NO COMPLY-It's Getting Hot-EP
- SACRILEGE-Early Demos-LP

TIM BROOKS

- HEX DISPENSERS-LP and live
- ROKY ERICKSON-Both LPs
- TELEVISION PERSONALITIES-Both LPs
- WASTED TIME-Futility-LP
- SOUTHPORT-Armchain Supporters-CD
- B-LINES-Leaving-EP
- WILD THING-You're a Punk-EP
- UV RACE-Both EPs
- IDLE HANDS-Volatile Matters-EP
- SCHOOL JERKS-EP/ATENTADO-EP

ROBERT COLLINS

- TV WATCHERS-Carl in the Sky With Diamonds-EP
- INSUICIETY-Cure for the Truth-CD
- ATENTADO-Todo Está Oscura-EP
- DEMOKHRATIA-Bled El Petrole Takoul Lekhra-EP
- CONTAGIUM-Cold Mind-EP
- CAT PARTY-Tar and Feathers-LP
- D-CLONE/MÖRPHEME-split EP
- THE FAMINES-EP/LITTLE GIRLS-45
- SLICES-EP/SPEED FREAKS-LP
- RAT DAMAGE/OBLITERATION-EP

LAYLA GIBBON

- FLERE DØDE PENSERE/RAZORBLADES-split EP
- ATENTADO-Todo Está Oscura-EP
- JERK WARD-Too Young to Thrash-LP
- FINALLY PUNK-Casual Goths-LP
- SLICES-His Presence Lingers-EP
- D-CLONE/MÖRPHEME-split EP
- ROKY AND THE ALIENS-Weird Tales-LP
- DEMOKHRATIA-Bled El Petrole Takoul Lekhra-EP
- RAYOS X/NN/DESCARADOS live at SF's Doomed
- FOREIGN OBJECTS-Leave Me-EP

BOB GOLDIE

- SCHOOL JERKS-Nothing Else-EP
- GOVERNMENT FLU-Demo 2008-EP
- NO COMPLY-It's Getting Hot-EP
- WASTED TIME-Futility-LP
- xWALRUSx-Important Documents-LP
- SPITS-IV-LP
- ORDINATION OF AARON-Discography-LP
- GUILTY FACES-Nightmares-LP
- COP-Dedicated Cop-EP
- DEATHCAGE-Tomorrow We Die-EP

KENNY KAOS

- V/A-SEA CREATURES-EP
- WET DREAMS-Here Come the...-EP
- SODA POP KIDS-Stomp and Shout-45
- POPPETS-Trouble-EP
- PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS-Brass Knuckles-45
- WILD THING-EP/SCHOOL JERKS-EP
- DONALD THOMPSON-Bite My Ass-EP
- TONGAN DEATH GRIP-EP/VCR-EP
- SHANNON AND THE CLAMS-Hunk Hunt-EP
- HEX DISPENSERS-Winchester Mystery House-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- TY SEGALL-Universal Momma/86'd-45
- THE PERVERTS-I Saw It All-EP
- JACK OBLIVIAN-Saturday Night Part 2-10"
- JAMES ARTHUR-My Gawd!-EP
- UV RACE-Both EPs
- PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS-Brass Knuckles-45
- WILD THING-You're a Punk-EP
- TEENAGE PANZERKORPS-Arc De Triomphe-EP
- AUDACITY-Power Drowning-LP
- BOX ELDERS-LP/SMITH WESTERNS-LP

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE: #156 pt. 2, 175, 179-181, 184, 186-197, 199, 204, 206, 208, 209214, 215, 218, 221-225, 227, 229-236, 238-247, 249-306, 308-316

See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

PAUL LUCICH

TV WATCHERS-Carl in the Sky With Diamonds-EP
TELEVISION PERSONALITIES-And Don't The-LP
TELEVISION PERSONALITIES-Mummy Your-LP
DEAD MECHANICAL-Binghampton Calling-45
BLANK DOGS-Slow Room/Anywhere-45
AMERICAN STEEL-Dear Friends-LP
FINALLY PUNK-Casual Goths-LP
ECOLI-Judas Cradle-EP
SPITS-IV-LP
PIGEON RELIGION-Both EPs

RAY LUJAN

SOUTHPORT-Armchain Supporters-CD
IDLE HANDS-Volatile Matters-EP
BOYS CLUB-Can't Be Beat-LP
DEAD MECHANICAL-Binghampton Calling-45
DEAR LANDLORD-Dream Homes-LP
EARTHMEN AND STRANGERS-Naked to the-LP
GUILTY FACES-Nightmares-LP
CAT PARTY-Tar and Feathers-LP
MCRACKINS/DIMAGGIO-CD/COBRA SKULLS-CD
CHROME DOME-EP/THE BEETS-EP

MARK MURRMANN

JACK OBLIVIAN-Saturday Night Part 2-10"
X-Hate City-EP
WILD THING-You're a Punk-EP
BURNING ITCH-Antisocial Paranoia-EP
UV RACE-Malaria-EP
HEX DISPENSERS-Winchester Mystery House-LP
RANDOM CUTS-Make Damage-EP
ROKY AND THE ALIENS-Weird Tales-LP
HOMOSTUPIDS-Apeshit!-LP
AUDACITY-Power Drowning-LP

BRUCE ROEHRS

DEATHCAGE-Tomorrow We Die-EP
BRAIN KILLER-Breaking Wheel-EP
THRILLKILLERS-Yard Shark/Wurdulak-45
RAMMING SPEED-Always Disgusted-EP
CONTROL/MARCHING ORDERS-split EP
RAW NOISE-Scum Will Rise-EP
WASTED TIME-Futility-LP
DETONIZE-Rat Dogs of War-LP
GUILTY FACES-Nightmares-LP
D-CLONE/MÖRPHEME-split EP/WILD THING-EP

FRED SCHRUNK

SONGS FOR MOMS-I Used to Believe-LP
BLACK RAINBOW/HIDDEN SPOTS-split EP
KREAMY 'LECTRIC SANTA-Operation-LP
HEX DISPENSERS-Winchester Mystery House-LP
FOREIGN OBJECTS-Leave Me-EP
SPITS-IV-LP
FINALLY PUNK-Casual Goths-LP
HOMOSTUPIDS-Apeshit!-LP
DEAR LANDLORD-Dream Homes-LP
San Francisco's Doomed Fest!

CISSIE SCURLOCK

WASTED TIME-Futility-LP
D-CLONE/MÖRPHEME-split EP
ATENTADO-Todo Está Oscura-EP
DEMOKHRATIA-Bled El Petrole Takoul Lekhra-EP
OBLITERATION-This is Tomorrow-EP
SLICES-His Presence Lingers-EP
HEX DISPENSERS-Winchester Mystery House-LP
X-Hate City-EP
FLERE DØDE PENSERE/RAZORBLADES-split EP
BRAIN KILLER-Breaking Wheel-EP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

SCHOOL JERKS-Nothing Else-EP
WASTED TIME-Futility-LP
HEX DISPENSERS-Winchester Mystery House-LP
ATENTADO-Todo Está Oscura-EP
RELIGIOUS SS DISORDER-Prey-EP
WILD THING-You're a Punk-EP
OBLITERATION-This is Tomorrow-EP
BRAIN KILLER-Breaking Wheel-EP
RAZOR BLADES-Hateful Youth-LP
NAPALM DEATH-1985-86 Demos-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

Jagged Visions #2
Ong Ong #5
Mindless Mutant #4/#5
Umeå Punk City
Hey Ronnie #4
Asscactus #2
I Was a Teenage Zombie #2
City Trash #33
Counterfeit Garbage #1
Restless Legs #2

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11, Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September'05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Part One, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (*Avow* zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Part Two, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, *We're Gonna Fight* zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. *MRR* 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?. The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kyklooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders,, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#307/December '08. SOLD OUT!!! Sorry...

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops. Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report,

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Dear MRR—

I was kind of flabbergasted after reading in one of your recent issues that the "demo section" reviewers ignore CD-R demos that come in and prefer to receive a cassette version. First of all, since when do bands/artists have to accommodate their formats to what "reviewers" want? Second, do you really just get a kick out of making things complicated for people?

Most bands I know and interact with from Latin America make CD-R demos, so do a large number of folks from Southeast Asia and Eastern Europe. Cassettes used to be easier to do in the '90s but with the advent of cheap CD-Rs and cheap computers, most folks switched to the more convenient format. Why? because these days it's all around cheaper, quicker, and easier to reproduce; in other words, it's more DIY than sending your demo out for cassette duplication. Just like it used to be really easy for small unknown bands like the Buzzcocks or Swell Maps to do a 7". Not defending the CD format here, I'm an avid record collector but I can't expect every single band that I want to support to release everything on limited edition cassettes or vinyl just to please me because I think the CD-R format is uncool. Is *MRR* a punk zine for punks or is it a zine for exquisite record and tape collectors who get a kick out of making things more difficult and obscure for those who don't live in our first world punk rock fantasy land?

If you're not going to review CD-R than make it a policy and inform people about it, don't just mention it in a single column unrelated to the Demo section. Otherwise you're making a lot of well-intentioned people from around the world who want to see their band/projects reviewed in *MRR* spend time, resources and money on postage sending it to you. Not everyone has it as easy as people in the U.S.. Most foreign bands can't afford to do ridiculous shit like print a limited edition LP and then splatter the covers with mud so that it goes for $50 on Ebay a week after it's been released.

Peace,

—Joao Da Silva

Amor y Lucha Discos y Distro

P.S. If you have such an issue with CD-R's, I'll volunteer to review them if no one wants to. Except I don't live in SF, CA so it might make things complicated.

Hey Joao—

When we get demos from Eastern European, South East Asian and Latin American countries they are grabbed, no matter what the format is... Most of the demos we receive are CD-Rs with no art work, and if you actually read the demo review section you will see a large proportion of the reviews are of CD-R releases. It's clearly not a policy of the magazine by any means to not review CD-Rs. We get sent hundreds of demos a month, we try and review as many of them as we can, and yes being from a non-US country means your CDR or tape has more of a chance of getting selected by our demo reviewers, but it's ultimately their choice as to what they select from the box…

—Layla

Dear MRR—

I've been meaning to write this for a while, and just put it off. I should have written in after MRR #311, the print media is dead issue, since that is when you promoted a local vintage zine store called "Gote-Blud" on your website. Honestly, I could not think of a more contradictory store to promote a month after a *MRR* issue promoting some of the best print zines still left. The store you promoted explicitly says on their website that they do not stock any zines created past year 2000. I find this to be extremely stupid, and I would hate for some collector market to spawn on eBay out of internet hype of old zines, like records have the last decade. I love getting old zines too, just like I love old records, but current zines and records will always be more important, and empty my wallet first.

I feel like so many kids get into punk these days from the internet, and hear old cult records on mp3 blogs and whatnot, and then shell out big bucks for them on auction sites. Alot of times not even bothering to get new releases cause they don't buy you as many "punk points". If you think selling records is harder these days, try doing a zine! Zines are struggling these days, and I'm sorry but e-zines are just not cutting it. The last thing we need is people hyping the "good ol' days" of zines and not giving a crap about the great zines still being made today. As far as I see it, the store front seems like a great way to promote readership and interest in punk zines, but it seems like they have just turned it into a trendy elitist hobby of collecting. I can easily say when I was younger walking into a record shop and buying a few DIY punk zines like *Slug And Lettuce* or *MRR* changed my life, but had it been an old zine for $15-20 I wouldn't have taken a second glance. If the shop owners are reading, or maybe MRR is too new for you, I want you to know I think your ideas are good for not wanting old zines to be forgotten, but still pretty backwards, and really do nothing to promote the current punk scene. In fact I would say it is even discouraging for zine editors to see people interested only in old shit, than what they are pouring their hearts into now. If you don't do anything to support zines now, what is your shop going to be like in another ten years?

—Tom M.

Lexington, KY

Tom—

Matt started his store with the intention of selling off his zine collection and setting up exhibitions based on its artifacts, like the current one on Queer zine history. There is a zine store in San Francisco, called Needles and Pens (www.needles-pens.com) that specializes in current zines, and I don't think what Matt is doing is necessarily counter to zine culture. I agree it's frustrating when punk is only viewed from a historical perspective, rather than as a continuing and flourishing subculture, but I also find old zines and records endlessly fascinating. Being able to actually flip through an old issue of Ripper *or* Breakfast Without Meat *is rad, as is checking out* Sal Di Puedes, *or whatever other current zines I am digging on. I think judging the current state of punk on the activities and consumption habits of MySpace punks is a weird lens to view it through; it seems kind of old-man-at-bar shaking his fist indignantly, "Kids these days!" There are always going to be posers and rich kids, collector scum,and bottom feeder types, but true punx will always prevail…*

—Layla

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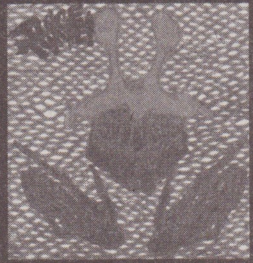

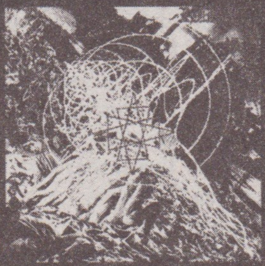

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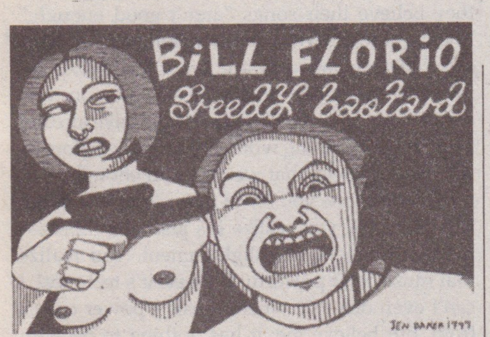
COLUMNS



So this is the queer issue. I don't have all that much to say in queer issues. I realize saying that could imply that I think being queer can be minimized to having some issue or that all folks who consider themselves queer to have issues. So let me just make it clear that "issue" in this context has to do with issuance of a magazine and nothing to do with psychological issues, though it could imply queer political issues, which is fine and even if I don't have much to say, I support most queer-majority views on these issues. This includes issues concerning marriage and children. Using the phrase queer-majority does not imply that I think queer is an actual majority such that so many are closeted or not being true to themselves about being queer, without going back to anyone's personal issues, to reach over 50% of the population.

Anyway, I was going to express my thoughts on diversity. I'm not talking about diversity in the political context of anyone getting hired or not hired because of current diversity of your current workplace. That last sentence should show no opinion about diversity in the workplace other to say I'm not covering that subject. Personally, I don't care about diversity in the workplace and if diversity in this meaning is substituted for the diversity I'm about to talk about, it could result in a terrible place to work. Since I haven't explained myself yet, feel free to be offended or not offended about what I just did not yet say. It does apply partially, but I'm unsure how people can handle partial offense to an idea.

There is also the idea of diversity when it comes to business, the sort of not keeping your chickens in one pot or whatever cliché you'd like to insert there, but this also does apply to what I'm taking a long time to get to.

Another definition of diversity is in the biological or a diversity scheme, which is something in wave physics, which I just had a thought of talking about a little bit.

Many columns in *Maximum Rocknroll* dealing with the outright statement of love or unlov* for whatever sorts of things one would be led to read about in *Maximum Rocknroll*. This is the diversity I'm going to talk about. You can basically open up any one of these zines, or go to any show where non-totally-terrible bands are playing and find someone spouting that he or she loves or unlovs something. Someone else, with a completely different background (yeah, that sort of diversity, though probably not up to the standards of your workplace politically, unfortunately) can agree or disagree or come up with something else that becomes a truly unique point of view, sometimes just to be contrary to whoever else is there.

That's diversity to me, a diversity of minds and personality if you will. The best thing about being into unpopular music is you get a mix of people who are into all sorts of unpopular things. It's a lot like Sammy Davis Jr. There was a time where you could find Sammy hanging out with the Rat Pack and so much of Hollywood and people in the music industry, the same Sammy could be found hosting Black Panthers at a dinner, or even porn stars and Anton LaVey. Someone was quoted as saying, a party at Sammy's house was the only time in place in history where you could find Linda Lovelace having a friendly chat with Fred McMurray from *My Three Sons* and Eartha Kitt.

This is the world I choose to be in and hanging around with punk folks has kept me somewhat close to this Sammy Davis ideal state. I've hung out with children of celebrities and people who grew up in the war torn third world, and have helped form friendships between the two, as do a lot of you reading this now. Kids who gained a heroin addiction at twelve sharing ideas with kids who've never had a beer. People with a hundred metal object stuck into themselves and a big upside-down cross tattoo being best friends with ex-Mormans who secretly still wear the special ugly underwear just in case. I think this is what separates punk rock from the sort of fad subcultures that come and go. While the mainstream likes to try and minimize what we all have here along with the bands that choose to go along with what's dictated by that ever shrinking punk rock band entry-way of almostenoughmoneyifItourallyeararoundtopayforthedentistonceayearandnotstarvetodeath major label thing.

So for me, this Sammy-ish sort of world has been enough to keep me connected and keep me playing music, seeing new bands and writing this column. I also feel like Sammy is something you couldn't really understand unless you were there to see his performance. From what I read he was the ultimate live performer who could tell jokes, sing and of course dance better than almost anyone around him. The guy started performing with his father and manager at the age of three or four and he had more hours to hone his skills than any one of his contemporaries. This sort of thing can't really be caught on tape or film and, unlike Sammy, we can all reinvent ourselves every day, and it's up to everyone else to be there.

But this is my shortsighted view. I personally love to goof on people who like to think punk rock is more than that. The idea that a song someone writes can actually influence people is something I like to mock a lot. But in terms of biodiversity or something referred to as a diversity scheme, one could make a good theory of change bet on punk rock or a good theory of non-change.

Bio diversity refers to diversity of all things on a global scale canceling out each other to keep the status quo. A diversity scheme, in simplest terms, is using two or more communication channels to deliver a clear message. So if I apply what I said in this column to the first term, it would mean that all these differences in all of us keep punk exactly how it was the day it began (that day being something no one will ever agree on). If I apply it to the second term it would imply that music plus zines equal clear communication. Personally, I think I can combine the two to come up with zine messaging cancels out music messaging. Perhaps we just need some new mediums to make our signal clearer, if you will, but if this signal is so contradictive, it will be clearer only in it's Sammy Davis-ness.

Feel free to send signals to bill@candids.com

* I'd like to use this word because the Unlovables have paid me to do so in order to get their band name into the English dictionary.

This could be called "Why I love the BAD BRAINS and HÜSKER DÜ more than your average queer band" but it isn't.

It's simple, isn't it? You're a punk—you listen

to punk music. You're queer—you have got to listen to queer music. Wait a minute! Whilst I don't mind a bit of trashy kitsch on the side, it's hard to believe the fact that I should support queer artists (be they punk or anything else) just because they're queer.

As my record collection is dominated by rampant straight boy-isms, I refuse to go all "queercore" on ya. There is something, though, that will always to draw me to the queer, awkward, homo, outsider-ish, friendly geek stuff. Call it personal affiliation or history. Queer punk is just one facet of the celebration that not all areas in life are run by ignorant straight men.

I can't stand these "queerqueerqueer" screaming bands that sacrifice tunes and message for single issues, such as who you share encounters or a bed with. Who actually gives a fuck that you're gay when the music is boring, unlistenable, and the word "queer" is mentioned at least five times per song. So, here's a little story, an account of sorts...

Coming out at the merch stall

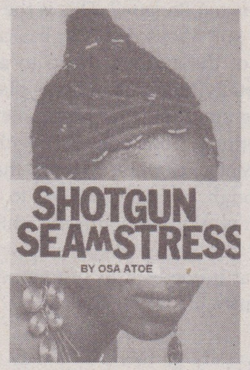
Only a few stops on public transport and now I am home and I'm glad I didn't have the spill the beans just back there. I saw this band and they impressed me greatly. Not the best band I have ever seen but one that sticks out in my mind. And why? Gasp!—One member of the band was a visible queer! Big fucking deal, I know.

Actually, it was kind of a big deal then and there. The band was loud and evil and played heavy music with complex rhythms. It wasn't trashy electro pop or overly-serious performance art. Just gritty noisy hardcore punk full to the brim with a righteous no-bullshit attitude. My favorite—despite its obvious ideological, demographic shortcomings, obviously. I thought of ways of how to strike up a conversation with the queer in the band. Now, neither do I wear a pink triangle nor I am visibly very queer, (I get the surprised "what, you?!" reaction frequently). Let's face the facts—it's the year 2009. In many countries, queers are on a political path towards choices for a more assimilated life style. Yes, we may marry. Yes, we can walk around a lot of streets of our towns relatively safe. Legally, a 2nd class citizen status has been revoked. So, it actually feels a bit dumb to reach out to somebody because they are a dyke in a punk band. "Hey!! You're queer! Me, too!" "Yes..." End of conversation. Awkward.

All it takes is one person that makes an otherwise good, but average band into something more exciting in an otherwise crushingly straight scenario. No matter if the sound in the venue was shit or the guitar sounded slightly too metal. On practical level, with better small talk skills, we could have played punks' favourite game "How many friends have we in common?" Quite a few, possibly. Well, I missed this perfect chance this time, because I went straight home. Now I'm sitting on my desk well into the night scribbling down these lines of FWPP (First World Punk Problems).

I should have come out there and then at the merch stall, but it never happened. New and old fears hold me back. I'm over 30 and I feel embarrassed easily.

Feeling punk and feeling queer don't really contradict each other—in fact, they're very similar. However, they don't exactly go hand in hand—at least not in the circles where I roam. It still baffles me how hard it is to find DIY hardcore punk queers with a decent sense of humour. People that can hold a musical instrument is always a bonus. Why is it so hard to find these people? Queer music enthusiasts with a bit of political consciousness. It can't be that hard. It's either queer or punk but hardly these two come together. Except in ourselves. That's why it's such a thrill to meet like-minded folks. Do you also jump up and down with joy when you listen to BAD BRAINS and HÜSKER DÜ? Well, I do. Write. Boitel: boitel333@hotmail.com



You know how it is when you've been doing the same thing for so long and it becomes so normal that you forget why it was so important that you started doing it in the first place? Well, moving to New Orleans at the age of 30 has reminded me why I got obsessed with girl bands and punk rock over a decade ago.

I spent the last seven years of my life on the west coast, mostly in Portland, Oregon. I moved there when I was 23 and I was instantly so inspired by how active women were in the punk scene there, how many girls were in bands and how many women I was meeting who were influenced by riot girl. Even though I was the only black girl around, which would later prove to be a challenge, Portland felt like a dream to me at the time. There were local bands that were not only all-girl, but all-dyke, playing basement and living room shows on a weekly basis. It felt totally normal to be at shows where the bands and audiences were majority ladies & queers. For girls who played music, it was a very safe and supportive environment.

Moving to New Orleans, I knew exactly what I was getting into. There used to be a queer/lady punk scene here but it dissolved a couple of years ago. Lots of people have moved away since Hurricane Katrina and things are slowly getting started up again. Me and some new friends I've met since I moved here started putting on shows for queer/lady bands on tour and things are going really well here.

The biggest problem, though, is local bands! An all-girl band comes to town and there aren't very many choices of women-fronted bands to put them with. As far as I know so far, there's Crackbox, a crust punk band with a woman lead singer and there's Ixnay an all-girl folky/poppy trio. The local scene here is a major challenge, so one of the things I've been trying to do is encourage the ladies who live here to start bands. The process of doing that is what helped me remember why I started actively seeking out girl bands when I was around sixteen and seventeen years old. It helps me remember how finding that music changed my life.

Since moving here, I've played music here with other women who are incredible musicians—much, much, much better than I am (which isn't hard to be) but they have surprisingly little confidence in their own skills and ability. Some of these ladies even have songs that they've been writing on their own forever, but won't bring them out into the public because they believe their songs "aren't good enough." There's nothing wrong with making art for yourself if that's what you want. But it really does kill me to hear talented people be so down on their own talent, especially because there have already been so many strong women who came before us who have proved that we are good enough.

The first time you try to play along to a Bikini Kill song and you realize it's just two chords—that's a moment of enlightenment. You realize that music isn't powerful because it's technical. I can't even describe where music's power comes from, but believe me; it has nothing to do with being the best drummer or the best guitarist. It's all about delivery.

I recently started playing drums for this band called Deny It with this girl Candice who's in a band called Necro Hippies, and this other girl named Takiya who lives in Florida. I'm not a drummer by any means but I've come to realize that singing and playing drums are the most fun things you can do in a band, so I do it anyway. A few weeks ago, we played this show with two all-boy emocore bands from Florida (no comment) and a local woman-fronted ska band. We had to borrow drums from one of the Florida bands and when I sat down at that expensive drumset, I had a moment of feeling like, "Damn, I'm a shitty drummer and these boys are gonna be lookin at me thinking I'm a shitty drummer." But another part of me knows so much better than that.

Ladies like Erin Smith of Bratmobile and Carrie Brownstein of Sleater-Kinney totally demystified the guitar for me. If it wasn't for them, till this day I might still believe that I can't play the guitar. Their single-note riffs were fucking fierce and then like a decade later, every indie rock boy band's music is filled with jumpy single-note riffs trying to be just like them. I listen to UK riot girl band Skinned Teen and it's sloppy and minimal but so good. It's all of the energy behind it that makes it work. You can tell they believe in their songs when you hear them.

The long list of women I've been lucky enough to play music with are a definitely inspiration. My ex-bandmate Adee never had a drum lesson in her life and created her own beautiful style of playing. Whenever I pick up drum sticks, I definitely think of her and also my friend Ana Rodriguez who plays drums for Portland band Magic Johnson. Bands like the Raincoats and LiliPut/Kleenex teach girls that it's okay to experiment and trust your own strange sound. You don't have to sound like everyone else. You don't have to be loud; you can sound delicate and be punk. And more recently, we've got bands like Finally Punk, Vivian Girls, Mika Miko,

Explode Into Colors, New Bloods and others keeping the spirit alive.

I really could go on, but the point is, as people on the margins of punk rock, our lessons have been written for us, many times over. It's time to look back on that short history and draw strength and courage from it. I have so much faith and optimism for the queer and lady punks of New Orleans to rise to the challenge and create a scene that is welcoming to all people regardless of gender, sexuality, race, or ability.

It's the year 2009! We gotta get over this "we're not good enough" crap and start really living, expressing ourselves without fear, feeling the euphoria of getting really sweaty playing music for a small room full of appreciative people. This isn't just about music or punk rock. It's about liberation, our self-esteems, and the confidence you gain by making shit happen. Now go start a band!

No More Fiction
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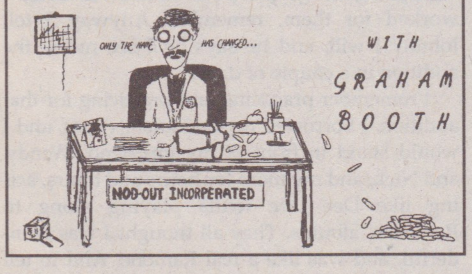
ROCKET TO NOWHERE



Man my last column was some whiny depressing bullshit. What the fuck!? It seems like times are tight for most humans on earth. You know, things are teetering on the brink of disaster all the time now. But step outside and breathe in the fresh air and it basically feels like 2006. So yeah, I know I've been all pouty. Sorry. Lucky for you it was only a matter of time before I started getting my way like I'm used to.

This month's story starts like so many others... digging through the record bins at the thrift store. Honestly, up until this week it had been a pretty rough month. By rough I mean I went to the same thrift stores I go to every week, but went several weeks without finding anything. NOTHING!

Between the neighborhoods that I live in and work in, I'm in driving proximity of about twelve solid thrift stores. Depending on the week, I'll try to hit two or three a day, either on my lunch break or on the way home from work. In the past, there have been days where I've found good records at every stop along the way. Lately there have been days (weeks) where I haven't bought any records at all.

It's easy to get disillusioned when you're putting in so much time, but I find that the persistence usually pays off. Of course, it's a bit less daunting when you're just going around the corner to a local shop. I know there are people who sell records full-time, spending entire days driving around town to various shops and thrift stores. When you start considering time and gas money, it starts to make less and less financial sense.

I just go about my day as I would normally, and if I happen to be near a thrift store with fifteen minutes to spare, I pop in and pop out. The randomness of the stops seems to feed into the serendipity of the moment; I do better when I'm not counting on finding something. Honestly, I find the best shit when I've already given up, pressing on in a depressed zombie like state. That's what happened yesterday.

First, I'd like to thank my boss for being out of town this week. I took some liberties with my lunch breaks, driving a little outside of my normal loop. Things started out dismal as ever. One of my favorite local thrifts hasn't had a new box of records in about a month, and they used to get new stuff 2-3 times a week. I still went through everything. It's crazy how the same bins of records can look exactly the same week after week, but if you actually look closely, you find some random crazy record in the middle of the STREISANDs and ANDY WILLIAMS LPs that definitely wasn't there the last time you looked. I continue to be baffled, but I always look. NOTHING TODAY!

Then I was off to another thrift a bit outside the usual loop. Same story, although I've noticed that the quantity of LPs at this store has dropped off lately, ever since they consolidated all of the Records / CDs / Tapes / Videos / DVDs into one small shelving unit. More of the same records, except for a couple '70s rock LPs and a handful of late '80s 12"s that were either electro or boogie or freestyle or hip hop. I usually buy 12"s on small local labels I've never heard of, as long as they are in nice condition. I got two, which turned out to be late '80s Hip Hop from LEMON-LIME on the Take Over label.

I was starting to feel better, and I was off to one more shop around the corner. This was the last shop that I found a good pile of records at, albeit three weeks beforehand. Actually, it's the same thrift shop I found that sealed LEWD LP I was bragging about a few months ago. Anyway, I headed straight for the records. They were looking pretty thin. Still, I braved through the bins. What is going on... NOTHING. Man, what a bummer. Looks like it's time to go back to work.

I was all antsy, dreading going back to work, so I dragged out my visit and walked around the store to see if there was any other cool shit. I regularly look for cassette tapes, furniture, stereo stuff and sometimes clothes. Nothing was looking very good, so I went over to the counter to do a quick pass, see if any expensive stuff was in the display case or on the wall behind. I scanned the area and nothing was popping out at me. I walked over to the far end, and spotted a cool looking black mesh SUICIDAL TENDENCIES cap. I asked to see it, and soon I was holding a SUICIDAL TENDENCIES cap in my hands. It was rad, with SUICIDAL printed on the underside of the brim! Still, SUICIDALs are still pretty huge, especially around LA, and I figured that you could probably even get a hat like this at your local punk clothier, if not Hot Topic. How do you figure out how old a hat is? I looked at obvious cues, like the materials, the tag on the inside... I'd never heard of OTTO, that's a good sign. Of course, they probably still print SUICIDAL gear down in Mexico, how do I know this isn't some Tijuana tourist job? They could have even used old back-stock hats from the '70s/'80s, but screened them in 2009. This is serious business!

I looked at the price tag. $10.00. Hmmmmm. If this is a new SUICIDAL cap, is it even worth $10? Money is kinda tight, and that's a decent amount to spend on some potential Hot Topic gear. Ultimately it was my desire to buy something... *anything* (yay for capitalist slaves!). Fuck it, I'll take it. I handed over my Debit Card and the cashier rang me up. He started to process my card and then dropped a bombshell, "Oh, did you see the shirts?"

Shirts?? I'm not sure if y'all know this, but I am a total whore for punk T-shirts. Nothing cuts through the bullshit in a room like a well-selected punk T-shirt. Whether it's showing off your impeccable taste to fellow punk fans, or pissing off a roomful of squares, a T-shirt can communicate things within seconds that you could never convey with a mountain of words. T-shirts are like the ultimate fetishization of punk; you can't get away from them, they are ubiquitous. For all of the fleeting moments that punk is, a T-shirt is one of few artifacts that exists both in the space of the event and beyond. I'm sure everyone can name some random TV show or movie they've spotted a punk shirt on, I always get a rush seeing that shit infiltrate the airwaves. Nothing is crazier than spotting some random person on the street sporting a faded old shirt in the flesh that you've been staring at on some album cover for a decade. SHIRTS RULE!

Anyway, it's cool if you don't really care, but shirts are my shit. So to have thrift store man tell me there are shirts there, I nearly lost it. There, on the "special rack" behind the counter, I could see the profiles of seven various colored T-shirts amongst the sport coats and ladies blouses. I reached for the first one, and it was some red sleeveless shirt that said "I'm Having Much More Fun" that I'd never heard of. Hmmm. Next up... B-52's. On the back, B-52's *Tour '83*. Kinda crazy! Next up, SID VICIOUS *My Way*. This looks old, with a SCREEN STARS tag. Crazy! What's this neon skater shit? DOGGY STYLE... over: Tour 1986. Wow. DEHUMANIZERS. Fucking DEHUMANIZERS?! *Tour 1987*. Sick! SHELLSHOCK. Ha ha, New Orleans SHELLSHOCK of KBD fame that did that later crossover album in the '80s—a T-shirt for that album?! Weird. What's this black shirt... DEAD KENNEDYS! *Kill the Poor*! With some crude two color design I don't recognize. What a stack! I scan the rest of the rack frantically, but that's it. I go back to that sleeveless one, this time reading the back. "The New World Tour 1983". Fuck! An X tour shirt!

So yeah, I grabbed them all and marched triumphantly back to the counter with my haul. "I'll take them all. Crazy!" I was stoked too, since all these old shirts basically authenticated that lone SUICIDAL TENDENCIES hat as a mid

1980s original. I was kinda surprised to discover the price tags. All the shirts were $15. Ouch. But it was all I could do. "Has anyone else bought anything?"

"Nope. These came in late last night and just went on the rack this morning." Sick! Imagine my luck. Well by then I'd been gone from work for almost two hours, I rushed out the door to get back ASAP. This is like the sickest thrift store score ever. I mean, yeah, I've found some awesome records, but never some person's collection of punk T-shirts. I remember finding a SUPERTOUCH shirt at a DC thrift while on tour in the '90s. And when I was a wee teen in the Chicago burbs I found some cool stuff like the first ENGLISH BEAT shirt, and the first and only DRIVE LIKE JEHU T-shirt I'd ever seen. The only other remotely punk shirts I found were a SLAYER *South of Heaven* shirt and some '80s PUSHEAD shirt. Nope today was definitely the best.

As I drove into the garage at work to park I started to have a sinking feeling. I looked at all the shirts behind the counter. But what if there were more? I didn't even look at the T-Shirt rack on the floor! What if I missed something?! This could be bad. I started getting nervous. I mean, they put a bunch of obscure bands back there along with the well known ones, I doubt they'd put anything else out. What a fucking DEAD KENNEDYS shirt! And even if I did miss something, I didn't have time to go back. I had a lot of work to do. Plus the store was only open for a couple more hours. I'd have to go back tomorrow, if *ever*. *SIGH* Honestly though, they knew what they were doing charging $15 a shirt. I'm sure I didn't miss anything. Get back to work bozo. And brag!

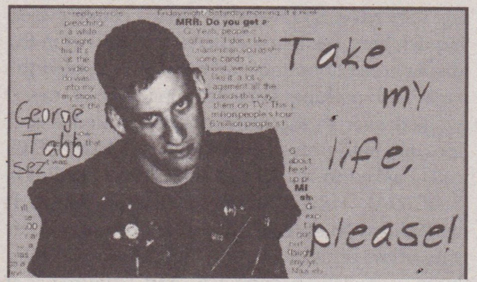
I called a good friend with the news. Fucking sick. I couldn't get anything done at work I was totally buzzing. And I called my wife. "You'll never guess what I got today." I could already imagine her picking and choosing her favorites. I knew she'd flip over that X shit. I went home totally beside myself, god I am annoying. Definitely one of the best nights in a long time, I slept like a baby.

When I woke up the next morning, I was already buzzing again. I got up kinda late and stumbled out to the car and on to work. Uggh. Work is boring as fuck lately. Luckily since I showed up a bit late, there was less time to kill before lunch-time. Before I knew it, I was back in the car on my way back to the thrift. I felt silly walking back in when I realized the cashier was the same guy from the previous day. I checked the rack behind the counter and it looked just as I had left it. Then I went and checked the records to make sure a new box hadn't been dropped off. No new boxes. Bummer. Then I headed for the T-shirt rack. It looked pretty full, with tons of the same kind of garbage shirts I see every day. I knew I was going to have to go through every single one of them. I started flipping through. Lots of crappy stuff like for softball leagues and shit. It was looking dismal. Then I spotted a familiar pink shirt. '80s MINOR THREAT shirt with pink spray paint looking design. FUCK! What did I miss! Uhhh, *Thee* gray Dischord DC Records T-shirt is what. A long time want, just amazing! AGENT ORANGE? I've never seen this '80s mod looking design. Crazy. DEAD KENNEDYS DK logo shirt. Hello '80s. RHYTHM PIGS. Ha ha... '87 Tour. A gray shirt, "Part Animal Part Machine" over... Search and Destroy. What the fuck, this is that ROLLINS back tattoo thing. A ROLLINS Shirt?

FOD! Rad! Crazy crude homemade silkscreen design; I can picture these dudes screening this shit in their Philly garage. SHORT DOGS GROW. Ha ha. I cannot believe a SHORT DOGS GROW T-shirt exists. Retarded. MIA *After the Fact*. If I didn't know who they were, I would've guessed they were the POLICE from the design. MIA / GENOCIDE still rules though! Whoa. Red. SOULSIDE. I love SOULSIDE! I have two different SOULSIDE shirts, and this makes a third totally different design. Awesome! What!? VERBAL ABUSE. No Fucking Way! Er, it has the *Rocks Your Liver* album on the back, but whatever. It's a VERBAL ABUSE shirt! What is this crazy psychedelic shit? I can barely read it. T.H.E. F.L.A.M.I.N.G. L.I.P.S?! Holy Shit. An '80s FLAMING LIPS shirt has to be the biggest $$ in the bunch. Dudes are fanatics. Fanat... What The Fuck. No Way! BGK *Nothing Can Go Wrong* shirt with the mad professor skeleton dude. I Love BGK. So Underrated. So good. Is that it?!

I continued flipping through the T-shirts and it was looking like I found the rest of them. Fuck. All in a row there. Nobody even touched them or what? Hmmm. What's this? *Throb Thro...* what? Chicago's finest... NAKED RAYGUN! That's IT. Heaviest pile of T-shirts ever, I quickly glanced at the other shirt racks, but there weren't any more T-shirts to be found. I wonder if whoever moved the NAKED RAYGUN shirt moved anything else? Is this really all the shirts? I think so. As I approached the counter to pay a second day in a row, I felt silly. "Best Day Ever part II!"

Really? But the shirts from yesterday were so much more special." I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Well, I could, but still. A BGK shirt? A DISCHORD Records shirt? I might as well give up now. I poured the pile of T-shirts onto the counter to start counting them. 14 shirts. The cashier was eager to check the price tags. Let's see here... WHAT?! $3.25 for a Hardcore T-shirt? Sure enough I counted ten individual shirts with $3.25 price tags. I cannot believe this. Oh, but what's this? MINOR THREAT + DISCHORD + DK + AGENT ORANGE are all $10.25. Ouch. Total Price... $75. Plus $115 the day before. twenty shirts and a SUICIDAL TENDENCIES hat for less than $200. This has to be some kind of record. FUCK RECORDS. I WANT MORE SHIRTS!



There I was, auditioning for the Ramones. Earlier that week, I had run into Dee Dee and Johnny, both within a half hour of one another. I first ran into Dee Dee, and he told me he quit the Ramones a couple of days ago. When I asked him why, he told me he was sick of it, and wanted to do other stuff. I told him I understood completely. I, of course, didn't. Then I ran into Johnny, who told me that Dee Dee just quit, and did I know any bass players. I kinda turned my head to the side like a dumb dog. He looked at me, and said nothing. Then I told him I played bass. Then it was his turn to cock his head like a dumb dog. Actually, more like a parrot. He then says, in his nasal parrot-y voice, "George, I thought you played guitar." Doh. I explained to him that the bass and guitar were very similar. The only difference really being two extra strings on a guitar, so in reality, bass is easier. He said "oh." I told him I had a bass, and would love to audition. In reality, I had had a bass, but had given it to my old girlfriend. He said to call Monty, their tour manager, who I knew very well from having worked with them. Monty is like the fifth Ramone. He is this overweight middle-aged balding guy, who tells the band what to do and when. When the band is, for instance, in the recording studio, and one of them has to take a leak, they raise their hand and say, "Monty, Monty, I gotta go pee-pee." I'm not kidding. I worked for them, remember. Anyway, I tell Johnny I will, and he says he'll see me at the audition in a couple of days.

I remember practicing and practicing for that audition. I borrowed my bandmate's bass, and I would stand in front of my girlfriend, Wendy, and Nick, and my mom for hours and hours, acting like Dee Dee while playing along to Ramones' albums. They all thought I was wonderful, and was like a real Ramone. And to tell you the truth, I was. I had that Ramone shit down cold. I mean, I'd been preparing for it for like ten years. And now I was ready. I'd play along with "Blitzkrieg Bop" and "Pet Semetary", which, they played in a different key live than they played on the record. I'd burn through "Go Mental" and "Shock Treatment." Man, I was ready. The day of the audition, my mom, Nick and Wendy wished me luck, and I went on the job interview of a lifetime.

I arrived to S.I.R. on 24th Street, the place where the Ramones were holding their auditions. There were like a bunch of bass players there. I couldn't believe it. They were all standing around this hallway, waiting for their turn to show the Ramones what they got. There was this really tall guy with really curly hair, a fro, and he wanted to be a Ramone. There was this little short, overweight guy, who was balding, and he wanted to be a Ramone. There was this black guy with a mohawk, and he wanted to be a Ramone. There was even a girl. I asked the little bald guy why he wanted to be a Ramone. He said, "It's a good gig, the money is right." I asked the curly haired guy the same thing, he said "I'd rather be in Van Halen, but this will have to do." What a bunch of fucking morons. Here they were, getting a chance to play with the best band in the world, and they don't even care. I knew I had to play better than them. To be the true Ramone that I am inside. So I left them in the hall to be with

one another, and went and sat on a couch and waited for my turn. One after one, the bass players filed in, played for like one minute, and left. On their way out, most of them bitched that they were better musicians, anyway, and didn't need this "gig." Assholes.

Finally, it was my turn. I walked in the room and saw Johnny and Marky on stage. John said, "Hi George" in his bird-with-a-cold voice, and I said hello back. Then Monty said, "Oi Vey, George Tabb. What are you doing back. Couldn't hack it as a roadie, so here ya are, huh?" He then laughed, and everyone in the room did as well. I sorta laughed, nervously, and went about plugging in the bass to my digital tuner, and tuning it. Then Johnny walked over to me and stopped me. He said that using a digital tuner was not "Ramone-like," and to use the strobo-tuner. The antique piece of shit that both he and Dee Dee used for years. I said okay, and wasted twice the amount of time using that pile of junk. Finally, I was ready to play, and both Johnny and Monty remarked how much I looked like Dee Dee. Johnny asked me what songs I knew, and I told him I knew 'em all. He called me a wise guy, and then gave me their set list. He said start, so I said, "Hey, we're the Ramones, and this one's called The Blitzkrieg Bop, 1-2-3-4!" and we all went into the song. It was amazing. It sounded great, and here I was, playing on stage with my idols. We got through that song, and Marky went into "Lobotomy", we did that, and I counted "1-2-3-4" and we went into "Rockaway Beach." I got to sing the songs as well as play them, since Joey wasn't there. We then played a whole bunch of songs, and the whole time, Monty sat there with a stunned look on his face. At one point, Monty said I was better than Dee Dee ever was. We played some more, and I made the mistake of playing "Rock 'n' Roll Radio" with some upstrokes. Marky stopped the song and said, "Play the song with all down strokes. Upstrokes are cheating. And Ramones don't cheat." Drummer. So, I played with all down strokes. Anyway, I was in there for almost an hour, almost sixty times longer than anyone else.

When we finally finished playing, and we were putting our guitars away, both Monty and Johnny walked up to me. They were both very excited, and both told me how great I was. Monty said, "Georgie Ramone, I like the sound of that" and Johnny smiled. I asked them if I did OK, and they said yes, and it was now between me and this guy, Chris (who, as it turns out, is C.J.). I almost fainted. Then Johnny says to Monty, "Monty, drive Georgie Ramone home," and Monty drove me home in the Ramones van.

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For the next week or so I was a wreck. One part of me knew I was in the Ramones, and the other part of me knew that no matter what I did, or how good I was, I was still gonna get a finger in my ass. I finally heard from Monty that they picked C.J., cause he was younger than me, and they needed young blood. I thought it was silly, that the Ramones were all in their mid-to-late forties, and here they picked some teenager over a twenty-eight-year-old, but whatever. I knew I was good. But still, it really hurt.

I went to the doctor last week for my yearly check-up. He asked me how I was doing, and I told him I was fine. We got to talking as I was undressing and preparing to be examined, and he asked me how my music was going, and whatever happened to those Ramones guys I used to always talk about and wear on my shirts. I told him they where still around. And he told me so was this, as he put on his rubber glove and stuck his finger up my ass. For the first time, I smiled.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

I guess it's sorta ironic that now I'm sick, mostly with stomach stuff, from fucking 9/11. And I'm still really into the Ramones. I guess some things never change. In fact, I just got off the phone with my doctor who wants me to come in, so he can put his finger up my butt, I'm sure. Yay.

"Born To Lose", the three-disc Johnny Thunders tribute album is finally out on Skykrebs records! For more than fifteen years in the making, this thing is out, and it's *awesome*! Best New York Bands doing the second best songs of the city. Ramones, being number one, of course. This compilation is as good as "Todos Somos Ramones", which is saying everything. You have bands here like L.E.S. Stitches, The Waldos, Fur, The Devil Dogs, New York Loose, The Home Wreckers, New Bomb Turks, Todd Youth, The Kowalskis, and much more. Even Jesse Malin and Jimmy Gestapo doing "You Can't Put Your Arms Around A Memory" together. Oh, and of course I'm on it in a few places. Hey!?!?! What do ya want? It's been over fifteen years!!! I had to have a couple of bands in that time! Thanks, Steve, for finally putting this out! Best tribute album next to *Todos Somos Ramones*.

The Meatmen's new one, *Cover The World* is what you think it is! An album of covers. And of course, it rocks. Hey, it's Tesco! These songs had me rolling around on the floor in pain from laughing! And there's even a new Meatmen tune called "Jerry Lee Lewis"! Tesoco has some pretty weird taste in music, so you get tunes ranging from Abba to G.G. Allin. And Sex Mart 2010 is a blast! Welcome back, Shecky! Another must have! Also out is "Be Your Own Rougue Nation" from The Rogue Nation! This is a cool young band and they know their punk rock. Very much in the style of The Dead Kennedys, the songs here are political, personal, and funny and shit! Tunes like "Paris Hilton Generation" and Pat Robertson Death Clock" are right on! You go, guys! Oh, the tune, Planned Community" is my favorite song this month. Well, next to Tesco's version of "I Love Livin' In The City"!

Lots of great video games out, too. It's almost summer and the titles are rolling out. Standouts include the new Tiger Woods *PGA Tour 10* and *My Sims Racing* from EA, which is available both for the Nintendo DS and The Wii! Get the DS version, though! It's like Mario Kart, with a cool feature of designing your own car!!! Also, there are actually "Missions" where you can earn money to upgrade shit! Right on!

Fantasy Golf Pangya is another great golfing game out this month, but this one is for the Sony PSP only! It seems there have been NO games for the PSP, so finally! And the title is decent, too! Put out by TOMY, it's based on an MMO, and plays and looks great! Very anime, very fun! *The Conduit* for The Wii is a fun first person shooter for that system, and it's about time that something where you kill people came out for the Wii! Cool weapons, cool puzzles, and the graphics are pretty fucking great for The Wii.

Black Sigil for the Nintendo DS from Graffiti is pretty cool. This indie game label has had some pretty kick ass stuff, and this game is no different. My only problem with it is it's very hard! Doh! I love the 16-bit look! Punk rock!!! *Flow Sun and Rain* for the DS is another punk rock title, like last month's *Blade of The Templar*. It's a point and click story that will have you solving puzzles and almost wetting your pants from the thrills! This is also from an indie publisher, Marvelous Entertainment. I'm glad to see more of this spirit in video games! Keep up the good work, guys!

BRACE BELDEN is THE LAST PUNK

Short column this month—little time for salutations and basic pleasantries, the baby is crying/the baby is me (notice how much I talk about tears in my column? It's all a lie; I don't weep I just sweat, sweat, sweat), and I'm wailing about how terribly terrifically horrible all these *things* to the left of me are. Where am I/what's next to me? A good part of being the smartest man alive is anticipating your opponent's (in this case, you, the readers) questions, fielding them before they can be asked. I did so and here's the answer to the first: I am in the *Maximum Rocknroll* headquarters (On the corner of Grove and Dimension Seven) where I and a few other unpaid peons are slaving away at a computer in the corridor with our pimpled backs to the endless rows of greentaped slop slabs. 13th Victim 7"s (pre-Peligro Social with such societally dangerous quadlets as "I don't wanna meet your mom and dad/I just wanna be your toy/I don't wanna be your boy"), but also real diamonds like this Roky Erickson 45 I'm listening to as I type this very sentence. A 45 that raises an interesting question: Roky recorded this song in 1979 and it was on a single and I believe (though I could be wrong) one of his LPs around this time but the three instances I've seen him live he's neglected to play it. But anyways, that's all besides *my* point at least (though maybe not others). The meat of the matter is, even with this real-deal slammer slamming me and my ears I still steal a glance at the New Arrivals bin on my left, (this is the answer to the second question) and cannot help but succumb to the shudders as my previously gentle and calm gazers gaze upon such Christian Rock gems like the new Dry Rot 7" (here's an insiders tip: All this Mysterious Guy Hardcore dreck uses the same formula: Fast

verse with some "controlled feedback" the a slow but "moshable" {i.e. Heavy Metal} chorus, and that's *it*) or the Graf Orlack LP (though I suppose this sort of HM blahblah garbage isn't meant to appeal to the greatest man who ever lived, me), and it hurts having taste. I mean it.

Last night I got punched in the face for spitting in a girls eye. That's nothing, though, when compared to the other day, when I thought my nether regions were infected with the disease That Shall Not Have Its Name Be Spake, and one time I threw up on myself, one time, one time, one time something else bad happened. Can't explain. Dizzy in my head and feeling blue. That's because I got punched. First world problems (actually, getting punched in the face, thinking you have AIDS and throwing up on yourself are pretty universal if you think about it). Anyways it was a shit show so I get what I deserve for attending, eh? Right. Filled with slobbering freaks masquerading as something that I believe they hope resembles punk in a small way. My head hurt, though it doesn't anymore, but I got steamed and hung around for about ten minutes because I'm a sad and lonely man. Then I left. Pictures up soon on my picture blog (doesn't exist).

I'll start again, where I feel's appropriate: I bet the puncher last night was not a fan of Ultravox. I'm willing to put money on very few people at this boring party had ever listened to Hue Blancs Joyless ones or wept at the very thought that a record as big as Wasted Times *No Shore* or the new LP can exist without every single man, woman, child, LBGT dad and momma too owning at least three copies. I'm saying here and now that taste should not be subjective—it should be decided. Why continue letting these people subject themselves to the aural torture of bands like the Grass Widows or whatever other *Weekly* (as in Weekly Independent Newspaper) rock bands are hot this Seven Day? It's only doin' them harm. *Round em up*, I say, put a collar on them and drag those sorry wretches to a gulag where they're forced to listen to and appreciate what I tell them to. (John Cale's cover of "Heartbreak Hotel" and Attitude Adjustment). Then line 'em up behind Hajabs Liquors on Broadway and sten gun the freaks into oblivion, because I hate it when idiots like the same music as I do.

That being said, this is the queer issue, Jobriath, so bear with me while I talk about a couple of pretty gay things. The first is David Bowie, my main man (if you get that pun that's your own fault). I know he did some wildly shitty stuff like anything post-*Heroes* and the song about the Gnome, and that he's beloved by people who try to be vaguely out-there and eclectic in their tastes. I know all this. But the guy banged Lou Reed, Iggy Pop and Mick Jagger. He also might've (I'm thinking) fucked Brian Eno during that Berlin Trilogy shit. Disregarding Eno's contribution as it may or may not have happened (but c'mon, those two adventurous fellows in Germany of all places? Don't tell me they at least didn't kiss), the Reed-Pop-Jagger triumvirate is impressive and I'll venture to say unbeatable. Can anyone confirm reports that Lou Reeds dick is really wide? I've always thought of it as being thick, but not Henry Rollins thick (his dick is purported to be the size and shape of a can of beans). Send photos and facts to me c/o of the magazine and you'll win a free subscription.

The second seems to have been edited out.

That's about it for this month. Not much imagination. I'll be in Australia by the time this comes out, arm wrestling with comrade columnist Daniel "DX" whatever his last name is. Rockets Redglare framed Sid Vicious//Choke is a hairdresser and loves World of Warcraft//I'm stupid I'm ugly I'll see you next month.

I Spent the Night with Raymond Pettibon

For the last two months, I've been studying to advance my creative ability in writing at a small college in upstate New York. June and July were interesting months: sailed down the Hudson River, got punched in the face, drank a case of beer, converted my dorm room into a mock dungeon, hung out in the campus cemetery, communicated with a ghost in a Victorian-style garden, ripped out a freckle mistaken for a tick, took lengthy nocturnal walks in the woods, met a dog named Hank, visited Dia:Beacon, got arrested, saw a black bear in the dead of night, listened to ZZ Top and Black Flag consistently, played an odd show in NYC with Tragedy and Brain Killer, visited a hermit who secretly lived in the woods, gained "Switchblade" for a nickname, started a band called Void of Shit, filmed scenes for a horror movie, got accused of stealing artwork, performed in a guerrilla play as a Volcano-pyramid in *Brassieres of Atlantis* by Jack Smith, which the pigs tried to shut down, drank a couple of milkshakes, nonchalantly crashed an undergraduate party by hanging out on the couch, illuminated nude bodies swimming in a waterfall with a flashlight, and stole Nic Buffon's artwork.

Near the end of the summer, I decided to curate an art show in the dormitory that I was living in. The theme of the show was "Bazooka Joe" after dedicating this summer's after-dinner chewing to the dime-a-piece Bazooka Bubblegum. Throughout the summer, I had noticed that punk or DIY culture influenced a lot of the students at one point in their lives. One faculty member even shared a grade school classroom with Harley of Cro-Mags. This notion culminated at the opening when I noticed a heavy vibe floating in the area. Projections of high school protests, *Double Nickels on the Dime* repeatedly playing, smashing beer bottles, selling t-shirts of the punk band Drab to benefit a pizza party, and a photograph of Raymond Pettibon holding a note on psychedelics were all part of the show. A curious sculpture sat in the corner of the room: shards of glass jutted out of what looked to be decomposing beans sprouting miniature corn stalks. The sculpture was submitted by a youthful, eccentric woman fascinated with contorting her body among and around spaces. I once saw her bend backwards over a raging fire of melting plastic and glass. The mutant heap of corn stalk re-growth rested on a wooden monolith that housed an original Raymond Pettibon drawing.

The drawing, affectionately referred to as "Raymond," was released into the hustle and bustle of the social art show about two hours in. Raymond made his way throughout the space: resting on top of giant aluminum foil sculptures, dancing with the patrons of Gallery Montgomery-Steckward, generously carousing with the gaggle of fashion models that unexpectedly appeared, staying out of the rain, obsessively counting the 197 beers in the fridge, and, finally, hanging around the record player narrowly missing the constant bombardment of beer bottles and garbage. The night had become increasingly intoxicated and blurred. The crowds lingered and it became easily to miss familiar faces. No one forgets Raymond's face though. I realized that someone made off with Raymond in his unguarded state. After quickly finding the culprit, Raymond was stashed in the confines of my dorm room. It wasn't hard to figure out who attempted to steal Raymond. Fingers quickly pointed to the foolish idiot who submitted a photograph of Raymond Pettibon and Mike Watt to the show and was known for stealing art. For an example of his antics, look up "Pinocchio taken down by security" on YouTube, in which he and another student steal costumes from a Paul McCarthy piece.

After a riveting game of Charades, the night petered out into morning and the space cleared out for sleep. Waking up in a haze of alcohol-breath, I saw the monochromatic backside of a man's head folded in on a crown-shaped piece of paper. Splashes of an implied tonal burgundy, which was actually black ink, erupted with restraint around the hidden profile of the figure. I brought Raymond towards me for a better look. The watercolor bled into the more defined ink sinkholes of the discarded piece. Casting a suggested shadow over the man turning away from the viewer, the watercolor bled and obscured the space, as if the drawing had been an overexposed snapshot of the moment a murky streetlight fizzled on and off. Pettibon's art was heavily saturated in my punk upbringing: numerous album covers, flyers, zines, books, t-shirts, and countless rip-offs and posturing from current bands. Having been an observer and fan of Pettibon's work for over ten years, I was surprisingly only briefly awe-struck by an original piece in my presence for a solitary viewing and experience. I felt oddly comfortable and held it with lesser value than my copy of Black Flag's *Damaged* that has been thrown around, ripped, soaked, and scratched repeatedly. I felt more intrigued by the Raymond Pettibon piece I saw earlier in the summer that hung nearly out-of-sight in the Hessel Museum. A familiar drawing of a train fueled on locomotive-steam hung far and to the upper left corner amidst a myriad of other framed pieces. My eyes nearly clamored

out of my skull to observe this piece, and, now, I had an original Pettibon for my own solitary, personal viewing. Never enough. How spoiled. My mind centered on a refracted duality: First, original Pettibon pieces have sold for a value of over $50,000 at auctions and galleries to be stored and safely observed from a wall. Second, the night before, Raymond's value was found by becoming an active participant in an inspired community of artists and creators not necessarily concerned with value or possession. The next day, I returned Raymond to the rightful owner, who quickly discarded the piece among a pile of drawings on the floor, while flaunting the development of the corn stalks budding out of decomposing beans. I got my picture taken with the decaying beans and walked home.

End notes:

Summer Playlist: Blood on the Wall, Pissed Jeans, Crime, Magnolia Electric Co., Caboladies, Gun Outfit, Loren Connors, Repulsion, Black Flag, ZZ Top, Goblin, Karp, Melvins, Daft Punk, Bob Seger, and Lou Reed's *Street Hassle.*

Some interests: Vito Acconci, Mike Kelly, Bela Tarr, Maker's Mark, cases of beer, James Benning's cabins, and a rekindled obsession with writing.

Contact me if you want: Edward.P.Steck@gmail.com

I had spent the last four months obsessing over Juan from Abe Vigoda for no good reason (I do shit like that a lot). No detail was left unexplored in my imagination. Like, what did he like to eat? What was his favorite show on the Cartoon Network? Was he a top or bottom or versatile? What would it be like to hold hands with him down Mission Street? Was he thinking about me? Now keep in mind I don't know this boy and only saw him once, but as the rule goes you can imagine a lot more with someone whose a stranger. You don't know shit about them so the possibilities are seemingly endless, but would I even recognize him if I saw him on the street? I had crushed out on him at a Hunx and his Punx show and didn't really think about it for along time until my girl Jenifer from Mika Miko clued me in that he was a gay boy (for some reason I assumed he was straight) and I was like, what?!?!?!!? This of course opened up more questions, like what type of boys was he into? Hmmmmmmmmmmm... I immediately went to my room, pulled out a my *sacred* Hello Kitty stationary and wrote him a three-page love letter—not that I was going to mail it too him—it was mostly just to get it out of my system and besides that there were three main points I was dealing with: 1) Sending a love letter to a stranger is creepy 2) I've never been able to tell anyone I like them without scaring the hell out of them and 3) What if he was a total asshole and I was too blind with love to see it? This was what I was dealing with and amidst all this schoolgirl crush-ery stood a really good point. *Shit fuck jesus,* man, I lived in SF (i.e. Fagville) there was (supposedly) like a *million* boys to choose from, *why* was I obsessing over some LA gay boy in a band? Oh, but wait, there *aren't* a million to choose from. More like fifteen or so (I'll explain later).

Sooooo the first issue of *MRR* I read, like *really read* was the "Queer Issue" from '92 (it was '98) and I remember being a teen in Alabama looking at pictures of Bruce LaBruce and Vaginal Creme Davis, and reading Larry-bob zine reviews and thinking about how there was a whole different reality somewhere else where all these weird extreme adults were off in other lands having fun, doing drugs, fucking and doing all this shit, and how I was stuck in this place where I cried every morning cause the kids in class made fun of me, but if I could *ever* escape, my life could be as cool as theirs. In that lone "Queer Issue" from '92 (which I still have to this day) I held a spiritual guide (or at least that's what it felt like to me). It implanted the message to me, "this is what queer freedom looks like, writes like, smells like, *all of it.* I carry that swagger till this day. Now life I think has a weird fluidity too it. As I grew in my skin down South, I was pretty much the only black and the only gay, which was trying, but then there was the flip side of as punks we were all damaged freaks trying not to disappear.

I lived in Chattanooga with all these drunk white boys, some of which who taught me more about ego and being my out bold self than some of the loudest queens I know. It wasn't from the viewpoint of white male privilege, more from the viewpoint of punk underdog politics—they taught me well. Assholes can smell fear, therefore: *walk boldly* and *talk boldly* no matter what (and even if you fuck up—whatever—it's okay to be wrong, you can always apologize later). It was a culture shock for me when I found out upon moving to SF that, spiritually, I sometimes had more in common with the straight, drunk, crazy ass punk boys from Chatt-town than I did with some of the punk gays in SF (like sometimes it was clear that me and these boys inhabited different planets). Like how I meet punk gays here where the only thing punk about them was that they wore band t-shirts and went to shows sometimes, not that there really needs to be anything more than that per se, but really?

This one punk gay boy sat talking to me one night about his monogamous boyfriend and how happy he was that he found someone he could be with forever and *I really didn't get it.* I was jealous almost, like how the fuck did he feel that comfortable in the world? I can't ever remember feeling like that. But then I silenced all my apocalyptic bullshit and just felt happy for him 'cause it really does take all types. I began to learn that the things I read in that '92 "Queer Issue" of *MRR* was not indeed the golden rule of queerdom everywhere, but that of a certain and select group of maniacs that got a platform and used it. This made me happy. This meant things were still dangerous. I began to feel that more and more, on some levels, that I had become amongst that minority of maniacs. I was down.

I was talking to Martin from Limp Wrist about punk and safe spaces in punk and all that shit and the conclusion that was made was that 1) the world doesn't have to be safe all the time. In fact, *can't* be safe all the time. I really think about my life here and because of who I was and how I was and what came to me and what were the results. I feel like I bitch a lot about single life and shit in my columns, but make no mistake after dealing in boy-world this long and knowing what can result, *I am a proud fucking bachelor.* I know I'm crazy—I like it that way—if you can't deal, stay the fuck away from me. It's really simple. The longest intimate type relationship I ever had was with a boy who was a bare-backing porn actor (and a farmer). We only had sex a handful of times and he was more of a brother than a boyfriend. Some people in my life have called this relationship "tragic" or "dangerous," but when I really think about what my options were, I still feel like he was the only boy who was capable to handle someone like me.

Like when I first moved to town, I was wasted off my ass, naked and dancing. There were all the fake-wild gays in the crowd who were appalled that I had the audacity to get naked without the aid of a huge wiener. I was also kind of fat—I think that bothered them too. But the aforementioned boy, (whom I love to this day) gave me his number and we've kicked it every since. If I had never had the queer punk filter, I would have never been able to navigate this relationship. It kinda made all the difference. Then there's also the other side of my gay life that has nothing to do with boys, like how I spent the final hours of my adolescence in a queer punk lady house ran by Kat Case (former *MRR* columnist) and Cookie Tuff (Subtonix), who were like mothers and sisters to me, and instilled in me that I could be a teacher one day, which means a lot to a boy who for a long period of time, only ever imagined finding a way to stay wasted all day. It takes all types.

Life has a funny way of showing you that you don't know shit. I have lived that gay punk thing here and been empowered and disillusioned by it, but whatever... it's still all very groovy, ya' know. I can sit here focus and write and know what I want to happen in the reality around me. Such as:

1) I want to know better.

2) I want to do better.

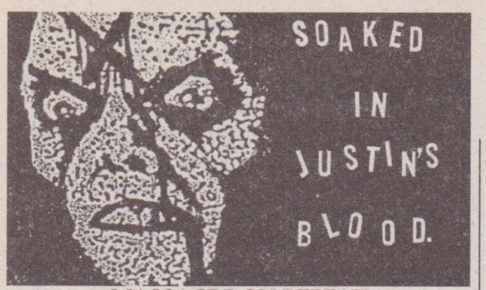
3) I don't ever want to feel like my soul is in hiding ever again.

4) I want some disempowered queer kid/black kid/Asian kid/blind kid/*any kid* to pick up this "Queer Issue" of *MRR* and feel like it gives them license to do/be *whatever the fuck they feel like* (much like the '92 issue did for me).

5) I want to blow Juan from Abe Vigoda (is it tacky to mention that in print?) and...

6) Whatever else I forgot to mention.

love, bronny



MASSACRE ON REPEAT

Just got back from my sister's wedding in central Massachusetts—I was a bride's maid. I hadn't had more than two non-holiday days off from work in a row in well over two years so, it goes without saying that most of the six days that I was there were well spent relaxing and doing nothing at all. (Twas also nice having a month off from any *Maximum* duties.) I did drive up to Maine to walk in the unusually warm ocean water one day with Hans and Jennifer, but there were days where I just sat and stared out the window for hours. Ahhh. But since this is supposed to be a music column, I'll cut to the chase... What this all means is that every trip home I get to scour my father's basement in search of t-shirts, records, tapes, CDs, buttons, and posters—with varying degrees of success, re-discovery and excitement—of mine that I accepted years ago were long lost to time and the many-a-year floods that plague pops' basement. I think I've gone through this exercise about six times since fleeing the Bay State for the greener (ha!) pastures of the left coast. On this trip I found an entire vein of vinyl ore previously undiscovered on past expeditions in the mildew mines of my past. The kicker is that most of this stuff I *really* wanted back but a lot of this stuff I even had recollections of selling. There was only one major casualty that I encountered; RUPTURE *Baser Apes* 7" on Slap-a-Ham, and it's hit, "MRR is the CIA," sitting in a puddle underneath a sweater. Managed to salvage the vinyl but the sleeve was a total loss. I even tried to dry it with a hairdryer but to no success. Oh well. I can still listen to it, right? Not many of these records are what could be described as "rare," but they are things I once loved and for one reason or other never felt the desire to re-buy. Some highlights: RORSCHACH/1.6 BAND split, RORSCHACH *Needlepack* 7", MOUTHPIECE *What was Said* 7", H100S *Texas Death Match* and *Distort Cleveland* 7"s, DOOM *Police Bastard*, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES/STACK and ULCER splits, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES *Dope and War* 7", and a bunch of other '90s gems and mold-scented memories. With that said...

The biggest surprise is a record that I thoroughly remember but hadn't thought about in years. It's the *Gefühlsprodukt!* 7" by a German band called CORROSIVE on the Fucking Kill Records imprint. Not quite sure what prompted me to invest such interest in returning this to it's place between CONVERGE *Petitioning the Empty Sky* and the CRASH BOX *...Vivi!* 7", but something was telling me, even though I could only remember *Gefühlsprodukt!* as just some random Euro record from the '90s, I was gonna be into it now. When I got back home and dropped the needle on this thing I had no idea just how much I would be "into it now." I remember when I bought this from Rick Figure Four in '95—which is when this came out—the sleeve had a sticker on it that said something like, "A German INFEST. Buy it or you're a sucker!" From here forward the "Buy it or you're a sucker" part completely applies to you readers. However, I don't stand behind cheapening this by calling it a "German INFEST." The INFEST comparison in itself is relevant in speed, power, and song structure, but when CORROSIVE slows down and goes for the lurching/crawling/creeping parts, and even some of the blasting parts, they come apart at the seams and it sounds great. I'm all for ineptitude, it's one of my favorite things in music. The rawness of this sucker is unbridled and when coupled with the sickest nausea-inducing bass sound you can imagine, the results are perfect powerfully-violent sounds. Where the "violent" sounds on most hardcore records could be compared to a boxing match, this is like a street fight where one dude has a rusty knife, the other, a broken bottle, and they are both winning. Not the actual songs, but the inept-ness and rawness combined remind me of a lot of the early Columbian hardcore shit that sounds so fucking crazy—angry, ugly music at it's most primitive. You might as well track this down now before you're kicking yourself in a few years when it's a "hot" commodity.

On the new records tip, even though I'm a couple months late on this one, *Nausea*, the latest from Portland's WARCRY, is fucking fantastic! Live, they have always been a real force, but my initial non-live introduction to these self-proclaimed "Anarchic Noise Destruction Corps," was the first 7" and I found that it lacked, well, everything, really. It was flat-out boring. (I just now gave it a spin to see if I still felt the same and, yup, most certainly do.) In turn, I never really bothered to investigate further. To be fair, I know there are *great* songs on all the LPs via *MRR Radio*, and having them catch my ear from other folks' stereos, not to mention hearing the songs live—"Architects of Order," anyone?—but I still didn't bother. Enter this EP... Can't totally understand why this set of songs stands out to me, because it really doesn't deviate from what one has come to expect from WARCRY—DISCHARGE-style haikus about war, DISCHARGE-style song structures, etc.—but *Nausea* has certainly struck a nerve. The switchover to "The Flying One" on guitar has most definitely led to more inventive riffs and styles, especially in the crazy solos and nice little note-bending nuances that catch your ear here and there, which certainly helps. Was he on the last LP, *Deprogram*? Hmmm? Maybe I need to give that one a whirl too. I guess the bottom line is that this EP is a slaughter of high-strung angry hardcore that just goes for it in a classic timeless way. Where the first EP was also in a "timeless" style, but more of an ode, *Nausea* feels more at home in the now and realized. Great. I will most certainly give the LPs another chance.

Can't let this column slip by without mentioning this, but even though I've only listened to it twice and have yet to snag a copy for myself (it's in the mail), WASTED TIME's *Futility* LP is amazing! An easy top-ten of the year. Can't wait to spend more time with this beast.

Anyhoo, that's it for now.

Outro:

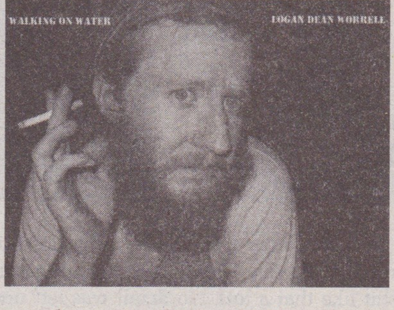
-Playlist: First two TELEVISION PERSONALITIES LPs, EARTH CRISIS *Firestorm* (that's right!), ASSÜCK *Misery Index* LP, D-CLONE/MÖRPHEME split, CROW *...The End* 12", DOOM *Police Bastard*, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES everything, BASTARD NOISE new 5xCD thing, RORSCHACH *Protestant*, LUZIFERS MOB 7" and *Close Your Eyes and See Death* comp, CRUDE SS 7", SIEG HEIL demo LP, GASMASK/COWARD LP, TOTÄLITAR everything, DISCLOSE everything, V/A *1997:Damn the Control* EP, CRUX/THE CRASH split LP, SQUIDLAUNCH *A Cesspool of Ugliness* EP, DEFORMED CONSCIENCE/DISSENSION/HAIL OF RAGE EPs, VÄÄRINKÄSITYS 7", and everything I mentioned above.

-Wanted: CORROSIVE/BOHRHOLM split 7"

-Keep your eyes peeled for a 2xLP reissue of CITIZENS ARREST's *Colossus* LP, which features everything the band recorded (7", demo, comp stuff, LP, RED C cover, and a live track) and is out now. If you didn't know, CXA is one of the greatest bands *ever*!

-Thanks for reading!

-blindjustin78@gmail.com and deadstareforlife.blogspot.com



For this, my third official column for *Maximum RocknRoll*, I'd like to discuss the '90s. Now, this has been on my mind for quite some time, ever since Pfeffer mentioned to me that a friend of his was working on a book about '90s DIY. My first thought was, "Why the fuck would anybody wanna do that?" I still feel that way, but it got me thinking a lot about what I was doing during that time in my life. In 1996, I was in seventh grade, had just heard of a little thing called hardcore and had just done heroin for the first time. Matt had just let me borrow a Minor Threat CD (which I, to date, have never returned) and together had just gone to our first punk show at a local CD store in Plano, TX, that did DIY shows, which was the fashion at the time. Plano, TX, living legends Mexican Breakfast played along with Richardson, TX, political kinda ska band, Policy. I believe it was during the day and, if I remember correctly, I had a chain wallet down to my knees, which was the fashion at the time. Oh, also this one shitbag kid found a three-legged albino hamster, which he kept in his pocket and fed french fries.

What good came from the '90s? Deathreat?

Talk is Poison? Born Against? Yep, that's pretty much it. Fuck, what a piece of shit time that was. I hate almost everything about it. Sure I had some good times, but all it really did was set me up for a lifetime of disappointment and horrible fucking haircuts. Every asshole and their mother had chili bowls and JNCOs.

Around the same time as the Mexican Breakfast show, I had begun a long pen pal relationship with Fat Mike from NOFX. Living in the burbs, I didn't know about many other bands outside the Fat Wreck Chords mail order catalog, which in hindsight is fine seeing as I was only fourteen. Any who, I would write Mike letters and either he or his assistant would write me back. Usually it was one of them talking shit to me, or just a box full of WIZO stickers and other random bullshit. One time I was feeling really crazy and kinda confused sexually, so I sent Mike a copy of my seventh grade yearbook photo with a copy of my report card and a letter explaining that I got all F's, because I was punk as shit and didn't give a fuck about learning nuthin. I was on the mailbox like a hawk for weeks. I just knew that Mike was gonna write me back, praise me on how fucking cool I looked, and ask me to run away with him to live happily ever after. Weeks went by and finally a manila envelope with the return address from Fat Wreck Chords came to my door. It was a letter from Mike asking me why I had the haircut of a Nazi girl. Also enclosed was a copy of the new Fat Wreck mail order catalog. Sure enough, there was my picture on the cover of it. Full blown with an Oi cut, braces and a collared shirt with a Propagandhi patch sewn on the pocket. Fuck, was I stoked, until I realized that those assholes were making fun of me. It's been twelve years, but someday I'm gonna meet that motherfucker and kick him square in the dick. If you're reading this, Fat Mike, fuck you. I got your number, asshole.

My father was working as a bartender at the local VFW in Plano. He was kinda down on his luck, which to this day hasn't really changed much. I ended up spending a lot of time hanging out at that bar listening to the vets talk about the war, women and other racist issues that were on their minds. He'd go to work and I'd leave the house and go over to a friend's to read zines and listen to whatever band he had discovered. Most of the time they sucked, but that was the fashion at the time. In school there weren't really punks. I mean there were, but all the jocks called us freaks. This was a total kick in the nuts, because we really wanted to separate ourselves from the goth kids and the gay kids. It never really ended up happening, but it ended up being OK. There was this one guy named Chris Rutherford who had the unfortunate luck of being gay and Mexican during a time when *My So Called Life* was the hottest shit on TV. He was known as Ricky until the day we graduated. Poor dude. During lunch one day some random jock fuckhead pushed Ricky too far. Walked up to him in the "cafitoriam," tripped him, and called him faggot. This was a huge mistake. Ricky was a junior gold gloves boxer and just beat the ever loving shit out the cumstain. I have never enjoyed watching a person get beat more than that. Throughout the whole ordeal the whole school was chanting *Ricky! Ricky! Ricky!* It was a small victory for Ricky, but a huge one for the freaks. I shouldn't really bag on hanging out with the goths too much. If it weren't for them buying the shitty, dirty acid I was selling, I never would've bought my first car.

Go out and get the new Hex Dispensers LP. It's real good. Trust me on this. Hey, does anybody have the limited Talk is Poison 7" with the skeletons stamped on the center labels they don't want or need? Just checking. Kinda need that shit.

A couple things I wanna share with you before I leave you for another month… the following are sayings my father taught me:

Put your brain in gear before you let out the clutch on your mouth.

If you're going to Texas… Don't go.

Talk's cheap, whisky cost money.

He's like a calf looking at a new gate.

They shot Lincoln and let that sonofabitch live?

Rub a little dirt on it.

Don't let your alligator mouth overload your hummingbird brain.

If you're sick, die.

Send bullshit to: ldworrell@gmail.com

GUEST COLUMN… QUEER ISSUE
by Anonymous

Music has always been my forum for queer expression. In high school, my older sister mocked me for listening to "lesbian music" (despite the fact that I was "straight") as I held my own private dance parties to Lezzie's on X, went to Le Tigre shows, and fawned over indie darling, Jenny Lewis. At the beginning of my sophomore year of college, I pretty much realized I was queer after listening to Team Dresch on repeat (Yeah, I guess I should have figured it out beforehand based on how I just described myself in high school). A girl I pined after for a while this year told me she realized she was gay when her dyke swim coach in high school pointed out that she was in love with her best friend. Well, some people had swim coaches; I had Kaia Wilson.

That fall I wasn't really sure how I felt about boys and girls (I'm still not entirely), but I kept listening to Team Dresch, and any other queer lady who would scream about getting her heart broken by some straight girl. In January, I told my best friend at school and a few other confessions followed. It was always awkward though, and I've realized that I don't really believe in coming out—just in being out. Straight people don't have to make any sort of proclamation, so why should I?

While this may be, I'm not necessarily the best at living "out." Sure, I chopped off my hair and most of my friends know (I think). I would like to think I'm generally on the radar of the queer community at my school. Still, almost all of my friends are straight, and I have yet to really date anyone. I'm not 21, and the group of queer girls at my school is pretty small. QSA (Queer Students and Allies) parties usually consist of boys fucking each other in stalls of the girls' bathroom (because all the stalls in their own are filled up) while the two girls there are some annoying girl from class and a friend's awkward roommate grinding to shitty electronica… not exactly my scene.

A year after that January coming out, I took the Chinatown bus down to New York City. I had just finished my finals and was psyched to see two of my favorite bands. I love living in Boston and going to shows here. There's an awesome group of punks who just like to have a good time. Still, most of the shows are predominantly male and *everyone* is straight. In the last year or so going to shows, only one girl has set off my pretty accurate gaydar.

I met up with a friend I blog with, Will, for the first time as well as my friend Charlie for a little reunion. Charlie was three years older—a senior DJ at my school's radio station when I was a freshman. She intimidated me while we went to school together, maybe because she called Kathleen Hanna a brat or because she could kiss her girlfriend while still walking at a normal pace. We had hung out a couple times after her graduation though, and I realized she was awesome.

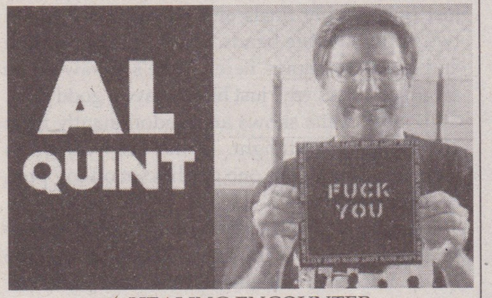
I went straight to the show from the bus, so I was super early. Will arrived and Charlie followed shortly thereafter. As Don Pedro's started to fill up, I realized it was the first time that I was at a majority female show, and it quickly became apparent that the majority of this majority were queer.

Cheeky played first and were fucking awesome. They hadn't played up in Boston before, and I had pretty much planned my weekend trip, because I knew they were playing that Friday. I've learned that they always deliver. I love their EP and they're just as tight live. Angie sports her goofy grin while ruling on the drums and KW rallies the crowd like none other. Plus, I've got a perpetual crush on most girls who look like twelve-year-old boys.

A couple more bands played and the bar kept filling up—with cute girls. As Charlie's friend Mei spotted a tie-clad butch across the room and Charlie made eyes with some girl, I was just taking everything in. Everyone was super friendly, even if just because of the $2 PBRs. Screaming Females took the stage (another first view of another favorite band) with the back room of Don Pedro's packed. Girls crowded the front of the room—and the back. Everyone danced like there was no tomorrow and somehow sang along despite the fact that no one could make out Marissa's indecipherable verses. She shredded unbelievably in her usual red get-up. Mei, Angie, and I rocked out arms around each other as someone hoisted Charlie up in the air to crowd surf. I usually had fun at shows in Boston, but

now, all I wanted to do was go to punk shows in Brooklyn. As the night drew to a close, Charlie's pursuits ended in a make out session and number exchange while Mei's were not quite so successful.

It's not as if that night was some sort of glamorous coming out story culminating in my hooking up with some hot girl. But it was probably the first time I've gone to a show where I felt like I belonged. And it was definitely the first time I've been in such a reaffirming feminist, queer-positive space for a punk show. I left that night feeling totally energized, wanting to bring some of that atmosphere back to shows in Boston. But while I could always go to shows in Boston, in New York I could just be.



A HEALING ENCOUNTER

"Then one day something funny happened/And it scared the shit out of me/Their heads went in other directions/And their friendship ceased to be"—Minor Threat, "Look Back and Laugh"

About three years ago (issue #280 to be exact), I got into a whole mess of trouble over a column I wrote. The gist of it was about homophobia and I imagine that fits into the queer theme of this issue, but the "healing encounter" heading isn't about that. We'll get to that shortly. I wrote about the Chicago White Sox's manager Ozzie Guillen calling a newspaper reporter a "fucking fag" for something the guy wrote and also mentioned some other homophobic comments from various athletes. I then went on to write about a friend of mine and his wife who were visiting us for a few days. They'd moved away the year before and were in town for a few days. The wife was a right wing, fundamentalist, card-carrying member of the Christian Coalition. I really don't want to rehash this in any great depth, but I construed some comments she made about a friend as being homophobic and I also projected something about why a gay friend of theirs didn't come to their wedding in '03 (I was his best man). I figured the guy would never see the piece, since he's not into a lot of punk and doesn't read *MRR*. Well, I get a call from him a few months after that and he told me he'd been browsing the magazine rack in Barnes and Noble and just happened to come across that particular issue and column. *Busted*. Big time. I made a semi-apology and things were tranquil for a while.

A short time after that, we got into an argument about another matter. Somehow the discussion came down to my lack of religious faith and how it bummed him out, how I'd had many "blessings" in my life. It's true that I've had some pretty good breaks in my life, but I really don't think it was bestowed on me by any sort of cloud being. Anyway, before their marriage, he joined her Lutheran church (he was a Catholic before that) and there was definitely a change, especially after they moved to Virginia Beach. That's the home of Pat Robertson and his Christian Broadcasting Network/ "700 Club"/ Regent University empire.

Time for another song: "What happened to you? /You're not the same/ Something in your head/ Made a violent change... Your brain is clay/ What's going on?/ You picked up a bible/ And now you're gone... You call it religion/ You're full of shit"—Minor Threat, "Filler"

Anyway (do I say "anyway" too much?), that argument ended our friendship—it ceased to be. At least for me—I stopped talking to him and never replied to the one email he sent me after that, lambasting me for my lack of tolerance for other people's opinions. That might be true. I'll admit, I have a decided lack of patience for any sort of fundamentalist religious manifestation. So that was that.

I've kept tabs on him over the past three years. You know a guy for thirty years, it's hard to completely lose curiosity about what he's up to. I mentioned Regent University a few paragraphs ago. This is a place whose motto is "Christian leadership to change the world." One hundred and fifty graduates of the law school ended up working in the Bush administration, despite the fact that Regent's academic reputation has been considered rather dubious by some observers. *US News and World Report* ranked it as a Tier Four school, the lowest rating. Well, his wife went to work there and currently works for their School of Global Leadership and Entrepreneurship. I also wrote about Regent in my column about the death of Jerry Falwell a few years ago. After 9/11, Falwell was on *700 Club* with Robertson and basically blamed 9/11 on abortion, homosexuality and other people "who have tried to secularize America." He said, "I point the finger in their face and say, "You helped this happen."

Late last year, my old friend had a health scare—he got ill and was taken to the hospital, where he was diagnosed with diverticulitis and was hospitalized for several days. I actually thought about contacting him after reading the blog, but decided against it.

One of his recent blogs gave a link to the *700 Club* website telling the story about his illness and recovery, which he believes was finally cured by prayer. On the accompanying video, there's a dramatic re-enactment in which he stars, complete with cheesy music, with scenes of him staggering from his bedroom clutching his gut to being rushed to the hospital to recuperating at home. One morning he puts on the *700 Club*—the same show where Pat Robertson spews his hateful invective—and the hosts offer a prayer for the sick. He decides to pray along and says that, as it was coming to the end, "all of a sudden it just felt like something was reaching into me and pulling the pain out of my body. Almost in an instant, my pain was gone." He ultimately says his "healing encounter with the Holy Spirit was a powerful life changing experience."

I mean, this is just bizarre, beyond words. I don't know whether to laugh, cry or a bit of both. It seems beyond the pale. And, this is just a guess, but I'm assuming he has health insurance and that enabled him to get the care and medication he needed, which is what really saved his life. During his "testimony," he said that if he had gotten to the hospital three hours later, he could have died. How many people dealing with that type of pain, but without insurance would have stayed home? Of course, Robertson thinks Obama's health care package, in addition to plans for education and banks, will lead to a "giant, socialistic colossus that we'll have to deal with." Christian family values! I mean, from what I know about Jesus, I get the impression he was something of a socialist himself but that's another discussion for another time.

And speaking of those kinds of values, there's the case of Dale Neumann and his wife Leilani, both born-again Christians, who were convicted of second-degree reckless homicide in the death of their eleven-year-old daughter Kara in 2003. When she became ill and ultimately lapsed into a coma, the parents decided to pray for her instead of sending her to a hospital. She died and it was ultimately determined that she suffered from diabetes. The idiotic father said he couldn't seek medical help without disobeying God. More evidence about how certain types of Christianity warp people's perspectives and, as a result, a girl dies unnecessarily.

*****

Enough of that except to say that, if my old friend reads this, I'm glad you're feeling better and I hope you'll check out some of these musical selections to warp your mind in a much different way...

A Suit To Alter Fate 2005-2008 is a collection of BEAR PROOF SUIT's 2008 *B.Y.O.B.O.C.* LP, two earlier 7"s and a few unreleased songs. A potent hardcore punk band who evade any sort of easy compartmentalization. Jarring guitar lines and riffs—some real scorching stuff—wrapped around a tight bass/drums tandem and accompanied by primary vocalist Ryan Poortenga's throaty growl. In fact, the vocals from Jon Hanson are almost as gruff. There's a good amount of speedy savagery unleashed on most of these songs. Not thrash, so much, but it's a charge of full-bore adrenalin (how much hyperbole can I put in one sentence? Never mind.) "Fourth World" adds a little BL'AST stop 'n' start. They also sneak in a few tips of the hat, such as the opening guitar line for the heavy-sounding "Bear Proof Suit" that borrows, albeit briefly, from BLACK SABBATH's "Embryo" and "Sans Equity" does the same thing with BLUE ÖYSTER CULT's "Before The Kiss (A Redcap)." And the choice of cover versions shows impeccable taste—the WIPERS' "Up Front" (from one of the 7"s), POISON IDEA's "Pure Hate" (previously unreleased) and HÜSKER DÜ's "Real World," one of that band's best songs and handled very well here. In an earlier review, I said they were on the right track but not "mind blowing yet." After hearing the songs from the LP and re-evaluating the EPs, I've changed my view on that a bit. Quite a bit, in fact. (Urban Pirate, 1509 Bell Ave., Sheboygan, WI 53083, myspace.com/urban-

pirateredords)

Year One is another compilation CD, this one from PSYCHED TO DIE and it collects this band's new EP, *Scatter Brained*, just out on Dirtnap plus their earlier *Sterile Walls* EP and demo. Bright 'n' punchy melodic hardcore created by a band that includes former ERGS, only with a harder edge than that band. An air of futility and anger permeates the lyrics—confusion about life's direction, jobs that grind people down and ultimately deciding that, no matter what, we may still be fucked. Despite the lyrical cynicism, they don't sound defeated and the music exudes a fighting spirit (if that's possible). Don't miss the hidden bonus track, a cover of FREESTONE's *Bummer Bitch*, which wraps things up on a lighter note. (Dirtnap, 2615 SE Clinton St., Portland, OR 97202, www.dirtnaprecs.com)

One last anthology is actually a split between two bad-ass hardcore bands from the Chicago suburbs ca. '83. OK, CAUSTIC DEFIANCE and NEGATIVE ELEMENT weren't exactly bad-asses but, instead, typified the fast, generic sound of the day and that's not necessarily a bad thing. There are distinctions, though. Let's begin with Negative Element, since they were the first band, and perhaps have a bit more notoriety since they got a 7" EP, *Yes We Have No Bananas*, released back in the day. I've always had a soft spot for this band's goofy approach—songs about Elmer Fudd and the Pillsbury dough boy, an anti-Pac Man, as well as the de rigeur plaints about the cops and religion. The mixes here are different than on the 7", although definitely not slick and they throw in some very rough-sounding, unreleased demos that probably could have stayed that way. So after Negative Element split, due to the Stepe brothers (Chopper and Barry) moving away, Caustic Defiance was born and the sound was much more aggressive. A nastier guitar tone leading to a buzz saw ambiance. They played the same kind of thrash plenty of other bands did at the time, but with enough youthful vigor to make it enjoyable. Just don't expect any sort of revelation. I should mention it's all previously unreleased. Nicely packaged with a booklet that has lyrics and reminiscences. (Akashic, Mukasoi 1058, Wakayama 648-0025, JAPAN, akashic.groups.io)

RAW NERVES are a new-ish Portland, OR band with people from SQUALORA, FORCED MARCH and a few other combos. They had a CD demo earlier this year that I neglected to review and four of the seven songs have been re-recorded for their *Murderers Among Us* EP. Raw hardcore featuring Matt Svendsen's rabid howlings and a feisty tumult that incorporates crusty thrash (or is it thrashy crust—no matter) and more ominous passages. Opening song "Hello To Oblivion" actually opts for the latter, with that kind of intro before settling into a bruising mid-speed assault. Not-so-cheery politically-oriented lyrics fit the music's mood very well. To quote a pretty well-know band from their city, "feel the darkness." (Poisoned Candy, www.poisonedcandy.com)

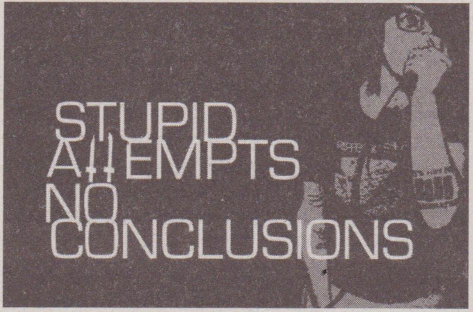
I'm going to take a tour (well, figuratively) across the state of New York. First stop is Buffalo and RESIST CONTROL's twelve-song demo. Pummeling fodder toggling pretty seamlessly back and forth between DRI-ish double-speed thrash and circle-pit-inducing and hammering moments. The first thing you hear is an earth-moving bass-line and that really drives things throughout, complemented by raging guitar, drums and vocals. The playing is tight and executed in effective fashion. (Peterwalkee, 408 Richmond Ave., Buffalo, NY 14222, www.peterwalkeerecords.com)

Coming from a slightly less-frenetic muse, Rochester's INSUBORDINATES' 7" consists of two short songs. "1968" is a slice of catchy '80s west coast punk and the b-side, "Rendezvous" is a garage/surfy instrumental, albeit without the reverb or twang. Definitely a subject for further research, to quote the insufferable rock critic Bob Christgau i.e. I'd like to hear more. "1968," in particular, is a real keeper. (Feral Kid, 379 Ontario St., Buffalo, NY 14207, www.myspace.com/feralkidrecords)

Moving east to Syracuse, NIGHT OWLS' self-titled CD brims with tuneful rock 'n roll with a DC-ish touch—I thought a bit of the first GRAY MATTER album, although "Fake Blood" definitely has a NIRVANA vibe to it and that inflects a couple of other songs as well. And there's a thrashier side for "Results Inconclusive." These guys show it's possible to play nervy rock music without any sort of cheesiness. There's an abundance of juicy/sharp riffage and it whets the appetite for more. The six studio songs are appended with a not-so-shabby live set. (Hex, 201 Maple Ln, N. Syracuse, NY 13212, www.hanginglikeahex.blospot.com)

The New York state tour concludes in Albany and NUCLEAR FAMILYS' self-titled EP. Three engaging songs favoring a melodic and edgy sound. Jen's vocals swoop over, under and sideways around the arrangements—maybe a tad grating in spots, but certainly distinct. "Doublespeak" is the best of the three, a straight-ahead song powered by Paul Henry's always-impressive sticks-manship and buzz-sting guitar. (Loud Punk, PO Box 3067, Albany, NY 12206, loudpunk@gmail.com)

Al Quint, PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903/suburbanvoice@earthlink.net



When I saw them this summer, all my old friends were proud of me on account of the intense social work job I'd done all winter, but when I came back home in July, the first thing I did was apply for welfare and then got a job selling fries that was reputed to let kids work under the table. When I started, I heard "Oh, they don't like us doing that anymore," but I just didn't ever tell my new flaky boss my social insurance number or even my last name and things worked out. My pay was handed to me in some sparse crisp twenties every week, uncommented upon.

So while I used to have a fulfilling (or whatever) job taking care of system kids, now I make money (not much) selling greasy french fries out of a truck parked in key business and entertainment districts in St. John's. Responsibilities include applying toppings, gravy and cheese (this is Canada), and gravy and dressing (this is Newfoundland), and keeping fryers topped up with hydrogenated vegetable fat and trying not to kill myself or the customers. Glass in the gravy is a past problem we're working on. I also clean the truck at the end of the night, but that's okay, because I like my co-workers. They let me go smoke weed with my boyfriend when he comes to visit me at work. The whole thing is not much to think about, just being on top of having those little brown paper bags cut and folded and ready for the drunk after-bar crowd, which is the shift I usually work. The 1 until 4:30 a.m. But if we don't, the whole thing is very unapologetic. "No fries," I'll say. "Go home."

It'll be some girl teetering on high heels, probably on a one-night stand with some dude less drunk than her, looking impatient and embarrassed. She'll whine, "But I needs my poutine. I needs it."

We shut the window. The truck will shake for a minute, then stop. We go home. Another night.

It's freeing. There's no company motto, no life-altering goals, just some tasty garbage served to the general public in exchange for a pretty OK time-to-tip money ratio, which is enhanced by the strategic and political short-changing I do, two dollars for every time I hear the word "whore" from some inebriated jackass. The company is small-scale enough to not make me feel like a complete tool and I'm allowed to wear what I want and listen to my own tapes. I can swear at people if it's after midnight and if there's not enough product to go around, we all agree that it's probably better for the non-recipients. Plus, the truck has a mural of a happy potato in a tuxedo holding a sack of fries like an Olympic torch. Not bad.

Sometimes there'll be brawls outside the truck—big ones. I'll be trying to take fry orders and the customer will be all, "Jaysus, theys gots wood. They're hittin em with wood planks." I'm like, "Yo, you want the bigzig fries or the little guy fries?" Out the back window, the little screen window, it'll be a sea of fight spectators, clapping and yelling, and then cop cars, three, four, five of them. It's like a little movie. I'm unaffected. We're almost out of fry bins, half hour more, tops, and I'm outta there.

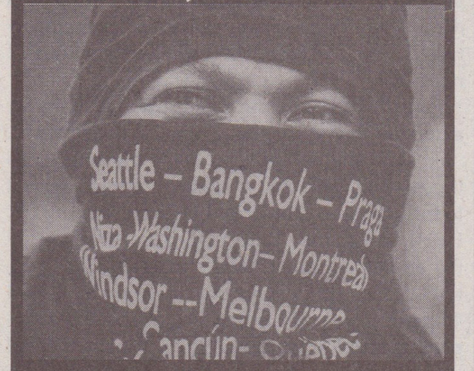
I worked this event this summer, all the fry trucks were driven out to it. All three of 'em. It's the oldest sporting event in North America, some boat race or whatever. I couldn't tell you what it was about except that it yielded a massive crowd, all in love with the greasy spuds I was trained to create. It was a twelve-hour shift that left my skin and hair slick with shortening and my lower back sore from the lean-stand necessary to

address the customers out the truck window, but I made a week's wages in a day. Still. I saw my friend after work and he said, "Today was great, I went swimming twice." And I was like, "Holy shit, today existed outside of grease trucks?" and went home to take a long shower and sleep.

It's kinda like that on the weekend shifts too, when my friends stop by the truck and recount their night's activities. Weekend warrior disdain aside, their memories will be of a punk show, their coworker's awkward indie show, some off-the-wall bizarre dance club experience, and interactions with a million weirdoes, and I'm like, I served 300 bags of fries for minimum wage. Sure I don't have to cover up my tattoos and can listen to Dag Nasty, but what's up with plowing through time for the sake of it? It's like when punk kids get a job they can tolerate that pays pretty OK and they get really into it and fast-forward three years later, and they're all, "Oh, all-ages shows still happen?" Am I going to be like that? Is that next?

Anyway, I guess the conclusion I've come to is that I don't think any jobs are punk. At all. No way. Unfortunately, I was denied for welfare. Fuck.

Go Team, Smash State!



"Lefty" Hooligan • What's Left?

And Moses was content to dwell with the man: and he gave Moses Zipporah his daughter. And she bare him a son, and he called his name Gershom: for he said, I have been a stranger in a strange land.

Exodus 2:21-22

I'm riding on a bus, or sitting in a library, or sipping tea in a coffee shop, or even relaxing in a chair at home, and I'm tired. I didn't get enough sleep the night before, so pretty soon I'm nodding off. My head slumps, my mouth drops open, I start to snore. Everything goes black. It lasts only a moment, though for all I know I'm out for hours. Suddenly, with a start, I'm awake again. I don't know where I am or what I'm doing. The sense of disorientation is profound. Sometimes, it feels as if I've been transported to an alien world. Sometimes, I can't even understand what the people around me are saying.

For an instant, I'm utterly bewildered.

That sense of complete estrangement, of being a stranger in a strange land, is how I've been feeling lately. The Left in this country is rallying around a president who makes sweetheart deals with Wall Street and Big Pharma, asserts executive power and privilege against Congress, regularly withholds information from the public on grounds of national security, and steadily escalates US military involvement in a foreign quagmire, while the Right protests and riots in the streets. It's enough to give this aging commie vertigo.

For the record, I don't give a flying fuck about Obama.

I won't spill any ink debunking the significance of Barack Obama's electoral victory in particular, or of the increase in Democratic party clout generally. Nor will I waste my time trying to disabuse people of the belief that some kind of revolution happened last November 8. The next few years are bound to deeply disappoint a lot of young people, bleeding-heart liberals, and aging '60s lefties who've come to consider Obama as God's gift to progressive politics. But, maybe not. I know way too many progressive types who look fondly back to the Clinton years, despite the fact that Bill Clinton gutted welfare, pushed through NAFTA's ratification, and initiated the policy of regime change against Iraq's Saddam Hussein. For all of Obama's criticisms of Bush, there are numerous ways in which our current president's policies are a mere continuation of his predecessors, as Michael Hirsh has so ably pointed out in his 7-31-09 *Newsweek* article "Barack W. Bush." I've done a number of columns in the past about how there's not a dime's worth of difference between the Democrats and the Republicans, and I could do many more columns about how Obama is the nothing more than the ever-so-slightly-to-the-left-of-center face of the American ruling class.

What's far more interesting to me is that such a modest shift in political emphasis within the American *bourgeoisie* would cause such a monumental tumult, as well as the disconcerting Left-Right reversal mentioned above. The Left bitches about Obama's betrayals, yet falls into line behind the Democrats when push comes to shove. The Right claims the mantle of populist rebellion, yet gets its marching orders from its corporate Republican enablers. When the SEIU and AFL-CIO announced that they would counter the presence of the birthers, tea bag partiers and other fringe rightists at the August congressional town hall meetings devoted to discussing health care reform, I had visions of Weimar Germany, of Communists and Nazis battling each other in the streets. Then I remembered how well that turned out for the working people of Germany, not to mention for the Left, the Jews, Gypsies, and gays, let alone for the Poles, Russians, French and much of the rest of Europe. I have no doubt who would win in any scenario where there's actual street fighting between Left and Right in this country. Concentration camp stripes do not become me.

One small incident did help restore my sense of sanity in the topsy-turvy political landscape of the past several months. On July 20, members of Crimethinc Ex-Workers Collective (CWC) attempted to hold a Convergence in Pittsburgh. A group of Anarchist People of Color (APOC) converged as well and unceremoniously evicted the CWC folk five days later, condemning them for white supremacy in the anarchist movement, and gentrification of the surrounding impoverished neighborhood. Folks critical of APOC have used terms ranging from misguided and wrong to idiotic and racist to agent provocateurish and COINTELPRO in describing their actions.

By the way, I don't give a flying fuck about Crimethinc or APOC either. Plug those two names into Google, and spend the next umpteen wasted hours reading the utter crap from both sides, and everything in between, about the incident. Don't expect me to reprise the sorry facts here. The capacity for the anarchist movement to tear itself to shreds, to give sectarianism a good name, to make itself look the fool, is limitless. That's reassuring. It's what I've come to expect, given past practice.

I'm no longer a stranger in a strange land. I'm right at home.

I hear that APOC has denounced Food Not Bombs as white supremacist, and that the National Anarchists are using this anarcho-debacle to try to recruit disaffected white anarchists into their ranks. These shenanigans reaffirm that modern anarchism has become a pathetic joke. At a time when conventional politics seem to have turned upside down, it's good to know that something like anarchism's propensity for self-humiliation and self-destruction remains a constant upon which I can depend.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.

MINDLESS CONTENTMENT

WITH CHUCK BARRELS

How's it hanging bros? Things are good here. The McDonalds down the street from me has been running a buy one get one free Egg McMuffin special, so I've been staying up late every night waiting until they switch over to the breakfast menu at around 4:00am. Because there's no way I'm waking up in the actual morning to catch this sweet deal. I always say you gotta make sacrifices to get what you want, and this is just one more example of that adage coming true.

The best thing about the Egg McMuffin? Canadian bacon. Now, I love American bacon as much as any other man, but the exotic pork from up North is certainly a welcome and delicious treat on these occasions. And in a strange coincidence, I've been enjoying these Canuck swine laden sandwiches while often listening to some new wax from Canada's finest current record label, Sweet Rot Records. They've released a steady string of killer seven-inch (or would that be eighteen centimeter?) records over the past

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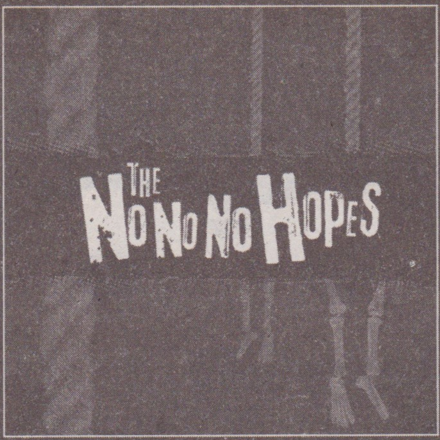

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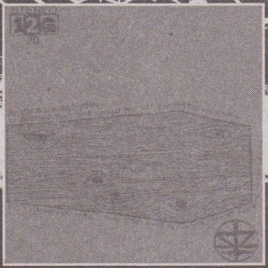

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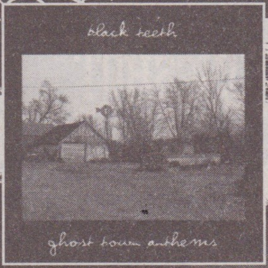

Black Teeth

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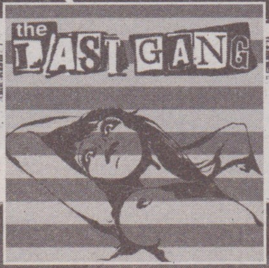

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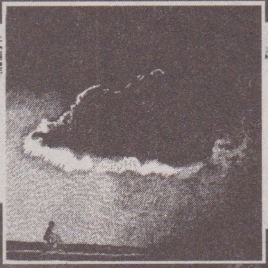


Touché Amoré

...TO THE BEAT OF A DEAD HORSE

LP OUT NOW!
on 6131 Records

LA's **TOUCHÉ AMORÉ** set themselves against the glamour and greed of their hometown culture with *...To The Beat Of A Dead Horse*, the passionate debut LP comes with a CD included.

La Dispute

SOMEWHERE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER BETWEEN VEGA AND ALTAIR

CD/2XLP OUT NOW!
on No Sleep Records

The debut full length from Michigan's **LA DISPUTE** is finally available as a 2XLP! On tour this September/October with THURSDAY. For fans of MEWITHOUTYOU, SAETIA and AT THE DRIVE-IN.

Touché Amoré photo by Belligerent Photography

few years, but I feel they've hit their peak with this most recent deuce-pack. Firstly, you have Austin's WOVEN BONES, with their Your Sorcery 7", a real head-expander of modern shoegaze-psych, coming off like a mesquite smoked version of JAMC or MBV or some other English band you can identify only by their initials. The shit moves too, real driving guitars and rhythms. The band's best release so far, by a mile. Look for them touring with THE SPITS this fall too. The other killer in this duo of releases is Mississippi mystery band FLIGHT with the "Flowers" 7", which kicks even more ass. Hard to pigeonhole, it's a modern retelling of the Creation/Rough Trade sound, off base weird-pop with spacey guitar work and droney yet poppy catchiness. Get these imports before it's too late, I urge you! (myspace.com/sweet-rotrecords)

Remember during the Nineties garage boom when SUPERCHARGER and others showed everyone you didn't really need to be good at playing instruments to be in a killer band? Those were innocent times for sure, an innocence that is sometimes lost in this modern age when everyone's striving to be cooler than the next guy. When we all sort of know that the secret to being really cool is being totally uncool to everyone else. The young stallions in BOYS CLUB certainly know this secret. Their just released self-titled LP is an exercise is awkward cool. I mean, they're wearing sneakers at the beach on the cover! Who does that?! Smooth dudes, that's who! Of course, it's not the most proficiently played or written record, but that's the good thing. The well-meaning and heartfelt garage-pop songs reek of honest exuberance and you can tell these tunes come right from the heart. They really do want that girl, they really do want to party, they really do dream with the radio on. No posing here folks. Completely charming stuff from three dorky white kids. Sign up for their fan club now! (www.threedimensionalrecords.com)

Speaking of dorky kids, apparently THE YOLKS never got the memo that playing soul-infused garage-rock party gassers is no longer cool to the hipster cognoscenti. These Chicago barnburners just had their self-titled LP released on Randy Records here in the states (and Bachelor Records in Euroland) and it's eleven tracks of total go for broke rockin' dance party goodness. And they pull it off with tons of youthful energy, preventing them from sounding like some 40-tear rehashers of the genre still limping around and releasing records on Get Hip or some shit. This is the sound of now, and it's here to drink all your beer, dance with all of your women and eat all of your pizza. Pick one of these up and proceed to cut up some rug with your best girl, if you know what I'm sayin'! (www.randy records.com)

Let's talk about TY SEGALL for a moment, shall we? This kid's gonna be huge, if the sounds on his latest *Lemons* LP on the ever-lovable Goner Records imprint are any indication. Remember which label first realized the genius of a young fella calling himself JAY REATARD back in the day? Anyway, Ty's second actual LP is full of wild garage-rock with plenty of pop hooks, punk energy and mature songwriting that belies his young age. Beautifully written and played songs that really transcend the genre. Moments of wispy psych, beach pop, blown out garage punk, stomping rock'n'roll, even a friggin' CAPTAIN BEEFHEART cover! Yikes! Like I said, you had better start paying attention now. One of the best LPs I've heard all year. Ty's been busy with a bunch of other singles and bands, but another of his vinyl releases you need is his split LP with London's BLACK TIME, England's greatest current band. They do a side apiece, and both are necessary to hear. The juxtaposition of Ty's California pop brightness and BLACK TIME's monotone British garage noise is a delicious pairing. Top notch material from both. (www.goner-records.com and www.telephoneexplosion.com)

Let me dig around here and see what else has me drooling besides a side order of hash browns....what time is it anyway? Ah, here we go. From the wilds of New Jersey come the VICE CITY ROCKERS otherwise known only as VCR. After blowing me away on their split with LIVE-FASTDIE what seems like years ago, these delinquents finally have a single of their own on Georgia's Die Slaughterhaus label (former home of the BLACK LIPS for those keeping score...). I've heard vicious rumors that these kids are already defunct, and the fact that they couldn't be found to even provide sleeves for this single does not bode well. But naked or not, this single is one of the best you're going to hear all year. Three tracks of unabashed punk rock with snotty garage flavor, "Strictly Business" is a fucking hit if I ever heard one. "Code C" is about a teacher flipping out at their high school. Rockers all the way. VCR, if you're out there, please come back. The world needs you. (www.dieslaughterhaus-records.com)

While we're rattling about an Atlanta record label, how about we discuss the most recent Rob's House Records release, GG KING's *Drug Zoo* EP. THE CARBONAS are no more, but I feel better knowing we have GG down there keeping the flame alight. Garage punk with pop hooks, perhaps touching on some sleazier notes than CARBONAS did (and this is three members of that band by the way...), it makes a fine pairing with the *Adult Rock* EP from earlier in the year. Well done. And if you're feeling frisky you might even try tracking down his *Last of the Night Wiggers* demo tape as well. (www.robshouserecords.com)

Now that we've talked about some more traditional rock fare, let's get weird. THE FACTORYMEN hail from some dank basement in the armpit of Lake Erie known as Cleveland. If you heard their seven-inch and enjoyed it, hold onto your shorts for this full length, known simply as the *Shitman* LP on Philly's Richie Records. I heard a rumor that one of the guys behind this was in NINE SHOCKS TERROR, but I'm not so sure I believe it. And I'm not so sure what to make of some of this record either...is it all a joke or serious business? I swear, at times this sounds like some wiseacres heard people going nuts over a BLANK DOGS record and decided to show them some real shit, man. Dime-store synths, barely played instruments, found sounds, loops, distorted-to-hell vocals...it's a real clusterfuck of a project from one possibly deranged artist. The inner rungs of Skull Music hell. You really ought to hear this and decide what you think it is—loner genius or fart in the face? (testostertunes.blogspot.com)

In the Red Records Department: this label now gets their own section each month. Larry Hardy is ruling the garage-rock underworld with an iron fist, and I bow in respect. The TV GHOST *Dead Fish* LP is ready, and it's monolithic and a new mile marker on the weird-punk highway. There's a reason why these kids are the CHEATER SLICKS favorite new band. I'm not making that up. There's also a website-only exclusive HUNCHES LP called *Home Alone 5*, one side of outtakes from the *Exit Dreams* LP and one side from an amazing Peel Session. Limited edition, get one now, along with the just as limited OBLIVIANS *Live at Barrister's* LP, which has incredible sound quality from a vintage '95 performance. You can only get these direct from the label. Fiendish! (www.intheredrecords.com)

Cool Tape Department: CATATONIC YOUTH released a couple records and disappeared with our hearts into the Northwest fog. But he's back (along with possibly some members of SEX/VID) with MILK MUSIC, who have released a hard-to-find tape making the rounds. Sound-wise, it's sort of like SST-ish guitar rock, making me dig a name like DINOSAUR JR. out of the nether-regions of my days listening to college radio when indie rock still mattered. Sounds real promising. (milk_music@hotmail.com)

Cool Reissue Department: my pal Icki covered a lot of this stuff in his column, but I have to cast another vote for the MIRRORS "Something That Would Never Do" LP. A necessary piece of the early Cleveland collection, with members of PERE UBU, EASTER MONKEYS, ELECTRIC EELS, ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS and STYRENES. Need I say more? It's like the VELVET UNDERGROUND drunk on the polluted waters of Lake Erie. A true must-have. (velvet.fag@gmail.com)

That's all for now. The intoxicating aromas of pre-formed sandwich eggs and English Muffins are calling me down the street. If you need to contact me, please drop *MRR* a letter or package. They know where to find me.

Things People Don't Say in Sex Clubs

Here's what people always say to me at sex clubs: "Why do you look so happy? You're hav-

ing too much fun!" Trust me, I'm not having too much fun. I don't say that, I just smile. Maybe I'm trying to make these places what they should be, places to laugh and chat and fall all over the place in that friendly way, laugh between bodies and hands and lips and mouths and cocks and things. Here I am, and I'm dancing—it's hard to dance here, with all of the shut down bodies craving some kind of opening shut down. Whatever—I'm dancing, that's what makes it fun right now, the music and walking around in circles instead of walking I can dance a little this is fun and then someone says. Well, you already know what they say.

This story is about one guy, the one with the sideburns and a wife-beater, what is it about this thing with one guy, I'll go to these places and I'm only attracted to one guy? Anyway, he's staring up at what's going on upstairs and I miss my opportunity to touch him on the chest, kiss his neck dammit where is he now did I really miss my opportunity? I don't see him anywhere.

Oh, wait there he is at the front desk, cuter in a grey argyle sweater even though his posture is kind of strange the way he's leaning back and leaning forward at the same time maybe he's drunk, he's talking to the guy there and when he heads to the bathroom the guy at the front desk is shaking his head, I say what did he say? He said I owe him a dollar. I say what did you tell him? I told him I could shit on his face. People pay a lot more for that, that's a good deal.

There he is in the bathroom, washing his dick off and I get some water, when he's done I catch his eye in the mirror and I say you're already leaving, and you're the cutest one here. I'm not leaving, he says, but I can't tell if he's interested, I mean he did look right at me in that surprised maybe excited way right when I walked in the door but things change here in a few minutes, right? Back in the hallways of longing, I grab him from behind and kiss his neck, and guess what he says. Yes, why do you look so. Happy.

But what is it about this energy that doesn't tire me out, I mean I kind of go to that playful place and I'm not exactly pretending. Usually in public I get so drained just from interacting that afterwards I'm falling apart, maybe just from a reading, but here I don't understand what's different, I mean all these walls walking around like guys looking for sex looking for walls but somehow I get to this place where I am kind of—not happy, really, but maybe kind of amused no not really amused, what is it?

He also says: I like you. Okay, I say, then I'll follow you around and I put his hand on my dick and he says what do you come here for? I come here for the music. Really. Most people don't like this music, I mean it's one of the things that everyone jokes about when they talk about sex clubs, but really it's the best thing. I like talking about these 1995 beats what happened to these beats I want more of these beats I want more.

I don't say that. I say I don't know. But then I realize I do know, I mean maybe he wants to know what kind of sex I want, instead of just finding out from the push pull of fingers lips tongue arms, I say suck cock, get my dick sucked—and hug cute boys in argyle sweaters. Somehow it takes him a moment to get the last part, and then he smiles, I say what about you? He says I like to watch, and get my dick sucked. I say well I'd love to suck your dick, he says maybe later. I say anytime, I mean I'm really good at it.

I can't believe I say that last part, like I'm auditioning or something, but it's the only way, the only way in these places when I'm only attracted to one guy really, I mean I could have sex with some of these other guys but I don't want to.

This is how silly I get, outside in the back he's smoking and I get on the table or the bench whatever it is that you sit on outside and I hug him from behind, even though he's smoking, I mean after I try to dodge the smoke and then he blows it in the other direction, maybe that will work. He says I haven't had human contact in two weeks, maybe he means the way I'm holding him. Here's how you know the way desire can do strange things, because he's telling me about one time when he was standing outside of BurgerMeister, smoking twenty feet away from this woman eating outside, and she asked him to move further away and he said: it's a free country.

Smoking. BurgerMeister. A free country? He's one of those guys who looks like maybe he's always depressed, or maybe he just looks like he's always depressed wait that's the same thing, masculinity that goes inside more than outside and I like hugging him, I tell him I'll suck his dick anytime, anytime you're ready, and he says how about twenty minutes, and I say I might leave in twenty minutes. He says fifteen?

I'm getting tired, maybe I should leave but instead I'm eating the peanuts and trying not to go back to the front where he's talking to the guy at the desk so I walk around to see if there's anyone else I'm interested in. Not really. Maybe I should go home, I'm getting tired. I haven't noticed the murals on the stall walls before, big cocks and drawn-on explosives kind of like a comeshot I guess but huge. That's kind of funny. I focus on other funny things, like the disco ball—it is kind of pretty the way the light goes round. And then I'm outside again, I never noticed the bamboo before.

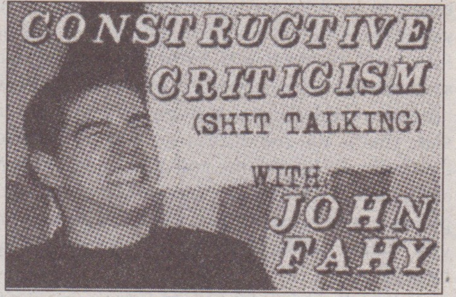
There you are, he says, and I say where do you want to go? We go in back, in back of the outside and I start biting his neck and then he surprises me by kissing me right away on the lips, mouthwash, he used mouthwash for me that's cute, and then it's everything but mostly this drive the way our lips connect even when our lips aren't connecting its like our hands are lips too. Desire is so strange, that's what I'm thinking here in this stall with this boy and his soft argyle sweater, my hands are too cold for underneath, my hands grabbing his head his armpits chest and down, here it is, here I am where he's told me he wants me, or someone like me but right now just me and yes, the way his dick curves even more dramatically to the side than mine that's rare and I look up to register the moments where his head leans back I reach up for his neck he grabs my hands and yes.

At some point he pulls me up again, back to lips and then we're inside, inside now with the heat blasting he's sucking my dick he says he doesn't do that often, no he says that later but I kind of know because I have to ask him. You already know how I could stay here on my knees in this tiny overheated cubicle forever if I could stay here with his arms, at some point on my knees with all this hunger and moisture and thrusting and what's that other thing it's that thing between us and I remember that he was washing his dick off in the bathroom and oh, that's why he wanted to wait, he wanted to wait because he already came. It's funny the things people don't say, the things people don't say in sex clubs and then we're making out again, now my hands are warm enough they're everywhere they're everywhere with him, he says he's going to take a break. But first, first he says: that was the highlight of my night. He's talking about when I come, because I come for him and maybe he knows that. I mean I tell him. Then he can take a break.

He won't call me, and I want him to, he won't call me and this is when I wonder about this ravenous gorgeous soft raging glory this explosion of what-the-hell I've always loved the splendor of these sudden moments I mean when the moments become, when the moments become and I wonder if there's something sad about it too. I mean I've reached for these connections where there may be no other connections I've reached and I've held and I've hoped and I've nurtured and craved and dreamed and still. And still I'm left here, I'm left here with these moments and nothing else.

But guess what? Since this is the big fancy queer issue, I decided to throw down a feature —it's called "Why Gay Marriage Is the End of the World (or at least the queer world)"—check it out, and tell me what you think!

My latest book is a novel, So Many Ways to Sleep Badly, *and yes unfortunately I'm still sleeping badly or even when I don't sleep badly I feel terrible! Now I'm working on* lostmissing: a public art project, *and I just finished a new anthology called* Why Are Faggots So Afraid of Faggots? *I know you're wondering the same thing. You can communicate with me via www.mattildabernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past MRR columns. Or you can write to me at 537 Jones Street, #3152, San Francisco, CA 94102*



Prepare To Be Fucked Over

There's going to be a time soon when Obamamania has subsided—on the political left, I mean, obviously it never really took off among "Conservative America"—and we all realize we're dealing with a whole new, different form of being screwed.

Why were we so overjoyed at the election of Obama, first of all? Personally speaking, it was a number of things. The idea that America could finally live up to it's guarantee that any citizen could "become anything they want," and "reach any height" was something even the most jaded cynic would smile at, as it was proven before the eyes of our generation. The idea that Americans could elect a person of *any* minority or underclass was deeply reassuring to the idea that maybe we're not *totally* fucked. It was also relieving to think that an American electorate could finally rally around someone who espoused sensible policies—free healthcare, diplomacy before aggression, regulation of financial institutions, etc. Honestly, nobody was happier than me about the election of Obama. I think the main thing that got me, though, was the tone of his pitch.

You can campaign one of two ways very successfully in America. One way is this; "You should be scared of shit, my fellow Americans, but not if you elect me—I will protect you from all of the bad things and make you feel like you're a child again." A *very* successful method. Most Americans are needlessly scared of shit and want to be tucked in at night and so this one has kind of become the standard, trusted method. A huge part of the success of this one, of course, is the stupidity of the bucktoothed American. We are gullible, uneducated, and therefore, scared as fuck: *What are them Europeans up to? Why is that man's skin a different color than mine? What the fuck is a haiku?*

The other way to go, that I am an admitted sucker for, is the Jack Kennedy route; "I know things are bad, but we have to look ahead, believe in ourselves and not be afraid, and we have to dare to do the right thing no matter what." It feels good to have someone appeal to the better side of our nature, to hope *for* something and want to *build* something, especially after years and years of campaigns and administrations telling us we need to be fearful and defend ourselves. Obama pulled this one off with style and ease.

So yes, it was a pitch and I fell for it, and yes, I wanted Obama policies to become a reality and yes, I voted for the guy, so what the fuck is my problem? I simply cannot trust any politician. Every politician will let you down. I loved it when Bill Clinton went against the State Department's wishes and intervened in the Northern Ireland peace process, it was a ballsy move that held no real political reward if successful. But Bill Clinton did not in any way, shape or form stop the merciless torture and genocide in East Timor. So what does that make him, an "OK" president, or worse than Bush? I say this because I know George Bush *encourages, instigates* and *applauds* torture use—and of course I loathe him for it—but I *know* that that is what he does and who he is. I don't expect shit like that from the politician like Clinton who's held out hope to me, so it's much more enraging and disappointing when it occurs.

That I know of, Obama has done no real wrongs. It's been 200 days, so he hasn't had a lot of time to make me cynical. I do know that he's made some right moves in regard to abortion rights, healthcare, and global warming. I said in this space a few issues back that Obama's actions would be a disappointment when dealing with Israel and Palestine, and so far I've been wrong. The Obama administration is not the lapdog previous US governments have been to Israel and I have to commend that. I want to be proven wrong by any politician.

On the main though, these are headline issues. What was the most dreadful, insidious policy of the supposedly progressive Clinton administration? Total corporate compliance. Bill Clinton's political success had a lot to do with his business-*very*-friendly policies of privatization of formerly government-run institutions, creation of "free" trade agreements, and other policies that gave multi-national corporations more power over all of us. Tony Blair in the UK carried on the same shit, taking cues from across the pond—being liberal on social issues and being *open to negotiation* on economic issues. Clinton, honestly, was just as damaging to American's financial security and prosperity as Reagan and both Bushs in creating the Wild West Saloon that is modern Wall Street. So now it's in Obama's lap—will the Clinton/Bush policy of hands-off of corporate America continue?

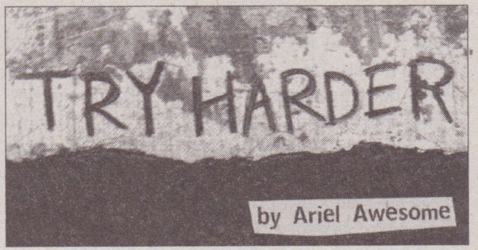
It looks so. Every one of the administration's bailouts says to Wall Street, "Keep the bonuses, really. You've earned it. We will save you again when the next roulette game goes wrong. We have millions of investors waiting to make millionaire executives into billionaire executives, billionaires into trillionaires. Go as you please, 'borrow' what you will and take the dogs off during election time." Obama's not stood up to big business like every other president before him and that spells trouble. I've been happy hearing every social issue Obama's made progress on, but really that's left-right-game horseshit for cable news—the real, substantial, meaningful battle is for government control. Who will be in the driver's seat—the elected or their sponsors? Some would argue of course that business will always have some control, but how much? A good indicator will be the outcome of the healthcare bill debate and its option for a free, public healthcare insurance option. This is something nobody in corporate America wants. The medical-industrial complex is vast, very powerful and does not want change. Anything free and good for people from the government is reviled by Wall Street, and the corporate attack dogs are already out, trying to scare Americans into thinking going bankrupt paying for drugs for the rest of their lives is the best thing for them. Moronic America may not let them down. But will Obama capitulate and make some cop-out, profitable compromise? We will have to wait and see what this dreamy administration is willing to take on and if the gleam in our eyes will turn to the pitiful look of someone who's been duped by online advertising.

Finally, what my suspicions are correct? What if we are let down? Who is going to take on business or government? Will it be the punks? No. Will it be the solid, motivated, organized American left? Nope. 9/11 conspiracy theorists? They'll need to find their way out of the Cheetos bag first. I'll go more into this next month. Shit pisses me off too much. Seriously, if you want to find out who needs to shut the fuck up, tune in next time.

Write me.

ENDNOTES:

1. PANZRAM tour was totally awesome thanks to Nevin Marshall and his killer distro, which accompanied us. Get with Nevin at www.ifbrecords.com I know he picked up good shit like the PUNCH LP, FOREIGN OBJECTS EP, DYLAN BREDEAU EP and a lot more. Check the distro because he updates it every week. Some of my old records are for sale their too because I am beyond broke. PANZRAM tour was made further dope by all of the amazing bands we played with and people we hung with. Huge thanks to TOURIST TRAP, Josh and Amber in Jacksonville, Scott and Rob in Charlotte, North Carolina, fucking Patrick and Randy in Bmore, who we had a killer time with, PUNCH, who blew me away as always in Brooklyn, Sean from POLLUTION, Amelia from ABC NO RIO who rules forever, Krystina, Ben, Brian and all the kids in New Haven, THE BOOKSLAVE, RELICS, James Doubek, Ambrose, Fil, FOREIGN OBJECTS and all the other kids we had a blast with in D.C., Saad in Tally, Greg, BABY TEETH, GRETZKY, Hannah, and company in Gainesville, MURDER-SUICIDE PACT, BIG RATS, Pat, Carson, Zack, Tommy and everybody else in Tampa. It was an awesome time, we had two shows come through last minute thanks to friends working hard and we really appreciate it. Enough of this shit. All the killer records, demos and zines I picked up on the trip will be discussed after I give them a good once-over.
2. Speaking of which, Fil from *Give Me Back* zine has given me record reviews to do so I am beyond stoked for that. Already my review pile has given me killer shit to go off about. Anybody who orders anything from me record-wise (see below) will get a copy of *GMB* thrown in, as will anyone who orders from Pickle Pants Marshall and IFB (see above). We have tons of the brand new issue (been a while coming) and it rules.
3. The records I speak of are: DIVISIONS 7" EP (few left) WE NEED TO TALK 7" EP, DIVISIONS *Fin* cassette (fewer left), and the PANZRAM demo tape. Each can be gotten from me for five bucks ppd. Paypal fahy_john at hotmail.com or mail cash, m.o. or check made out to: John Fahy/ 15011 Lakeside View Dr./ Apt. 2402/ Fort Myers/FL/33919.
4. Write me at the addresses above.



We've got a boombox, four punk tapes, champagne poured into mason jars and no idea of where we're headed. We've sang our adapted

rendition of the Partisans as "twenty-seven years of hell," a few times now, and are onto X-Ray Spex.

Pop!

I feel an unsettling wetness seeping down my side. It's cold but not entirely unpleasant. I stop short in a driveway to pull the burst jar out of my bag before it can soak me any more. I'm trying to drink as much of the overflow as I can, and it's running down my arms and neck. The boys look at me sideways and laugh.

"Shut up, it's my birthday," I say, wiping my chin on my sweatshirt sleeve as I start walking again, taking care not to trip over some free box contents scattered across the sidewalk. We would be conspicuous on any other street than this one. MLK is deserted, even for a typically empty street. No one is waiting for buses or pushing carts of recycling along. Nobody to wonder what we're up to.

Drinking in the wonderful summer night air, while pulling bits of jasmine off a fence, I can't believe we almost went to a bar.

I don't like bars in general, though some dives have that certain absurd seedy charm that negates their bar-ness: like drinking with the taxidermied polar bear in Port Costa, or the bar at the bowling alley with sad old men drinking out of clear bowling pins, or the Oaks Club where you can get in on some seven card stud or talk to bus drivers and card sharks. But those are experiences enjoyable, because they are about being outside the action, for a voyeuristic foray into absurd corners of life. I don't want to go to a bar to see people I know; that just seems depressing.

Trying to choose between Lanesplitter, the pizza bar, and Merchants, the scumbag metal bar, we made the most clear and obvious choice. Mike, Paul, and I decided to keep it real and began our drunken wander through Berkeley instead.

I keep stringing the sidewalk graffiti together in my head, like a puzzle or a song. Paul and Mike are talking about bands. I wish I had shaved the sides of my head more recently—it's the kind of night that makes you want a proper mohawk.

I'm already half covered in champagne overflow, so I don't really mind the wet grass we've decided to sprawl on. BPD and UC campus cops keep driving by, but they're not stopping. I have to try to remember not to be a total smart ass if they do stop. A night in jail isn't on tonight's agenda. I'm not sure what is, but definitely not that.

It feels good camped out in the grass, listening to Poly Styrene's high, clear voice, and talking about tour and life and bands and bullshit. I've missed Mike. He's one of the many teenagers whose hair turned gray holding Gilman together during hard times. Some people still call him Baby Mike, or Mike Smallz, even though it's been a long while since he looked or acted his age. He's a middle-aged punk, and he just turned 21. I like Mike because he has every reason to be jaded, but he's not. He's rough around the edges, and he doesn't like everyone, but he still believes in punk on the deepest level, and he's got a big reservoir of hope and enthusiasm behind his snarky comments. I can count on him to be up for anything, and to be there in a pinch.

Drunk and snacky, we stagger up towards Telegraph to get some veggie wienies at Top Dog. Our asses and jackets are wet from the grass, but it's a warm night so it doesn't matter. On campus, I almost fall in the creek trying to pee. No one notices, so I just pretend my excursion down the embankment was planned. I pick oak leaves and twigs out of my hair as the others walk ahead.

This is the only time I like being on Telegraph anymore. Only the bars and a few quick eats places are open. I used to work up here on the edge of the Ave, in a tucked away tattoo shop full of punks. A few times everyday Jason or Marco would ask me to grab them a coffee, and I'd have to unwillingly ford through Telegraph's usual horde of spare change commuters, wide-eyed suburban teens, wingnuts, exuberant students, evangelists, petition hawks, and hip hop CD slingers. Worst, I could count on at least one ex-boyfriend to appear in front of Amoeba with an arm full of records. Shannon from Smart Alec's said you could tell the workers from the rest just by the look on their face and speed of their walking: "Workers walk fast, and look angry. Students walk slow, and look bored. Only the tourists ever look really happy." I liked her, even though I never saw her smile and she smelled like corn chowder and fries.

I didn't set foot on Telegraph for a year after the tattoo shop of punks fell apart. Despite my best efforts, I still like this street and I still know the storefronts by heart. It's at its most charming for me on my birthday: it's just us, the avenue, and all the hungry drunks walking around after last call.

We can't remember who the mayor is, so we ask ten people walking in to get hotdogs, they don't know either.

"Seriously, is that shithead Tom Bates still the mayor? Anybody?"

I call Jesse Luscious, he's on the rent board now. Our punk activist politician should totally know.

"Is Tom Bates still the mayor?" In a usual twist of drunk dialing, I get my girl Jessica instead. She has no idea who the mayor is. She wants to know if we're coming to Merchants, she wants to buy me a drink. Click! I snap my phone closed.

"Why'd you hang up on her?"

"I've got no time for the bar punks tonight! We're on a mission!"

And it feels like we are. We're on to Gang of Four now, just a gang of three ourselves. The street has the tangy odor of stale piss, but the soft breeze smells like wet soil and a little bit of sea.

We feel so revolutionary with our big drunk talk and swaggery steps. I know we won't do half of what we say, and half our ideas will be forgotten in the light of our morning headaches, but it feels good, it feels right.

Lately I feel like I'm always choosing between shit and shittier, but for now I have Berkeley, and the crisp clear summer night ahead of me, and that's good enough.

See you fucks in the street!

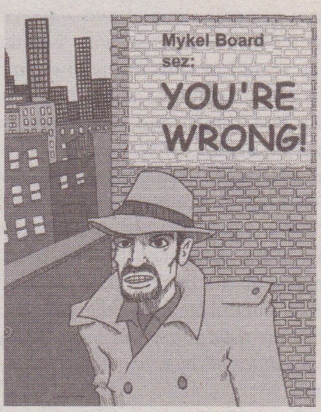
Postscript:
Dearest friends from our awesome European tour,

You made a huge impression on me. Not just in your brilliant and grand undertakings, but in your dedication and overwhelming affection. Your squats are, of course, breathtaking, but more important than that was your strong community ties, and real enthusiasm for what you do. I can't say thank you enough for sharing this with me.

Please be expecting long letters and care packages to come to you in the mail, but until then, let this little note let you know that I didn't come home and forget our time together. How could I?

You have made me want to do more, to do better… to, well, try harder.

xo,
Ariel



"All the ugly things, the things people expend so much energy denying, have more permanence than the sweet sucking-candy lies about equality and justice and everlasting happiness. Ugliness is God." -Jim Goad

First there's the rose. I don't know who put it there. But there it is. Lying like a sash across his chest. I didn't expect that. Agim was not the type to go in for roses. He was a punk rocker—and now I find out—a junkie. Punk rock, junk and roses don't mix.

Next to me is an older woman. His mother? An aunt? I dunno. She's dressed in black. Equally black circles surround her eyes. She forces a smile as I introduce myself and tell her how sorry I am.

I am sorry. Agim was the cool kid. A cute punk rocker with a weird name. He came from someplace in Eastern Europe. He had a high squeaky voice. He often came out of the mosh pit bruised and happy. He'd shake his head and say nothing more than *wow!*

About twenty years old, he had a smooth face that'd take years to grow even a jazz spot. I'd often had fantasies about burying the bologna between his light brown buns. It ain't gonna happen now.

This is my third open-casket, Catholic funeral. I'm not getting used to them. There's something creepy about looking at a dead person you knew when he was running around doing things. Like having your pet dog stuffed, mounted and set in the living room... with a bone in her mouth.

Weirder is the girl now standing by the coffin. I've never seen her before. Somewhat goth, with

a long black dress, but it is a funeral after all. Still, she's got black fingernail polish and lipstick... not exactly Catholic. Her long flowing hair is *not* black, though. It's somewhere between brown and redhead—like Lindsay Lohan's.

She's not beautiful in the classic sense. A bit too thick in the rear. Tits petite and free hanging. Because of the way she faces the coffin, I can only see her in profile.

Behind the chairs that face the coffin is some food. I head for it. Laid out on a small card table, there's Merlot wine and cheese, like at an art opening. There are also a bunch of little strawberry tarts and crackers next to a pile of meat—maybe chopped liver. A plastic spoon sticks in the meat at an odd angle, like a chimney in a fairytale house. I use it to scoop some of the meat onto a cracker and then shove the combo into my mouth.

"I think that's not such a good idea," suggests a voice behind me, to my right.

I turn. It's the girl who stood at the coffin. Her face is plain, slightly freckled.

"Why not?" I ask her, taking another meat-on-cracker in my biological urge to *defy*.

"Funeral meat is always bad," she says. "I think they make it from the remains of other funerals."

"That's disgusting," I say, reaching for yet another cracker and meat. I spoon it on thickly, as if I were teaching her a lesson.

During our short conversation, the girl moves forward. She now stands with her hand tangling centimeters from my leg. She bridges the gap, stroking the inside of my thigh.

"My name is Wanda," she says. Then her voice becomes a whisper. "Let's stay. Whatshisname would like it."

"You mean Agim?" I ask. "You don't know him?"

"I go to funerals," she says, rubbing my leg less subtly than before, "and I want to know you... Follow me."

I don't get a chance to introduce myself. I just follow as the strange girl leads me through the hallway to a small storage closet. The only possible way she could know about it is from being here before. I begin to wonder.

Wanda opens the door and gets in, sitting on the floor. She extends her hand. I take it and enter. Wanda reaches up and pulls the door shut.

In the dark closet, she presses her body close to mine. I press my hand on the inside of her thigh. Then, run it downwards. I smell an oceanic mix of bread and tuna. She tightens her thighs around my hand. The warmth radiates through my body. Agim, you're gonna get me laid... but it won't be you!

The faint light under the door goes out with the last footsteps of the funeral guests. We are alone.

"Let's go," she whispers.

I start to unbutton my shirt. But that's not what she's talking about.

Slowly, Wanda opens the door, looks around and heads out. We're back at the coffin. It's closed now. Wanda pushes up on the lid and it creaks back to open. There's Agim. Looking eerily shiny in the tiny bit of light that comes from the streetlamp outside the window. The rose, slightly crushed, still lies across his chest.

"He looks fake," says Wanda.

I reach in to touch his face. It has a waxy feel, like an apple on a supermarket shelf. I have the urge to scrape and see if the wax will come off under my fingernail. I do. It does.

Under that wax is a small spot, maybe brown. It's impossible to see color in the dim light. It looks like what I imagine cancer would look like. I quickly pull my hand back.

I look back at his face. His closed eyes. What's under those lids? Are the pupils staring straight out like a vampire? Or, are the eyes rolled back in the head, showing only white... like a zombie.

I again reach into the coffin, putting my hand on his left eye, thumb on the bottom lid, forefinger on the top. I tug on the lids but there's a kind of stiffness, as if Agim is trying to force his eyes shut against my effort.

I'm distracted by a *fzzzz* sound. I turn. Wanda is at Agim's crotch. She's opened his belt and now unzips his pants. Reaching into the open fly, she pulls out his penis. It's the first time I've ever seen the penis of a dead guy. Maybe it was proud in the day, but now it's shriveled and worn, with what look like bloody stripes up the side. The head looks like a mushroom-sized scab. I can't see it for long though, because Wanda takes it into her mouth. She suck up on it, pulling the skin taught, stretching it. I think I'm going to be sick. I begin to choke. To heave.

"Here! Here!" whispers Wanda, pulling up her skirt and taking down her panties. "Do it here!"

She grabs my head and forces my face between her legs. That powerful Neptunian smell adds to the nausea.

That chopped liver. Those strawberry tarts. That glass of Merlot. Like a movie run frame by frame, I feel the slow motion rise of the vile mixture, from my stomach... to my throat... to my mouth... forced into my nose... and out. Out from my mouth. Out from my nose. Out into the hairy crater in front of me. The smell of vomit added to the smell of yeast and the smell of sea bass make me even sicker, I puke again and again, until I'm stuck in dry heaves.

"Now fuck me," says Wanda. "Fuck me hard!"

She tears at my proper funeral pants, pulling open the belt, pulling down the pants and boxer-briefs in one fell swoop. I step out of them. But, I'm not quite ready yet. Ninety degrees. I'm looking for forty-five.

Wanda reaches between her legs and scoops up my fresh vomit. She rubs it back and forth on my ninety degrees. The smell cuts to my throat and sickens me. But it doesn't sicken my little friend who pops up like popsicle fresh from the deli case. Wanda sucks on the popsicle. Rubbing the vomit around my testes, Wanda sucks, then reaches around to press me deeper into her face. A puke-lubricated finger slips into my little brown hole in back.

I tighten the sphincter around her digits. That's the trigger.

"That meat," I say.

Wanda makes some *mmmmmmmmmmg* sound around my penis. Then my bowels contract.

"Not *that* meat," I say. "The meat that we ate. It's hitting now. I'm getting sick. I think I've got the shits. You were right!"

She removes her mouth from my medium-on.

"Shit!" she says. "Shit on me! Shit on Agim. It's the least you can do... and it's the most punk rock."

She's right, of course.

I climb onto the coffin. Resting one knee on each side, I fear I'll lose my balance and the whole kit and caboodle will come tumbling down. Tough. I can't hold it anymore. I'm going to explode. I position my asshole directly over Agim's face. Wanda squeezes his cheeks. His mouth opens. I let go. A torrent. Not water, but not turds either. More like a thick paste. Brown toothpaste, with globs of this and that. Direct hit. Right over that mouth. Filling it. Spilling over. Up his nose. Onto his eyes. A great thick brown mass. The joy of emptying my stomach raises my staff. Pain released calls for joy.

"Suck me!" I breathe. "Suck me now!"

Wanda scrapes her hand against the corpse face, bringing up my fresh fecal paste. She rubs it up and down my hardness.

"Suck me!" I say, "I can't stand it."

"Wait," says she.

Suddenly, she is at the garbage can where we scraped the plastic cups and dishes from the funeral food. She reaches inside. I can't make out what's in her hand until she returns to the coffin. I climb down to take a look. It's a plastic spoon, probably the same one I used to eat the tainted meat.

"Share!" she commands, scooping some brown paste off Agim's face. Open wide.

I open my mouth and she pushes the spoon in. It's a foul taste... like... well, like shit. I gag, but swallow it down. She scoops some more, and puts it into her own mouth.

Gagging to hold down my own excrement, I choke out a, "More!"

Wanda answers by shoving another spoonful of shit into my mouth. And then returning to the shit-covered face of Agim's corpse.

Taking the plastic spoon, she presses the end against the dead kid's eye-socket. It slips, spraying shit onto the coffin lid. She tries again. This time the spoon sinks in, behind the eye, underneath. She pries upward. The handle bends. Then, with a little *PTTT* sound, the eye falls loose and hangs by a nerve along the side of his face. A few grains of shit fall into the empty hole.

Wada grabs the eyeball and gives it a tug. With a snap, it pulls loose.

"Yes!" I hear her whisper.

She takes the eyeball and inserts it in her cunt. Squeezing shut, she closes her eyes and moves those internal muscles that only girls can move. Her face is the picture of bliss.

"Now you," she says, taking the eyeball from insider her vulva.

I know what she's asking for. I rest my hands against my knees and feel a light pressure against my anus. It opens and the eyeball is inside.

The new pressure against my prostate propels the little soldier between my legs to full attention. Wanda pushes me to the floor and straddles me.

I push her off and climb back onto the coffin. Pressing hard to keep that organic dildo inside me. I again squat with my feet on either side of Agim's head. I lean forward, lower myself, and insert the head of my penis into the empty eye socket.

****

This is the queer issue of MRR. What you just read is queer. You? You're as queer as a one-dollar bill. You had your chance. Your homosexuality could have been a ticket to queerdom. Being a homo used to be *special, different, weird... Queer.*

I remember people pointing and whispering *He fucks boys.* And now, Home Depot shows a couple of guys cooking breakfast together, plain as the cum on your lips... and it's your fault.

You've sacrificed your queerdom on the altar of "gay marriage," and "gays in the military." You prefer equality to queerdom. You can't have both. You've made your choice.

Your decision disgusts me more than a loose eyeball up my ass. You are more repulsive than vaginal vomit. How could you do it? Several years ago, I wrote *You cannot be a man until you've been fucked in the ass.* That was controversial... Queer.

These days, everybody and his mother's been fucked in the ass. Stockbrokers discuss anal lubes on their coffee breaks. It is not queer.

Queer doesn't say, *accept me, I'm just like you.* It says, *watch out, buckaroo, because I'm NOTHING like you.*

Yeah, I admire people like Matt B who are trying to make homotude queer again, but it's a lost cause. Like making Obama radical. We may wish it. But it ain't gonna happen.

We need a NEW queerdom. We have it. The necrophiles, the bestials, the coprophiliacs, the S&Ms, the pedophiles (who are so queer they can't even post their fantasies without being arrested!). The new queers should be in the face of every homosexual saying,

"We're here. We're REALLY queer. Get used to it... because you're not anymore."

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to email comment on the column. Subscribers will no longer get the columns before anyone else.]

The honeymoon is over department: Speaking of marriage. Slack-cutting time is over. Obama is proving himself to be just another Democrat, maybe the next LBJ... or worse. He takes over General Motors, allows the company to shift jobs overseas. Says the government wants a "hands-off policy." Huh? That's *my* money you're using, I sure as fuck want a hand ON!

Worse is Afghanistan. That war is getting bigger, and I wouldn't be surprised if we saw a Pakistan invasion soon. It's time for that big Washington anti-war rally!

Hey hey Oh-baman. How many kids did you drop a bomb on!

—>*Homos yes, Nazis no dept:* While homo activists push for more gays in the military, other liberal groups push for exclusions... of "white supremacists.

The liberal Southern Poverty Law Center is complaining about allowing "white supremacists and Neo-Nazis" in the military. Seems like these points of view are "bad" and shouldn't be tolerated. They are HATE.

On the other hand, homotude is LOVE. So it *should* be allowed in the army. Makes a lot of sense in an organization whose main purpose is to kill people, huh?

—>*Elsewhere on the homo front dept:* A federal appeals court has upheld an Ohio law that limits picketing at funerals, preventing an anti-gay church from protesting at military funerals.

The Rev. Fred Phelps believes God is punishing America for accepting homosexuality by killing soldiers in Iraq and Afghanistan. He argues it is people's free speech right to carry signs with messages such as "Thank God for dead soldiers."

The court said the anti-picketing law "serves an important governmental interest... at a funeral the mere presence of a protestor is sufficient to inflict harm."

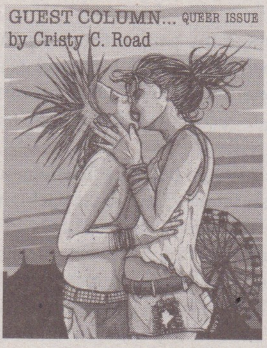
Sounds like the same rationalization they used for the round-up of demonstrators at the Republican National Convention in New York. Actually, it sounds like the same rationalization for the round-up of ANY demonstrators anywhere.

—>*Elsewhere on the free speech front:* The "Combating Defamation of Religion" resolution was passed by the UN Human Rights Council with 23 votes in favor and 11 votes against with 13 abstentions.

The resolution was passed in spite of huge opposition from rights groups. The measure calls on the UN to "effectively combat defamation of all religions and incitement to religious hatred, against Islam and Muslims in particular."

The Bush administration strongly opposed this resolution. It's unclear what the position of Obama is... but that's par for the course.

—>*Partial memory department:* The religious right wants Americans to remember that for some years Congress printed copies of "The Life and Morals of Jesus of Nazareth" for its new members. But what's not mentioned is that this was Thomas Jefferson's version of the bible with all reference to Jesus' divinity and claims of miracles cut out.



DISMEMBERED:
Existing and Unexisting as Queer in Punk Rock.
Cristy C. Road

"Why do they have to have a man playing most of the solos?" I overhead someone say about this band I just started, The Homewreckers. I understand the importance and desire of creating an all-woman band; however, I still managed to vomit a little bit inside of myself, because they didn't know what I had been through, for the last thirteen years. Perpetually, I felt something was wrong with me; or the art of pop-punk at least.

I had visions of all-girl bands, all-queer, all-Latina, or all-depressed, gnawing at the unfortunate state of their existence through song and dance. Throughout most of my adolesence, I stumbled over excuse after excuse with other kids in south Florida who played instruments and listened to punk rock music. There was obviously something unappealing about a singer and primary songwriter who wanted to sing about *her* internal battles with sexuality, self, falling for men, falling for women, and often questioning why it's been done *this* way for so long, and how can *we* change *it*? Everyone was satisfied with what they had. I had few liberties as a young *Cubanita* residing on the western outskirts of Miami, FL. My family and I had moved around for most of my life, settling down in a widely Cuban and Nicaraguan neighborhood; where I met a few punk rockers who didn't automatically peg me as *ascerosa* for having short hair. I already felt alienated by my ethnic community because of my alternative representation, my queer identity, and my general questioning of the conservative Cuban-American doctrine pressed upon most of the kids in west Miami.

Around the bands and people I had come to know, ethnicity and punk rock were inevitable pieces of our being, and one did not cancel out the other. I felt safe as Latina, but hardly taken seriously as a queer girl. I was dubbed merely promiscuous, because I was Bisexual, thus horny, confused, and rabid for whatever I can have. I wrote a zine and created art and felt no means of quitting; but often found more solace through letters and long distance feedback, because frankly, local exploration was difficult. I usually sat at home, barred from the front door and flinching from reality as I listened to The Crumbs in isolation. I hung around the fraction of the punk scene that was very proud, very Latino, and very prone to the hip-hop/punk/ska hybrid that created a positive bind between the vast hip-hop scene in Miami, and the secreted pockets of punk rock. Unfortunately, I only listened to Crimpshrine and was occasionally made fun of for wearing tight pants as oppose to JNCO pants, which in retrospect, look just as unflattering on my body as undersized Dickies. I wasn't openly ridiculed for my sexuality, because I was only out to those I felt safe around. I had made what I recall being good friends. Although their sentiments were typical: Why create a band that can be easily pigeonholed in your community as the gay/feminazi, stylings of sugar-coated pop-punk with an eerie resemblance to The Mr. T Experience? Why exceed what we are used to? Songs about women from the straight male perspective, with every *woah-oh-oh* on cue. I swung my politics aimlessly, figuring out what I believed in, and sometimes fighting against it in order to gain acceptance.

I learned a few things, first and foremost

being that I could not separate sexual orientation, and the basic state of my sexual self. It's all interwoven, in its own fabric, torturing me and forgiving me simultaneously.

Eventually I turned eighteen and the vast landscape of the world was awe-inspiring. I could do anything I wanted. Financial limitations hardly meant anything once I learned how to scam greyhound and hitchhike on I-95, 75, and the scenic paths in between. Distance and differences will never pound me again; I thought, as Florida trundled into an era of creative enlightenment. Here I was, exposed to politically-charged punk rock that ran rampant during the turn of the century in and around Florida. Bands like This Bike is Pipe Bomb, Rumbleseat, Against Me!, Bitchin, and Blank Fight were playing around town often, and I thought *this* was the turn of the century historians had hoped for. Soiled into a good idea, I sought other women who played music, or nonetheless, other human beings who did not mind spewing a rhetoric on the queer female experience, and occasional corny love songs, without annotated embarrassment.

But this was Florida, and as my favorite bands toiled over their own creative executions, I was still alone, getting shit for my obsession with Lookout Records and my interest in ska; and having aimless arguments about the relevance of "scenes" and "punk" and "monogamy" and "cheap drugs." I was tired of justifying my existence, explaining that my interest in ska is rooted in my salsa music upbringing… But I did anyway, because for some reason, I *loved* this, whether or not it meant fighting for these catty strands of my identity. I tried to start bands with anyone anywhere, politically inclined or not. If I could have only heard everyone's excuse out loud, as oppose to a toxic grapevine; I may had felt more at peace with myself.

***

"God, I cant be in a band with Cristy. We'll be like, the gay Florida band, and I'm not gay."

"I cant be in a band with her! She *loves* Green Day *way* too much."

"I don't want to be in a band with Cristy, man. I don't want the front-woman of my all-girl to be so short and feminine. She like, showers."

"I don't want to start a band with her. She's a slut! She will try to have sex with all of us and we will break up!"

"Uhhhgghh…. I'll start a band with her if she makes out with me."

"Man, if a girl is gonna sing in my band, she has to sing nice, you know, like a girl."

"Umm…no, not Cristy, all her songs are hate songs about that one kid, and I like his band, and honestly, I don't want to be the one to ruin the scene, you know?"

***

It wasn't just the difficulty in starting a band, but the difficulty in being all these things at once—Latina, queer, female, hypersexual, and materialistic in a culturally engrained way that still made sense to me, but challenged te values of everyone around me. As a queer person, I was *tired* of stifling my sexuality, and I was tired of watching my favorite communities become homogenized. As a woman who has experienced violation by respected members of her community, I was tired of the scene pegging my anger as whiny and my experience as my fault for being sexual, too slutty. I wanted to feel comfortable singing about sexual themes, whether it was orientation or desire; because the objection of my sexuality that killed me through childhood was a major pre-teen trauma that I overcame through punk rock. I wanted punk rock to be what it was for me once, through a selective and naïve, yet salvaged teenage standpoint. Sexual repression is what the conservative Cuban-American sect of Miami wanted. It's what *El Padre Nuestro* wanted as I swallowed a wafer in a white dress and farted in unison. It's what the internally homophobic, jock-run, man-powered engine wanted, as I fled those scenes. I always prayed for a visible line between sexual empowerment, and oppressing one another: through coarse, one-sided flirtation, sexual violence, and sexualizing the presence of women who choose to sing in bands, men who choose to wear short skirts, and human beings who want to kiss their lover in the corner. I didn't want to blame my friends, so I blamed Catholic and Christian guilt for amplifying repression in the supposedly safe, free, and radical punk rock scene.

Here we were, sometimes playing music together, creating art together, fucking one another, living with one another, and loving one another, but unable to sustain a community where we can omit awkwardness and violation when it comes to owning our sexual selves, respecting our counter-parts, and showing admiration *without* unwanted sexualization.

"How can sex, self-assurance, self-confidence, and respect all co-exist?" I thought to myself, as an Operation Cliff Clavin song played on repeat. When this one line would start, I would recess, and wonder what to do next: "I'm not, interested, in being controlled by you, and I don't think that I want to be your girl if it means that I belong to you." I sunk into the possibilities, because I can't conform, I cant change myself, my past, or my identity, thus *belong* to the mold punk rock already created. So I quit. I entered a wave of self-discovery in order to combat how my heavenly sanctuary slipped through my fingers, and I pretend it didn't hurt.

SARASOTA, FLORIDA: 2002

When I lived in Sarasota, I traveled when I didn't have school. Thanks to the Ameri-pass scam, which gave ultimate freedom to fans of bus travel, I started frequenting Allentown, PA, where I heard bands like Give Us Barabass, Government Satire, and other northeastern bands like 1905, and Witch Hunt—a contingent of radical, political hardcore that spoke to me in a hundred ways. Around 2002, the scene encircling this house, The Pirates Cove, gave me hope, although I had to peg it as punk rock rehab, since it was mostly vegan, straight edge, and very different from my life back home. I visited other communities in Oakland, CA, New Orleans, LA, and Cleveland, Mississippi, and found occasional comfort with being female, queer, and disregarded. Life existed beyond pop-punk, and I was engaged, but at the same time intimidated; because at home I would discover the vast difference between visiting a town and solidifying my place in one.

I spent most of my my time in Sarasota, FL. Dabbling in distant punk rock communities, I felt at peace, but dismembered, because I still felt outcast, marginalized, and unfit for playing punk rock. So, I started playing acoustic music under the name Cartwheels Incorporated with my roommate, a queer woman who had recently come to America from Sweden. We sang about women, hate, drugs, and existence, while vulnerability was ever present, and often celebrated. We put out a demo, and played a few small shows. After a few scrapes with abuse and bullshit: my interest in punk rock waned, because here was a new community forming in Sarasota, and shifting the way we felt about ourselves as punk and queer. I was slowly reinvesting in the stuff that saved me like Team Dresch, and Pansy Division, but the present tense felt distant from that. My playlist consisted of Le Tigre, Ladytron, The Gossip, Erase Errata, and a slew of queer-powered soul, electroclash, and rock hybrids, often times from the ashes of Riot Grrrl. We had developed a regional contingent—we still smelled bad, made our own clothes, forgot to wear shoes, organized food not bombs, and listened to Bikini Kill in the comfort of our named homes. As our existence persisted, we explored outside our usual boundaries. I started to know gay bars, strip clubs, relatives of relatives in the islands, friends of friends in the mountains, and viewpoints distant from punk rock, but akin to some sort of revolution. There wasn't a heavy influx of pop-punk bands in Sarasota; but there was literature, direct action, causes and effects that shattered my pessimism. There were zines circulating the town, and the South itself, that owned my attention and shifted what I defined as artistic revolution. *Radical Slut Discovery, Conflagration,* as well as *Emergency,* and *Doris* were rotating between sweaty palm and overcrowded shelf, to sweaty palm and self, sending electric pulses to the spine, heart, and brain. We were still the same artists, exiting the confines of punk rock in order to sustain a more perfect equilibrium; but retaining the loose ends that still send us *home.* This is how life remained. I left Florida and moved around a few times, ending up in Philly around 2004.

PHILADELPHIA, PA 2004

"Yo, you have a fucking NOFX CD, we have to listen to that shit." I had a new roommate, Xavier, who seem to have a nascent fondness for that shit. I grabbed *"Punk In Drublic"* from its plastic case and put it on.

"Hell yeah, I haven't heard that in ages. I cant even remember why." I turned it louder and something outrageous took over my body. We put it on and I started singing and dancing, with subtle convulsions. Stretching the skin from beneath my eye sockets I yelled, and sulked in a memory, guised by adulthood, but alive and new and full of defenses. "There is stuff that's so much better than this, we have to listen to this one song." I put on "Hey Suburbia" by Screeching Weasel and fell apart, into bits and pieces of the past, present, and potential. Because

the sound made me happy, it made me elevated, unlike any other feeling of elevation, unassisted by marijuana, sex, or nature. This made sense to me—an audible vice that carried the weight of both torture and sanctuary. Pulling out bad memory after great idea, I set apart the things I was ready to listen to like MTX, American Steel, Tilt, Radon, and Ambition Mission; and put things aside which were still interconnected with harsh memories: The Kinks, Elvis Costello, The Jags, The Small Faces. I meditated, as a new playlist redefined my place in a subculture, and my place in the path of self.

BROOKLYN, NY 2005

Entering New York, my bones and brain were fragile. Dark times ensued, new songs exited my innards, and I was listening to a lot more Screeching Weasel than I had in years. As an adult, I no longer needed to float in a pool with regulations against hetero-normativity, because I had built a thin wall, protecting me from the memories that made me feel useless; like a free body, rather than a free mind. I started believing I could fend for myself, and finally reclaim this art-form that still awakens my creative drive: *pop-punk*. The everconstant, ever tangible, and ever flawless; but only in form.

Eventually, I heard Jackie O., a friend of mine from Philly had recently transplanted herself to New York. She was also queer and very fond of things like The Mr T Expereience, and Sicko.

"So what the hell is the Insubordination Fest?" I asked her the first time I showed my songs to her.

"This 3-day pop-punk fest in Baltimore."

"So theres like, a whole new world of pop-punk? That I don't even know about?"

"Basically."

"God."

Our experiences and intentions were quite alike, although the uncertainty of my own skill was in the way. Still, I wasn't at a point where choosing the demographic of my band was even logical to me. I searched out the people I met who support my vision, allowing collaboration without compromise. Eventually, we started playing with Frank, who was also in The Unlovables, Lost Locker Combo and Jackie's other pop-punk band, Girlcrush. After a year or two of discombobulated planning, my neighbor Crystal, who was playing drums for the all-girl Partyline, overheard me complaing of the lack of pop-punk drummers.

"You know, I love garage and '70s punk; but I actually grew up with Screeching Weasel." Crystal confessed.

"Really?" I asked, with wide eyes, yet little expectations. I had tried to have a full band for years, and everyone was still over pop-punk despite my geographical, mental, and emotional revelations.

"Yeah" she responded. "I'll play in a pop-punk band, I just want to play music you know?" I smiled, and we decided to see what happens.

"So you don't like The Mummies?" She asked me.

"Nah. These days, I think all the older crap I like is crap." I said and smiled.

"Like what?" Crystal said, laughing.

"Elvis Costello."

"He isn't crap!"

"Yeah, he isn't. He is genius. He, you know, reminds me of crap."

"Sometimes I wish I could just forget why I hate certain things."

During this time New York was transforming, and I was slowly understanding why it was so hard to leave, despite my avid impulses to go west or south, somewhere with palm trees. That winter, I went to a show in Bed-Stuy. It was The Measure (SA) (Female-fronted punk from Brooklyn), Carnal Knowledge (all-girl hardcore from Brooklyn), Black Rainbow (female-fronted punk from San Francisco), and another band that I can't remember. A sudden thrust to reinvest entangled me; as well as a desire to acknowledge what burned me, while allowing trust to settle. I was excited, engaged, and perpetually baffled for the coming days, because this was New York City, and this was home.

Since then, The Homewreckers have played several shows, and recorded a few songs. Our first show was the last Carnal Knowledge show; where everyone cried and rejoiced for hundreds of reasons. Our second show was with The Measure, Love or Perish, Cheeky, and Eachother's Mothers; all Brooklyn bands who are all-girl, all-queer, female-fronted, or queer fronted. They had been playing around town for a while; but now, there was a force rumbling beneath the default progress of the scene itself. With more queer/feminist minds and collectives looming from pockets of the region; events like the Big She-Bang, ABC No Rio Feminist Punk Fest, Dyke March Benefits, and Riot Grrl Cover Shows were happening; and they didn't feel contrived, or as if they were compromising with any dominant male or hetero-normative presence. It felt as if all of a sudden, the population was amplified over merging punk and queer, as opposed to persisting with the typical and tedious segregation of the two identities. I keep seeing random nightlife queer/punk hybrids like Queers Beers, and Rears, who showcased queer music of the punk persuasion; and Anonymous, another queer/punk party in the lower east side. Bands like the Younger Lovers, Fleabag, Hunx and His Punx, and the Guts would come through town, and the queer presence within these varied forms of pop-punk calmed my typically uneasy nerves.

I like to believe that queer presence had always been there, in pop-punk; and I just hadn't found it, until I found myself. What the present tense had invented, in order to turn our comfort into commonality, felt safe, and inclusive, as we all sighed collective sighs of relief at the close of each event. All the people; despite gender, despite orientation or identity—because isn't this what the common consciousness of punk rock should embrace? *Complete obliteration of sexism and homophobia?*

As the years trundled, my queer haven is sustained, and it built the foundation for my life in New York City. The Pirates Cove ceased, Florida feels far away, and the cities and towns I traveled to in order stay alive shifted, transformed, got better, or got worse. My life feels vastly new, now that I know there is the possibility of putting music to the acoustic ballads that I piss out in isolation. The past revisits in spurts, and its imperative to justify anger in order to better yourself as you grow. I like to remember why I am still here, yet settled into a new landscape, where *queer* is normalcy, and *punk rock* is still a diversion from the god-powered mainstream.

I have a bone to pick with you, reader. Here's some shit I just can't stand hearing: "You know the Beatles recorded all their albums on 4-track[i]." Or how about the less specific, but still annoying tendency of every reviewer on earth right now to consider anything with some reverb and delay on the vocals and drums "Phil Spector-ish[ii]." It's actually a pet peeve of mine. Wait... How can I make this more relevant to you? Let's say, the tendency to compare any band with a bit of excess distortion to "the next Shitlickers." Before anything else you've got to have songs. Sometimes it seems like people forget about that part, and get most concerned with having the right equipment, the right twang to the guitars, the right fuzz on the bass. They think the songs are just going to fall into place.

The Beatles had George Martin manning their 4-track and they also had Lennon/McCartney[iii] writing credits. Phil Spector's dreamy echoing soundscapes were the product of a custom built echo chamber tweaked and modified over years, and his session band, The Wrecking Crew[iv]. This is just not comparable to some American Apparel clad doof flipping the reverb switch on his 20w crate combo.

I'm not trying to be discouraging, but sometimes it becomes a little much when people get so fixated on the small details that they miss the big picture. Yes, you can make a good recording with shit equipment, but it does take work, and just because you got something in the neighborhood of "that sound from that record," does not mean you've harnessed the true core and power of what the record is, and is about.

Moving on, to less complaint oriented text... How about just a basic primer about how your recording gets to a record? I know a lot of people reading will already understand this, but I realized lately a lot of folks are totally in the dark on this one. I mean ultimately if you're making a recording, it's probably with the intent of releasing it. Sometimes it's not something you plan to release on an actual record, but at some point, that's probably a goal of yours.

Step one is obviously the recording itself. This can be done in a studio or at home on pretty much any form of media. If you're recording

yourself, I think the most important thing is to use what you're comfortable with and what you know works. There's always room for some experimentation, but it's worthless if you don't have a foundation to work off of. If you decide to actually go to a studio, make sure you talk to the person who will be in charge of recording you prior to booking studio time. Are they familiar with the kind of music you play? Have they recorded anything like it before? Especially with more extreme music forms there's a tendency of some engineers to take the *mom approach*. That is to say, "this is just a bunch of noise, it doesn't matter" and to do a sloppy haphazard job on the session. I recently had a group of friends try and record an LP at an out of the way studio with a short list of credentials. The only concern of my friends seemed to be that the studio was "analog" and I believe they've suffered for this. I could write a year's worth of columns on the disaster that this recording has become. The dude recording really seemed to have no idea what to do with their sound, and though he didn't cost a fortune, he also wasn't cheap. Make sure you know a bit about whom you'll be working with. It really can make a huge difference even if your approach is just to show up, set up your gear, and "play live" like you're at a rehearsal.

Step two is mixing. Again this one is no surprise to anyone reading this. You set the levels of all the different recording elements (drums, guitars, voice, piano, whatever) relative to one another during this step. This is almost always done at the recording studio. Again, having an engineer that understands what you want, and that you can work with is important here. You'll probably be sitting for a while listening to the miniscule details of the recording, you'll probably disagree about a few things, and you ought to be ready to back yourself up in case of an argument. Sometimes this step can be relatively simple and easy, other times it can seem endless, but theoretically when you leave you'll have a CD-R with your finished mix on it. In the '80s and '90s, prior to CD-Rs being cheap and common, a lot of studios gave bands the master copies of their mixes on DATs (Digital Audio Tapes). Before that, mixes were usually done onto 1/4" reel-to-reel tape, and some people still prefer to mix onto this media. If you're working at home, a CDR is probably preferable, but a cassette tape can work, especially if you're in the, ahem, "lo-fi" realm. The key point is that at the end you have a playable, stereo copy of your recording.

Step three is audio mastering. Strictly speaking, this is not a mandatory step, but most people consider it to be essential. Generally, this is done at a different studio that specializes in mastering services. Here, you take your stereo mix, and run it through some additional processors that theoretically make it sound *louder, heavier, warmer,* and any number of other slippery and subjective adjectives. I've pressed records on vinyl that skipped this step, and often times I think that recordings sound just fine without it, but the majority of folks think it's an important step and really helps to increase the loudness. Try and attend your mastering session, or at least make sure that the engineer is willing to correct any possible mistakes before you pay them. Mastering is a complicated and subtle skill and there are a lot of ins and outs to the process, but there are a couple basic rules of thumb you can follow when working with someone doing your mastering.

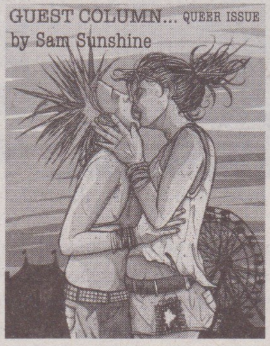
1) Does anything sound awkward or artificial in terms of the volume relationship? For instance, when the vocals come in does it seem like the music gets much quieter? Do parts with lone instruments (e.g. a guitar break) sound too loud in comparison to when the full band is playing?
2) Does the overall EQ sound OK? Too crisp? Too dull? Too much bass?
3) Is there an instrument that came through OK in the pre-mastered version but now seems lost, or on the other hand overbearing?
4) Are there parts where it sounds like things are heavily distorting where they weren't before (like a big build-up in the song)?

Anyway, at the end of this, the engineer should make you a couple of copies. One that you can bring home and play around the house and for all your friends, and probably one that you'll send off for manufacturing. You might want to ask for a backup copy in case the copy for manufacturing breaks in the mail (has happened to me before). This is the step that is most frequently re-done when a "classic" record is reissued, which is what all those "re-mastered" versions of old releases are referring to at the record store. I caught someone using re-mastering and re-mixing interchangeably in a review of one of the newly re-mastered Subhumans LPs in the August issue of *MRR.*

Step four is the manufacturing. If you're making a CD, you should be able to send your master copy right to the duplicating plant and upload art files using their templates. CDs suck though, and so hopefully you're going to manufacture vinyl. The first part of vinyl manufacturing is vinyl mastering. In this step you're sending your master copy (whether you skipped step three or not) to a dude that basically creates the master plates for you. A lot of pressing plants have an in house set-up to do this, but a lot of times you can get a better deal, and a better sounding record by going with someone who specializes in this. Ask around. There are a number of third party vinyl mastering houses out there and most of them are findable on the web. If you do work with a third party, they'll generally send it to the pressing plant that you're planning to make your record at. At this point, the plant will make a stamper from the master plate and fire off some test pressings to you. Listen to these carefully and take note of the differences between the mastered CD and the test press. Listen to it on a couple of record players. Give them out to your friends to listen to. Check for pops, sound drops, things that sound weird or different, etc. I honestly feel like about 25% of the records I've had a hand in releasing have needed to be re-plated after getting the first batch of tests back. I might be exaggerating. Regardless, when you do approve the tests, you'll order the actual records, and probably record sleeves as well. This is just a very basic overview. There are a lot of additional considerations in manufacturing a record, but a lot of it starts to get kind of business oriented, and I'm not too good with that side of things.

'Til next time…

[i] Obviously the exception is Abbey Road, which was recorded on eight tracks at Abbey Road, and also FYI contains my favorite Beatles track "I Want You (She's So Heavy)."
[ii] Fuck Brooklyn, NY. Also, while I've got you here, fuck indie rockin' journalists who are trying to shove every one of these tepid mediocre twee-pop, car commercial sounding, bedroom atrocities down the collective throats as some kind of new "movement" or "sub genre" so that music journalism can feign some kind of 2009 relevance. At this point it's semen discarded in the waste-bucket of life.
[iii] Douchebags. George was the cool Beatle.
[iv] To all ladies reading, please look up Carol Kaye, she threw down bass on many sessions with the 'Crew. Also, respect to Boston's HC powerhouse of ol'.



Identifying as queer and being a punk have always been strongly connected throughout my life—growing up in the early '90s Miami punk scene, it was the only space where queerness existed. South Florida was a desolate dixie wasteland, and Chickenhead, The Hidden Resentments, The Crumbs And The Gargirls were my only escape.

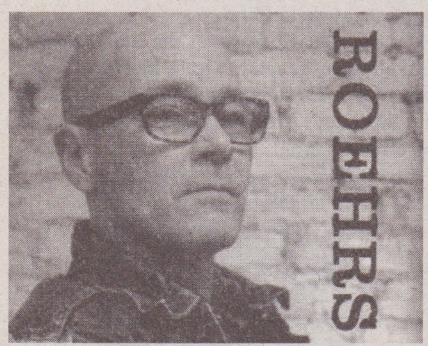
I moved to Los Angeles in '98 when Former Members Of Alphonsin politicized my punk experience and Life's Halt ended their set in broken instruments. The '90s LA punk scene had such a strong white supremacist, misogynist, hetero-normative culture, I felt I was up against some serious bullshit—I remember driving home from a PCH show with friends of mine that were so convinced, arguing that we were experiencing a liberating punk space, and I was the only girl at the show. I felt so much rage. Their songs spoke to me saying, "I'm still fucking pissed" and I totally related to it within my own context. I would write lyrics that said, "as much as I come to support your band, you still have no fucking clue who I am."

There is this amazing, queer, complicated way that femininity is expressed in punk—it's raw, vulnerable, enraged. My gender expression as a queer punk moving through the world—boyish, femme, a boss, a bitch, a queen—but it's never been safe to express sexuality or femininity in punk—it's supposed to be a rejection of mainstream, right? But then you'll write "female-fronted punk rock" on your next show flyer as a marketing tool. Yea, that's not sexualized.

I can't relate to queer space in LA as a punk—queer culture in LA is drinking, drowning in drunk sex, and I need some PMA, dialogue, creativity—the shit that I learned to create in punk to make space for my voice.

Moving through the world as a queer? It's a serious, violent fucking battlefield where I've been refused medical treatment, kicked out of cafes for showing little kids the "wrong message," faced unemployment and invisibility, felt suicidal, lonely, and isolated. As a white, queer, boyish femme in the daily struggle in Los Angeles, my survival has depended on punk: Fuck it, this shit is for real! Now, where's my community?

-sam.sunshine@gmail.com



FOR THE FATHERLAND

Holy shit! Grave Mistake Records and WASTED TIME have upped the ante for you punks and skins! The new WASTED TIME *Futility* LP is a fucking scorching indictment of our society delivered with a one-two punch that very few punk bands can muster. As Dr. Brace Belden put it so succinctly, "it is an unassailable fact that WASTED TIME wrote the best post-eighties hardcore song–'Hostage.'" Many of the more intelligent punks would concur! Dr. Belden goes on to offer: "If you don't buy this ("Futility" LP), I hope someone invades your home." Whew! That is delightfully mean-spirited!! The final song on this record, "Withdrawal," is a hardcore behemoth! Many people have lived these lyrics: "For isolation and silence is what I yearn / If I found the way, then I'd never return / Substance induced amnesia – I wanna withdraw / Put into a state of constant awe / Fucking whiskey-fuelled – got the Grace Street blues / Fight or flight – I just can't choose / You know I'm so used to being denied – I don't even know why I tried…" That's heavy, pain-laden shit!! On this WASTED TIME release, Mark supplied the vocals, Zach and Mick play guitar, Alex is on bass and Brandon (the king of punk rock) plays the drums. For this stunning punk LP, contact Grave Mistake Records @ PO Box 12482, Richmond, VA 23241, www.gravemistakerecords.com

Yes! Fucking BRAIN KILLER from Allston, Mass. in conjunction with Deranged Records from Canada has more brutal hardcore for you fucks! The record is from BRAIN KILLER's demo cassette recorded February 23rd, 2008. Jeff (guitar), Marcus (vocals), Dominick (drums) and Ryan (bass) punish you with a barrage of heavy artillery right from the second the needle touches down. On "The Breaking Wheel" the cheerful lyrics are: "Bones breaking, skulls crushed / Skin torn from the bone / Your screams were never heard." Fuck yes!! Next BRAIN KILLER pummels you with "Eyes On" stating: "Extreme paranoia based on evidence" – now there's a painful truth!! Next you listen to "Religion, Refuge And Kidnapping" and then plunge right into the mire with "Made": "We sit and stare wasting away / Wishing everything was true / Reality is our disease." Those are poignant lyrics!

We crash through "Here's the Rope," Tranquilizer," and "Fight Back." This is a must-have record!!

BRAIN KILLER has a fucking kill-em-all cassette tape in circulation that is damn near impossible to obtain. You obsessive collector nerds should contact your favourite BRAIN KILLER band member with the appropriate bribe (read: drugs & alcohol) and the mandatory submissive posture (read: pathetic groveling) to secure your copy. The cassette contains over-the-top, unhinged live songs. Following the live material you get some crazed, very fast, manic punk-rock covers. You will hear "Johnny Got His Gun" by NAUSEA, "Big Sky" by HÜSKER DU, "Killing Machine" and "Society System" by THE PARTISANS and "Boiling Point" by DECONTROL. This fucked up punk-rock shit will blow holes in your head worthy of a twelve gauge firing slugs.

Fuck yes! You hardcore fucks are in luck! The magnificent Bridge Nine label has issued a *Summer Compilation 2009* on both vinyl and CD! Side A runs the gamut from the well-crafted melodies of STRIKE ANYWHERE and POLAR BEAR CLUB to the powerful HC punk of the mighty RUINER, to the utter devastation delivered by DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR. The song "Better Ways To Die" is a brutally honest statement! DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR has continually demonstrated that they are one of the most ferocious hardcore bands on the planet. Last months *Intimidation* EP on Bridge Nine was a raucous slab of brute force hardcore and a fitting tribute to the legendary BRUISERS from New Hampshire, USA! Side B of the "Bridge Nine Summer Compilation 2009" continues the hardcore mayhem that RUINER and DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR initiated on side A. DEAD SWANS and their song "Thinking Of You" come charging at you like a damn Sherman tank, bristling with fire-power! Following DEAD SWANS you find SOUL CONTROL playing their song "Beyond Words." On this track you get fast, furious hardcore performed at a blitzkrieg speed! Another band on this compilation is CRIME IN STEREO who employ a softer, almost folk-rock approach—not quite as entertaining as THE REPLACEMENTS. The next band is PAINT IT BLACK with their song "Salem." Very good! HAVE HEART finish off the LP version of this Bridge Nine compilation with their song "Lions And Lambs." PAINT IT BLACK and HAVE HEART are two more high-quality bands on the Bridge Nine roster! To get this *Bridge Nine Summer Compilation 2009* contact Bridge Nine at: www.bridge9.com

MAD BROTHER WARD AND THE SCREAMIN' STREET TRASH in conjunction with Zodiac Killer Records have re-released the two classic MAD BROTHER WARD seven inches from 1992 on one CD. The *Hated By All* seven inch EP was originally put out by Mr. Malcolm Tent on his great T.P.O.S. label. MAD BROTHER WARD cranks out "Intro," "Hated," "Take Ya Down," "Goin' Crazy" and "Wisdom." Yes sir! The line-up for the "Hated By All" seven inch was Mad Brother Ward on vocals, Tom Nalley on guitar, Greg Clayton on drums and Leech on bass. This is strong music that has stood the test of time very well! The second seven inch was put out by Mr. Jeff Skipski and his Baloney Shrapnel label. In the early nineties Baloney Shrapnel was the go-to label for scum-rock. Mr. Skipski's roster included ANTISEEN, COCKNOOSE, HELLSTOMPER and BUZZCRUSHER amongst others. The MAD BROTHER WARD AND THE SCREAMIN' STREET TRASH single on Baloney Shrapnel was called *Am I Cool Or What?* This gem started with an intro and then surged right into "Need It Bad," "Kill The Scene" and "Bloodlust Deathwish." Again, this music along with Mad Brother Ward's rants are still captivating. We crash through "Shitkicker," "In Trouble" and "Butcher Baby" with a respectful nod to the great Ms. Wendy O. Williams (RIP). The line-up was the same as the T.P.O.S. single with one exception—we had Mr. Chris Wilson on bass. On the fine Zodiac Killer CD you get a bonus track called "Dead End Sunday." It's great news when the prolific Zodiac Killer label re-rereleases quality scum-rock like the MAD BROTHER WARD legacy of brutality!!

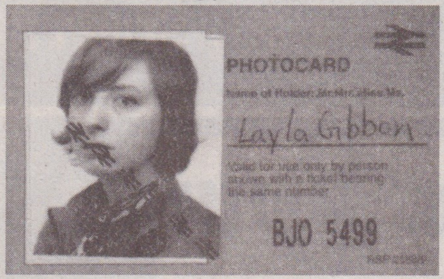
Zodiac Killer Records has another treat for you fucks! Zodiac Killer has re-rereleased the three BUZZCRUSHER seven inches all neatly compiled on one handsome CD. The first seven inch featured is the COCKNOOSE/BUZZCRUSHER EP put out by Mr. Jeff Skipski and the aforementioned Baloney Shrapnel Records. On this split, BUZZCRUSHER rip through their theme song "Buzzcrusher" and the song "Watch Out." The second single showcased on this CD is the BUZZCRUSHER/SEDUCER split on the legendary Ruff-Nite Records from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. LIMECELL fans will always remember how loyal Ruff-Nite Records was to the McCarthy brothers with the legions of LIMECELL fanatics in tow. Long live LIMECELL!

The BUZZCRUSHER/SEDUCER split yields the BUZZCRUSHER anthem "Cut Off At Midnight." The third seven inch presented for your aural destruction is the BUZZCRUSHER self-titled EP from 1996, also on Ruff-Nite Records. This tough rock-and-roll has gotten even better with age!! The songs on the second Ruff-Nite EP are "Scorin' Dope From Bikers," "Rage," "Watch Out" and a DISCHARGE cover, "State Violence, State Control." Also included in this excellent BUZZCRUSHER package from Zodiac Killer Records are: "Mammy's Farm," "Winter Jack," "Texas Brethren," "Pissed Again," "Widow's Sting," "Muffler Burn" and "Frontline." The BUZZCRUSHER line-up is Justin McCoy on vocals, Jeff Martin on guitar, Ryan Walker on bass and Ben Burton on drums. Fuck yes! BUZZCRUSHER is still alive and kicking! They played a fucking strong-as-fuck set when they opened up for ANTISEEN in their

hometown of Austin, Texas! Order your MAD BROTHER WARD AND THE SCREAMIN' STREET TRASH CD and your BUZZCRUSHER CD from Zodiac Killer Records at www.zodiackillerrecords.com

Fucking A! New York hardcore veterans FED UP have a blistering new CD out on United Riot Records! The live FED UP material on this new release was recorded on November 30th, 2003 at the legendary CBGB's in New York City. The line-up for FED UP includes Dennis F.U. on vocals, Efrien on drums, Dave M. on guitar and Dave "Skin" G. on bass. The original bass player is Luis M.I.A. and Jesse Gasface sang guest vocals on "Bacardi & Blunts." On the "Live At CBGB" CD, Dennis and FED UP rip through "Sick Fucks," "Bitch Slap," "Rebels Elimination," "Lashing Out," "Snitch Bitch," "Stand Proud," "Hamburger Deluxe," "Drunken Violence," "Chupa Chocha" and "All I Ask" (originally performed by BREAKDOWN). The CD continues with "Last Straw," "Bacardi & Blunts," "Bodacious Ta-Tas," a 4-SKINS cover "Wonderful World" and finally "Fed Up," their self-titled anthem to finish off a great live show! For your copy of this CD, contact United Riot Records at www.unitedriotrecords.com

Until next month—I'll be seeing you around... I'll be seeing you in Hell!!!



Human Causes

Hanging out listening to the first Gray Matter 12", talking about the Dischord bands you missed out on because you heard some later record that did not encapsulate their greatness... Though I guess that could apply to anything, any sound, any idea, any band that started out hardcore and decided that hair metal was the future. I like listening to Revolution Summer music, it just sounds nostalgic to me. Reminds me of being a teenager, skating to see hardcore bands play, trading zines, feeling dramatic, you know the scoop. Things are different now, they were different then, that time is just a memory, rewritten to suit how one wants to regard ones youth. Skip the endless boredom and feelings that you're never gonna get outta this goddamn town, just a snapshot of walking down the street with your best friend, both listening to the Rites of Spring tape on separate walkmans.

I have been thinking about growing old and staying punk a whole lot while putting this issue together. How things change and stay the same. There have been so many discussions about queerness in punk and hardcore, the shifts from the era that I got into hardcore until now, how the internet has wiped out penpals and perzines. Where are the girl gangs that Bikini Kill talked about, that were gonna rule all towns? Punk is ruthless, culture is ruthless, things are deified, museum quality pieces, until they are no longer needed or remembered and they disappear. Riot Grrrl, queer core, XChicksUpFrontPosX—does your girl gang need a name in order to do its work, or is it OK just to labor on in the trenches, no affiliations, no straight edge lady crew to run with, no secret society of drunk dykes in the pit? Can you explain why it's cool for women and queers to claim this tiny piece of space as their own in the "scene?" Can you explain for the fiftieth time why women cannot be sexist to men? How easy it is for some guy to shut down the conversation with one dismissive remark? How having a network of other punk girls and queers talking about the shit that gets them down about the scene that they love isn't gonna wreck some nervous white boys world? Though maybe it should. You just have to accept the shit to be part of this right? You have to accept the drunken insults and shutdowns, the thoughtless remarks and casual dismissals. People leave, they abandon ship because it gets tiresome and boring always being on the defensive. Just because that girl you know, or your one queer friend doesn't have any problems with sexism or homophobia in the hardcore punk scene must mean that it doesn't exist. Right?

I know people dismiss the '90s punk personal-is-political years as being one long boring workshop at a fest with a bunch of bands that whined more than they played, but for me at least coming of age in that calling-you-on-yr-shit culture made me think about what I was taught, and interrogate what punk and hardcore offered me as a girl.

It's weird sitting here writing this shit, month after month, year after year, thinking about when I first moved here, in '03 and starting shitworking for the mag that I am now coordinator of. We went to two shows this week, one in someone's kitchen in the Mission, where a bunch of pop punk bands played, then Libyans took the floor, and as is the case whenever I see a great band at a show such as this, totally reminded me of why I am still here. Total destruction basement hardcore with the raddest lady vocals, the right sound in a room full of psyched kids... Then another touring band, Portland's Silent Majority, playing with Culture Kids and Fugitive Kind at a birthday generator show at the 16th St BART plaza, a show that didn't get shut down until the last possible minute.

We put together a benefit fest, San Francisco's Doomed, at the beginning of the month to raise money for the magazine and for a new all ages space for san Francisco. There were two or three shows a night for five consecutive days, with bands ranging from the Bananas to Crime. MRR set up a show with Descarados, Adelitas, Rayos X, Tuberculosis, NN, Send the Dogs and Conquest for Death, at a bar that because of San Francisco's weird licensing laws can put on all ages shows a couple times a month. You have to pay extra for security, and it's true that we raised way more money at the 21+ bar show, but it was worth it. I worked door for the first three bands, (yeah it was an epic show) but caught Descarados, who were awesome, reminding me of Revolution Summer desperation mixed with the fury of Southside Chicago punk. Their 12" is great, but if you have a chance to see them do it! Tuberculosis had to cancel due to a run in with the police shitsystem, though I think I have raved enough about that band and the inspirational South Central LA punk scene that they are part of, along with Rayos X. Hopefully there's gonna be a piece in MRR about it all in the not too distant future, and I know Lengua Armada are putting out a 7" or two... Watching the kids, of all ages, races and genders freak the fuck out in the pit, singing along and dancing, to the most raging punk sound, of boredom, rage, alienation and community all at once. Yeah I was not in there with them, something about punks in their thirties? Well, to be honest I don't think I've been in a pit since I was fifteen, I like dancing but...

There was a shitworker band show, where bands ranged from the pummeling noise and fog machine disorientation of the aptly named Celine Dion, to the post-punk almost Zounds-esque Rank/Xerox. And another inadvertent shitworker show, featuring the very sketchy geezers (in both US and UK senses of the words), Young Offenders, and the return of the two Allans, post-Giant Haystacks with the tense herk'n'jerk of Airfix Kits. Anyway I could just list every band that played each show, but I won't, except to say that Crime were great. Seeing them at a seedy venue with a non-pro sound pro-attitude soundsystem made them make so much more sense as a band that exists now. Thanks to all the bands, and people who came out and supported the fest and the cause! It was fucking exhausting but worth it...

You may wonder why we are accepting tax-deductible donations nowadays. We recently got sent this book, *Gimme Something More*, which is an oral history of punk in the Bay Area, in the tradition of *We Got the Neutron Bomb* or *Please Kill Me*. I don't think the editors are punks, and you can tell that they focused on more sensationalist aspects of the scene and its history, plus it's published by a major corporation, so you won't be reading a review of it in these pages. But the chapter on *MRR* left me trying to imagine what it must have been like running the magazine at a point in time when it had so much money it was able to give the excess away to other zines, and projects, (like Gilman St) that the magazine aligned with politically and punk-ically. We are definitely not in that position at this point in time. We are getting by, but it's another era of the magazine, for print media, record stores and book stores in general.

We get several emails a month from kids complaining that their local spot has stopped selling *Maximum*, if this is the case in your town are there any other places that would work? A show space? A skate store? Another bookstore? You can get distro rates if you order five or more of the magazine, and getting a subscription makes it even cheaper than buying it from the newsstand, and you get it before it hits said newsstands. I wanted to write more about the magazines financial situation, but maybe another time... As always layla@maximumrocknroll.com or whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com for old columns. Thanks to the Mydolls for replacing MRR's lost Mydolls vinyl (see story on them in the TX punk article) and to Michael for all the scans of the early punk girl zines! So amazing...

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MY EARLIEST MUSICAL INFLUENCE WAS MY DAD - HE GREW UP ON A FARM IN MINNESOTA - THE OLDEST OF 12 KIDS & MUSIC WAS PRETTY CENTRAL TO HIS FAMILY & HE CARRIED ON THAT TRADITION - WE HAD THIS THING WHERE AFTER DINNER EVERY NIGHT WE WOULD LAY AROUND IN THE LIVING ROOM LISTENING TO HIS RECORDS & WE EACH GOT TO PICK ONE - JOHNNY CASH WAS MY DAD'S FAVORITE - HE HAD EVERY RECORD & I WOULD ALWAYS PICK "LIVE AT SAN QUENTIN" - TO THIS DAY I ASSOCIATE JOHNNY CASH WITH MY DAD - MY NEXT IMPORTANT MUSICAL INFLUENCE WAS MY SISTER KARLA WHO WAS 8 YEARS OLDER THAN ME - SHE WAS HEAVILY INTO WHAT IS NOW KNOWN AS "CLASSIC ROCK" - I LOOKED UP TO HER & HER FRIENDS & LISTENED TO EVERYTHING SHE DID (ZEPPLIN, SKYNARD, BOSTON, SEGER) - BY THE TIME I WAS 12 I DISCOVERED PUNK ROCK THANKS TO MY OTHER SISTER GERALYN - IT WAS 1982 & I WAS INHERITING HER MIXTAPES - ONE OF THEM HAD BLACK FLAG, DEAD KENNEDIES & THE PLASMATICS - I WOULD JUST PLAY IT OVER & OVER & OVER WHILE SKATING MY RAMP BY MYSELF - I WANTED TO BE LIKE GERALYN & HER FRIENDS WHO WERE THE FIRST PUNK ROCKERS IN OUR TOWN - I DON'T KNOW WHY IT WAS PUNK ROCK THAT AFFECTED ME SO PROFOUNDLY BUT SOMEHOW DISCOVERING THESE BANDS & THIS MUSIC & WAY OF LIFE WAS LIKE SOME KIND OF BIRTH - IT JUST OPENED THE DOORS OF SELF EXPRESSION FOR ME - I FELT FOR THE FIRST TIME NOT ONLY O.K. WITH WHO I WAS BUT ACTUALLY EMPOWERED - I GUESS YOU MIGHT SAY I'VE DEDICATED MY ☆→ ☆- LIFE TO IT SINCE THEN - MUSIC HAS BEEN THERE FOR ME LIKE A BEST FRIEND MY ENTIRE LIFE - IT HAS IN FACT ACTUALLY SAVED MY LIFE - ITS MUSIC THAT GOT ME OUT OF THE SMALL TOWN I GREW UP IN - WE STARTED THE BOUNCING SOULS IN HIGH SCHOOL 20 YEARS AGO & THROUGH MY BAND I HAVE MET THE BEST & MOST INTERESTING PEOPLE ANYONE COULD HOPE TO MEET & TRAVELLED TO THE FAR DISTANT CORNERS OF THE PLANET & ITS THROUGH MUSIC THAT I BECAME HOMELESS & ENDED UP ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE IN SERENITY SQUAT FOR FOUR OF THE MOST CREATIVE & ENLIGHTENING YEARS OF MY LIFE - NOW I'M BACK IN DIRTY JERSEY BUT I'M STILL LIVIN' THE DREAM! SEE YA ON TOUR!!

Bryan Kienlen - 04/06/2K9 - Lower East Side NYC

I met Bryan - bass player for the Bouncing Souls - sometime in the early 90s in the Lower East Side NYC when he was squatting at Serenity over on E9th St - Bryan is also a very talented visual artist - he recently gave me a dvd all about the history of the Bouncing Souls & it is fckn hilarious - very informative & an amazing historical document - i cannot believe some of the footage they have!! - Bryan is mostly back in New Jersey these days - livin the dream! & the Souls are celebrating their 20th anniversary this year by releasing new music on their own label and touring the world - Check out www.BouncingSouls.com <http://www.BouncingSouls.com/> for more on that - to contact Fly email fly@peops.org (put MRR in the subject so i know its not spam) or snail me Fly PO Box 1318 Cooper Stn NYC NY10276 USA - PEOPs #4 zine & Dog Dayz #1 & #2 are available at microcosmpublishing.com - new book projects coming soon! stay tuned www.peops.org - www.flyspage.com

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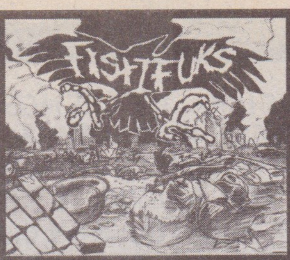

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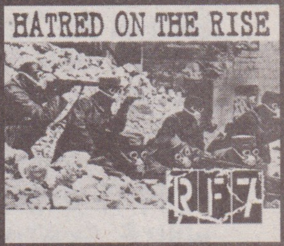

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NEWS

MRR NEWS COMPILED BY CHRIS PUGMIRE

MURDER/HATE CRIME VERDICT IN TRANSGENDER CASE

Angie Zapata New York Times

GREELEY, Colo. — A jury took just two hours Wednesday to find a Colorado man guilty of first-degree murder in the killing of an 18-year-old transgender woman, and determined that the act was a hate crime. The defendant, Allen Andrade, 32, was convicted of murdering Angie Zapata in her Greeley apartment last summer and was sentenced to life in prison without parole, the mandatory penalty in Colorado for first-degree murder. Mr. Andrade beat Ms. Zapata to death with his fists and a fire extinguisher, prosecutors said, once he realized that Ms. Zapata, whom he had met on the Internet not long before, had been born male. The case drew national attention not only because of the killing's grisly nature but also because it is believed to be among the first in which a hate crimes law was applied in a murder trial where the victim was transgender.

At the sentencing hearing shortly after the verdict, Ms. Zapata's mother, Maria, spoke through tears. "The one thing he can never take away," Maria Zapata said of Mr. Andrade, "is the love and memories that me and my children will have of my baby, my beautiful, beautiful baby." Christina Cruz, Mr. Andrade's sister, also spoke. Ms. Cruz, though apologizing, said that her brother was human and that his family loved him no matter the outcome.

Throughout the weeklong trial, prosecutors argued that because of a hatred for gay and transgender people, Mr. Andrade had plotted to kill Ms. Zapata after coming to realize that she was born male. They said he had waited in her apartment and ambushed her in a fit of rage when she returned home. The case "is about an unreasonable and deep-seated anger that he unleashed on Angie Zapata because she was a transgender woman," the chief deputy district attorney, Robb Miller, said in closing arguments Wednesday. Mr. Andrade's public defenders never denied that he was the killer but said there had been nothing premeditated in what he did. They contended that he had been fooled by Ms. Zapata, formerly named Justin Zapata, and simply snapped when he found that she had been born male. "Justin Zapata lived like a female, looked like a female, sounded like a female," said one defense lawyer, Annette Kundelius. "That's what Mr. Andrade believed. And when he found it wasn't Angie, it was actually Justin, he lost control."

Conviction of a hate crime in Colorado carries a sentence of up to three years on top of the punishment for the underlying offense. Since first-degree murder means life without parole, the hate-crime conviction in this case has no immediate practical effect. But at a news conference after the trial, Ms. Zapata's family, along with the Weld County district attorney, Kenneth R. Buck, emphasized that it was nonetheless important.

"Only a monster can look at a beautiful eighteen-year-old and beat her to death," said Ms. Zapata's brother, Gonzalo. "The message was sent loud and clear that crimes targeting LGBT people will not be tolerated in Colorado."

FREE FROM PRISON, LESBIAN ADDRESSES DYKE MARCH

Leah Lakshmi Piepzna-Samarasinha Bay Area Reporter

Watching 21-year-old Terrain Dandridge speaking at a packed public rally June 24 at the San Francisco Women's Building celebrating her release from prison, it's difficult to imagine that she spent the last two years behind bars for defending herself from a homophobic and racist physical attack. Dandridge is a member of the New Jersey 4, a group of young black lesbians from Newark, New Jersey who were convicted of gang assault in 2006 after they defended themselves from Dwayne Buckle, 29, who physically attacked them after they rebuffed his sexual harassment. The four—Dandridge, Renata Hill, Venice Brown, and Patreese Johnson—faced a firestorm of homophobic and racist national media coverage that decried them as a "lesbian wolf-pack" who preyed on straight men.

In what her lawyer described as "a miracle," Dandridge was released from Albion Correctional Facility on June 23 after all charges were dropped in her case following a successful appeal. The court simultaneously threw out the conviction of Hill and sent her case back for a new trial.

Dandridge and her mother, Kimma Walker, flew to San Francisco the day after Dandridge was released. The two received multiple standing ovations from a packed house last Tuesday at the Women's Building, after speaking about the racism and homophobia they had faced in the legal and prison systems and the importance of the support they received from queer people all over the country during Dandridge's imprisonment. "My mother called me up and was like, 'Hey, boo, you ready to come home?' She always does that, so I didn't think anything of it. And then she was like, 'You won it—you won your appeal,' and I just lost it—I was hysterical, crying, shaking the whole bit," Dandridge said in an interview.

Speaking of the homophobia and racism Dandridge faced during the trial, Walker said, "The assistant district attorney was extremely homophobic. One time one of the girls had to excuse herself and the ADA said really loudly, 'Oh, I'm sorry your honor, that's her girlfriend' like that—really snotty—and I was like mmm-hmmm, I know what's going on here. Excuse my language, but she was a real blond-haired, blue-eyed bitch."

The women also spoke at both the San Francisco Trans March and Dyke March last week, and helped lead the Dyke March alongside Bay Area NJ4 Solidarity, a group led by queer and trans people of color who have organized letter-writing campaigns and grassroots dance and arts fundraisers to support the four women.

According to reports, on August 18, 2006, seven young African

American lesbians traveled to New York's West Village from their homes in Newark for a regular night out. Queer and trans youth, particularly youth of color, have traveled to New York's West Village for decades, searching for queer-friendly space they can't find in their own neighborhoods. At around 2am, Buckle, who was sitting on a fire hydrant outside the Independent Film Cinema selling DVDs, sexually harassed one of the women, pointing at her crotch and saying, "Can I get some of that?"

After the women told him they were lesbians and they weren't interested, Buckle reportedly shouted, "I'll fuck you straight, sweetheart." Buckle and the women traded insults and a physical fight ensued, during which Buckle choked one woman and ripped clumps of hair from several women's heads. During the course of the altercation, the woman Buckle had first harassed retrieved a 99-cent steak knife out of her bag and brandished it in an attempt to defend the woman whom Buckle was choking. Surveillance video of the fight did not show that the woman ever actually stabbed him. It did show three men joining the confrontation and one of them, in a pink shirt, apparently stabbing Buckle. Police never apprehended the men who joined in the fight.

"There's absolutely nothing for young queers in Jersey," said Dandridge, who plans on going to business college so she can open a boys and girls club for young queers in New Jersey. "There are maybe two gay clubs in all of Jersey, and you have thirteen-fourteen-year-olds in there, because there's no place else. I'm all for having fun but there needs to be something else for us. I was going out to the Village for two or three years before that night and nothing happened, but when the attack happened, I realized that you never know what can come out of just trying to have a good time. It's not safe. But where do you go?"

Three of the friends pleaded guilty to attempted assault and served six months in jail. Dandridge, Johnson, Hill, and Brown went to trial, charged with felony gang assault in the second degree. Johnson was additionally charged with first-degree assault. On June 14, 2007, the four received sentences ranging from three and a half to eleven years in prison. Some New York and national media outlets had a field day with the NJ 4's case, calling them "killer lesbians," "a seething Sapphic septet," and printing Buckle's opinion that he was the victim of a "hate crime against a straight man."

LUBING UP THE SOCIAL WAR: BASH BACK! BEING SUED BY THE ALLIANCE DEFENSE FUND

by an alleyway tranarchist...

In the fall of 2008, the Lansing, Michigan chapter of national queer and trans anarchist group Bash Back! descended upon anti-queer mega church Mount Hope in two strategically placed groups of disruptionists. The first of these groups diverted the attention of security, pink and black blocked up and waving sings which read such things as "Dykes of the Damned" and "Satanic Trannys 666". Inside, others waited patiently in their best Sunday drag until at once they rose, interrupting the service with cries of "Jesus was a homo!", a banner drop from the balcony that said "It's Okay to Be Gay! Bash Back!", queer kiss ins, over a thousand strewn fliers with queer positive content aimed to console potentially queer youth of the church, and pulled fire alarms. Afterwards, a communique was written proclaiming "So long as bigots kill us in the streets this pack of wolves will continue to BASH BACK!"

Cross country chapters and cells of Bash Back! have since emerged at a rapid and steady pace. Several churches have been attacked, spray painted and glued shut, transphobes have been beat down, the officer responsible for the brutal beating of trans womyn Duanna Johnson who was shot and killed in the process of suing the Memphis Police Department has been sent caskets and death threats, corporate pride events have been stormed, a queer and trans squat has been opened in response to the disproportionate rate of queer and trans homelessness, dance parties have spilled out of convergences transforming the trains of Chicago into queer fucking, crowd surfing and graffiti writing modes of public transportation, which then spilled into the streets along with a couple trashcans and newsstands leading to four arrests and several unarrests. And to top it off they state that they "know you call us terrorists because our very existence terrorizes you. This makes us proud but you ain't seen nothing yet."

Yet as the queerest hours of the night are lit by the fuschia flames of insurrection and liberation, and as the candle lit vigils of the soon to be past erupt into wild infernos which reach urgently into the sky, we must not forget that there are also sirens wailing in the not so distant background. Bash Back! has received the attention of endless right wing wingnuts, the Ku Klux Klan, disapproving assimilationsist gays, the FBI, Bill O Reily and the Alliance Defense Fund, who are a right wing rights group that is currently in the process of suing over 20 subpoenaed, alleged Bash Back! members in connection to the action at Mount Hope Church. Bash Back!'s response? "Bash Back! and radical transfolk/queers cannot and will not be intimidated. Some of us face life and death on a daily basis. This lawsuit ain't shit."

Even so, with resistance comes repression. And while there is such an overwhelming, immediate need to bring the entire atrocity known as the prison industrial complex to it's heartless fucking knees, their is also an urgency in keeping gender variant populations free and out of the transphobic, gender binary segregated cages of the state. So let's get fucking organized! Solidarity means attack. It also means fundraise! Legal expenses are unreal, but networks of support and creativity can warm hearts and give queers in kourt a fighting chance. Organize a benefit show! Play one! Distro! Have a bake sale! A secret cafe! Donate online by searching Bash Back Legal Defense Fund at fundable.com.

Let us join the wolf pack, have each other's backs. Sing our howling warcries to the moon, and continue to make clear that queer and trans oppression is part of a system of oppression, and that no part of that system will be spared the fierceness of our fury!

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SIX TWO FIVE

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PUNCH - Debut 12"LP
Insane no-holds fastcore from Norcal
SFN - New EP
Midwest powerviolence-the new generation
GET DESTROYED! - Last EP
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SOCIETY OF FRIENDS - Coll CD
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THE PROCESS - Debut CD
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INFECT - Discography CD
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AGENTS OF ABHORRANCE - CD
Crazed Aussie 3-man blurrcore
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Coll.CD of 1000mph blasting fastcore
BREAKfAST/STRUGGLE4PRIDE-CD
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BANDANOS/DESTRUCT.END-CD:Crossover-Thrash
CHARM/UG MAN-Split LP:Tokyo thrashcore
CRUCIAL SECTION/HIT ME BACK-EP:Int'l HC
KUNGFU RICK - Disco 2xCD:Insane grind/HC
IRON LUNG/SHANK LP/CD-Audio Brutality
BREAKFAST 2nd LP:Tokyo skate-thrash
SECOND OPINION - CD High Energy thrash
BARBARIC THRASH CD COMPS:Euro,CaliComps
CRUCIAL SECTION-LP: 80s RIPCORD-thrash
SHANK-LP/CD: 1000mph power violence
MACHINEGUN ROMANTICS-CD: TX fastcore
QUILL/I DONT CARE-Split CD:Tokyo thrash
APARTMENT 213-CD:Clevo power violence
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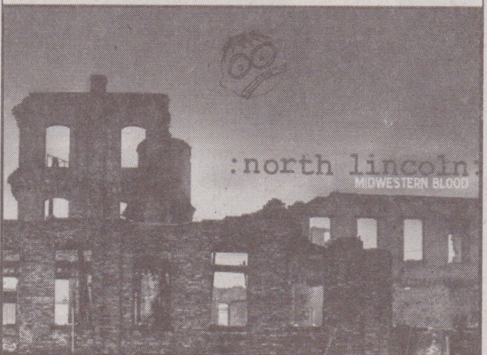

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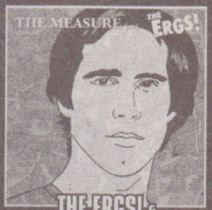

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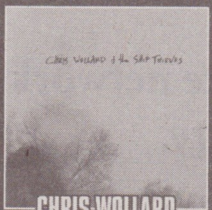

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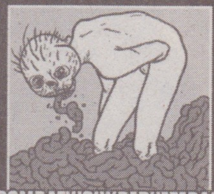

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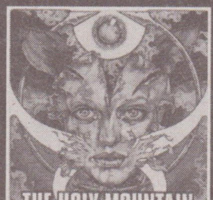

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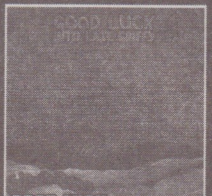

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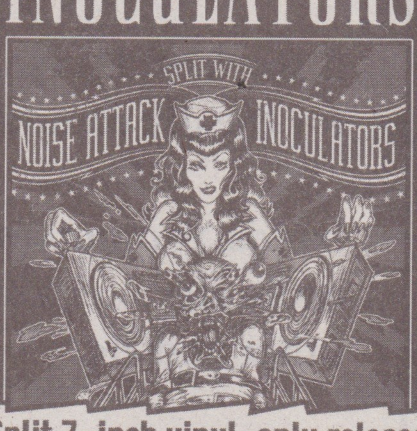

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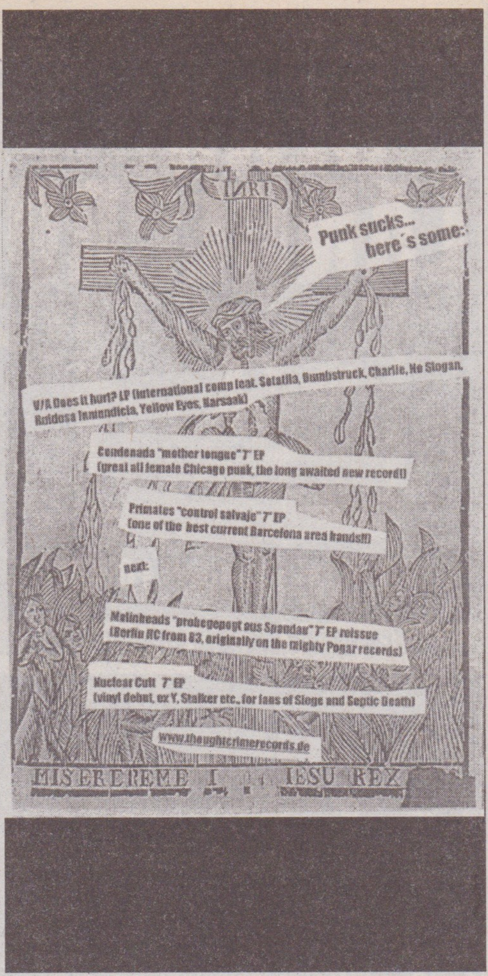
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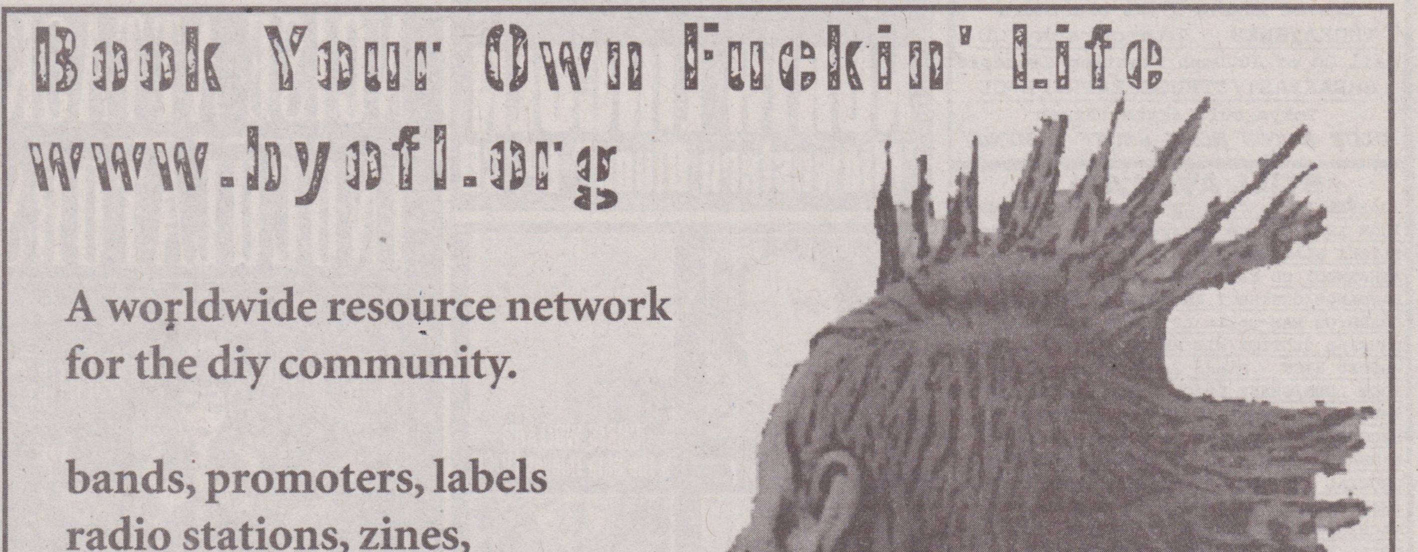
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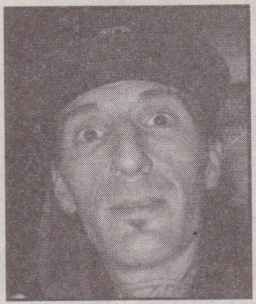
MRR asks YOU:

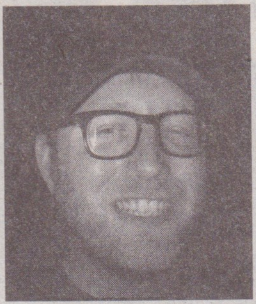
WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

This month's question: What's the greatest measure you've taken to go to a show? (asked over the SF's Doomed weekend and at an Oakland house show)

Aaron, 31, San Francisco
I flew to Belgium in order to see A Midsummer Hardcore Festival, because I really wanted to see the band Liar.



Shawn, 34, San Francisco
We were driving from Manhattan to Providence for a show, and on the way over one of the bridges in New York, we got into an accident, and the hood flew up and covered the windshield. Two of us crawled out the sunroof, and hood-surfed across the bridge so that we could tie down the hood and continue on to the show.



Andrew, 29, San Francisco
I drove twelve house from DC to Florida to see Discount's last show. I started driving at 8AM, did not stop, got there one band before Discount, and then had to sleep in my car. The drive back was miserable, but I got to eat at Waffle House several times.

Jen, 24, Bellingham WA
Sleater Kinney was breaking up, so my sister and I drove a straight shot down from Bellingham to Portland. We didn't have a place to stay overnight, and so we got there at 11AM, and waited in line all day. We go to the show, it was amazing, Eddie Vedder showed up and we're like "what the fuck, we hate Pearl Jam." We left Portland at 1AM, got into Bellingham at 7 or 8AM, and three hours later I went to work.

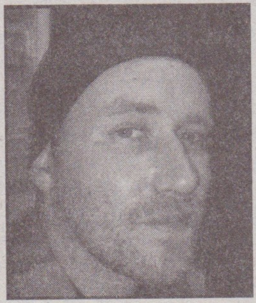
Shawna, 27, San Francisco
I worked at Kinko's and tried to call in sick to go to a medical marijuana benefit with Slick Rick and Lee "Scratch" Perry, and they were like "you still have to come in," and I was like "I'm sorry, I can't and I won't." So I went and it was great, and then I got fired.

Patricia, 23, Oakland
I was fourteen and lived in a really small town in Texas, and I told my mom I was staying over at my friend's house, and we drove to Houston, about an hour and a half away. We're about to walk in, and my mom calls and is like "I just talked to your friend's mom, and she said you guys are staying over here, so you need to come home right now. I expect you back in ten minutes." It took us two hours to get home, and I was grounded for six weeks.

Dan, 32, San Francisco
So me and my brother and a few of our friends are on our way to a show, and we stop at this rock quarry beforehand. While we were there, a rock fell off one of the cliffs and hit the car on the hood, knocked the oil pan loose, and we were already halfway there, so we just drove the rest of the way there without the oil pan on. We got there, but it ended up burning up the engine and we had to have the car towed from the show.

Russ, 49, Oakland
Drove from San Francisco to New York to see the Plasmatics.

Jessica, 23, Bellingham WA
Followed Mika Miko up and down the west coast, two years in a row.



Brian, 30, Oakland
I was driving to a show I was playing when I was sixteen, and the oil cap got left off the car, so it blew up. I had to call a friend an hour away in the town where I was playing. He came and picked me up, and brought soup. After the show, I took the bus home.

GIRL GERMS

A BROOKLYN SCENE REPORT

BY KATE WADKINS

Brooklyn has been home to all-ages, DIY venues and house shows for awhile now. In the past two years, New York in general, but specifically Brooklyn, has blown up with lady-bands. Starting somewhere around 2007, when DIY shows found almost all girl lineups involving the intricate all girl mathy-indie-rock band EACH OTHER'S MOTHER'S (from the ashes of CON AMORE), alongside bratty punks CHEEKY, feminist hardcore band CARNAL KNOWLEDGE, and all girl party rockers HAND JOBS, it became kind of obvious that the ladies were planning to take over.

Now extinct and/or on indefinite hiatuses, lots of these bands have gone on to form new ones. Recently, ZOMBIE DOGS was born, a new favorite all-girl thrash jam with hits like "Nerd in the Pit" and "THRASHIN'". If you feel like the only girl in the pit who loves math or lives to skate, this is your calling. If you miss bands that aren't scared to pair the seriously feminist with the seriously goofy, this is for you. On the girl-hardcore tip, DEATH FIRST is a new heavy hardcore band fronted by Jessy of CARNAL KNOWLEDGE. Jessy's unabashed feminist lyrics and raging screams are back in her new band that brings to mind the greatness of ANTIPRODUCT. Girl-fronted hardcore punk seems to be resurfacing in a major way. Cristy Road, whom you all may know as the rad Cuban-queer-punk-artist is now fronting a gritty pop-punk band featuring Crystal from PARTY LINE on drums and rad-lady Jackie O. as well as, yes, Frank Unlovable, called THE HOMEWRECKERS. One of the most exciting things about Cristy fronting a band is that she talks about shit like sexual assault in a way that's totally raw, shouting, "Destroy me? I'll destroy you!" Jen Shell of the dynamic duo SHELLSHAG has been co-running Starcleaner Records for 15 years, booking shows, releasing records, and pounding the drums during the wee hours of the morning at our favorite sloppy house shows.

GROCERY THIEF is fronted by Julie's brutal vocals, playing in your face, fast as hell hardcore punk. HAND JOBS are still playing their snotty brand of punk that hearkens to the riot grrrl spirit in a big way. There are countless more girls in bands (INA INA, HEY BABY, PARTY LINE, LOVE OR PERISH!, THE NEW DRESS, TAIGAA!) now that we have girls playing in all kinds of bands, it's easier to book and see shows that are more equal gender-wise and more girl-positive.

Once you consider the other rad bands surrounding the five boroughs, extended family, we also have FATAL ERECTION, girl-fronted rock 'n' roll hardcore from Long Island, as well as the now-infamous SCREAMING FEMALES from neighboring New Brunswick, New Jersey. Speaking of New Brunswick, the ladies seem to be holding it down in Hub City. Pop-punk lives on in THE MEASURE (SA) and FULL OF FANCY. LITTLE LUNGS is stuck somewhere between New York and New Jersey and always delivers the melodic poppy jams a la ARCHERS OF LOAF.

While it seems kinda antithetical to have a punk show be a safe space, feminist curators and show-bookers Strength in Numbers and For the Birds Collective are trying to do just that. Strength in Numbers is run by Karen Soskin, and their forte is "all women-run all-ages shows" while also providing tour-managing services for touring bands with women members. For the Birds is a multi-faceted feminist collective and distro, stocking feminist zines and music as well as booking women-dominated shows and releasing compilations of music by women and women bands.

For the Birds has been booking The Big She-Bang, an all-day fest of women bands, artists & crafters, as well as panels and workshops on community issues, for two years (relieving the long-extinct Long Island Womyn's Collective of duty). Last year's She-Bang was held at ABC No Rio,

this year's was on August 15 at Judson Memorial Church in Washington Square South (home of the Anarchist Book Fair and a lengthy radical history). Actual, physical feminist-punk spaces are few and far between so we are pretty lucky to have the 1087 Loft, a space that has a strict "no sexism, no racism, no homophobia, no god" policy. We also have the good news of a major renevation project at ABC No Rio, which has been a DIY punk safe-space with a "no sexism, no racism, no homophobia, no macho bullshit" policy for nearly 30 years now.

Not to blow your mind or anything, but along with this girl-punk resurgence has come the more consistent presence of visual art by ladies. Cristy Road is still going strong, writing books and illustrating from her bungalow in Bed-Stuy. Lauren Measure designs t-shirts and draws record covers in Greenpoint. Tamara of ZOMBIE DOGS prints t-shirts—I bet you wondered where their really cool shirts came from—and show posters, among other amazing gory things, under the moniker No Guts No Glory out of Stolen Sleeves at 538 Johnson.

Gina Marie, drummer of INA INA, owns King Kog, a feminist bike shop on Graham Avenue. Making t-shirts that reference old Bikini Kill flyers and artwork, Gina is swiftly bringing her own brand of Revolution: Girl Style Now to the track bike world, and the lady cyclists are rallying behind her. Drummer Mindy Abovitz (of MORE TEETH, TAIGAA!) recently began Tom Tom Magazine, "a magazine about female drummers," that features DIY guides like "Technique Tuesdays," teaching drumming techniques in the true spirit of the skill-share. It's hard not to mention all the other DIY feminist projects based here: Willie Mae Rock Camp for Girls, Holla Back NYC, Support New York, Right Rides, Safe Walk, Momma's Hip Hop Kitchen, and holy shit, so many more. Keep in mind, this is what's going on in my immediate feminist community. New York City is huge, and there is a ton going on here, so I am sure that I'm missing out on a lot. I guess it's up to us to find out what!

All of this rattling-off of names and events is not in vain. The ladies are reclaiming their space in the DIY punk scene. Queer girls have left the club and dance scene to dominate the punk contingent. Girls in bands leading double & triple lives are running collectives to queer-ify punk spaces. We are the new international girl gang underground and we're not going anywhere.

Some feminist-posi New York resources:

The 1087 Loft: www.myspace.com/the1087loft
ABC No Rio: www.abcnorio.org/
The Big She-Bang: www.myspace.com/thebig_shebang
Bluestockings (Radical Books): www.bluestockings.com
For the Birds Collective + Distro: www.forthebirdscollective.org
Holla Back NYC: www.hollabacknyc.com
King Kog: www.kingkog.com
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Tom Tom Magazine: www.tomtommag.com
Willie Mae Rock Camp for Girls: www.williemaerockcamp.org

Tupiniqueer
by Carlos "Mamá" Tostes
Photos by Diego Cagnato

Is not easy to write about queercore in Brazil, because we never had something well organized and mature enough to be called a *scene*. But we have people working on this, writing zines, forming bands, organizing queercore gigs, and so on. We are still taking our first steps in order to create this scene and to make something bigger, more visible. This is a small and very subjective point of view of what has happened so far.

Many Brazilian boys and girls began considering queer ideas after listening to DOMINATRIX (www.myspace.com/hardcorefeminista). DOMINATRIX is probably the greatest Brazilian band to talk about gay issues in the punk/hardcore scene. Because of the band many boys and girls came out of the closet. This band was also a turning point of the Brazilian punk/hardcore scene, when some people started to act differently, writing zines about being gay and punk, giving respect for sexual diversity, and fighting against homophobia within the scene.

I still remember when DOMINATRIX was formed and the band was already considered very good. At this time I was living in Maringá, a small countryside town that already had a punk scene, good bands, zines, anarchist groups, study groups, etc. I had many contacts back then, I was always sending and receiving letters, because I was singing in a band that was part of a libertarian group. During this period I knew of some gay bands formed by girls (BIKINI KILL, SLEATER KINNEY, TEAM DRESCH...) and a also PANSY DIVISION. It opened my mind to a different perspective of the punk movement. After this, and after I came out of the closet, I realized that we could make a big difference inside the scene. I have always noticed lots of hypocrisy in the scene, as well as homophobia, even when not explicit.

After I moved to Curitiba, capital of the state of Paraná, in the southern region of Brazil, I decided to argue about this in the punk scene, to question homophobia and sexuality in our scene. We started a group called O Marinheiro ("The Sailor"). Our main idea was to distribute free LGBT stuff at punk/hardcore gigs. We also used to sell t-shirts to raise funds for the collective and so we could continue distributing our pamphlets and zines about gender and sexuality.

Then we started to see some bands singing about gay issues and we received some e-mails from homosexual punks who weren't feeling comfortable inside a scene where homophobic attitudes shouldn't exist. At least for me, Brazillian queercore started with this group.

We rented a place here, where we organized some activities related to punk, and with some members of this place we started a band called GAY-O-HAZARD (a pun on BIOHAZARD) and it was damn fun. For the first time we saw some tough and macho hardcore guys singing along with phrases like "penetrating me from behind" in the good old NYHC style. Not everyone in GAY-O-HAZARD was gay, but everybody approved our ideas and was totally against homophobia.

Later, other bands, even those not declared as gay, began supporting our anti-homophobia struggle. And with these bands and people we organized events and gigs that started the sense of queer in our lives. In São Paulo a very important event was organized, the Queerfest (www.myspace.com/queerfest). This event was a mark in Brazilian queercore history and now we've had two fests.

Today we have some bands with gay members who have joined us—lots of friends also took part on our side and support us in what we do. There are also lots of LGBT people outside the punk scene fighting homophobia in a way similar to queercore and telling Brazil that it is OK to be queer. Now we have many queer people playing, writing, and fighting for a better punk/hardcore scene. We are still a small part of it, but we are growing up and we know that we have a lot of work to do.

Some Brazilian queercore bands:
NERDS ATTACK! started around June of 2006 with a sound similar to fastcore bands. (www.myspace.com/nerdsattackfast)

TEU PAI JÁ SABE? is a year old queer punk rock band from Curitiba. In English, the name means "Does your daddy know?". (www.myspace.com/teupaijasabe)

SOLANGE TÔ ABERTA from Rio de Janeiro plays funk with queer and naughty lyrics. You should come to Brazil and see them play. (www.myspace.com/solangetoaberta)

LIXO LUXO is a rock 'n' roll band from Vitória, in the State of Espírito Santo, and played the second Queerfest. (www.myspace.com/lixoluxo)

FORNOICHE stopped playing in 2008, and was formed by people engaged in anti-sexist, anti-homophobic, and pro-Animal Liberation activities. (www.myspace.com/fornoiche)

SIETE ARMAS, ("Seven Arms") is a nice link between raw rock 'n' roll, and the intensity of the blues. The formula is simple: five rocker girls, some old vinyl, and beer. (www.myspace.com/sietearmas)

DANIEL PEIXOTO and BARBARELLA are also a couple of electronic music projects produced in São Paulo by queer people. (www.myspace.com/sietarmas) (www.myspace.com/barbarellaproject)

GARY FLOYD

By Gary Floyd and David Ensminger

Photos by Bill Daniel, Ron Posner and Dixon Colbourn

Gurdon, Arkansas
December 11, 1952
9:45 a.m.

I'm born.

My whole family was from this blink-and-miss-it small town in Arkansas. One little clump of stores here and another there. Two railroad tracks running like rough zippers through town. The tracks full of dead men still spooking the town with lanterns. Gurdon, where Jimmy Witherspoon got knocked on the head with the blues. Where bored lumbermen concocted the International Concatenated Order of the Hoo Hoo, with a black cat as their symbol. A joke that became a weird version of the Elks Club. Although my family moved away due to cutbacks in the Missouri Pacific Railroad (which used to belch black smoke in the old twilight), a few things stuck in my head forever.

When the Butlers moved in next door—Cleda and Gene, with young Brenda, and the first cool person I had ever met, Russell Butler. He was probably only sixteen or so, but to me he was ageless and brought out the need to let my "cool seeds" grow. He was an artist, a beatnik who painted pictures of himself in coffins. I knew I had been influenced. Got my cool seeds sown. A taste of being different, and the shape of things to come.

Going to vacation—Bible school—one hot summer, when the humidity could be sliced with a rusty butter knife. The First Baptist Church: a cool breeze in the auditorium, Kool-Aid painting our lips ruby red, and a fragile mound of cookies. They ended the day by playing the old hymn "Just as I Am." Tears rolled down my face, and I knew I wanted to give my life to Jesus, so I walked down the aisle into the arms of Brother Nelson. I was saved. I was eight.

The Daisy Queen, early 1960s, when people were rumbling and fawning over radios. My mother's dream—a place to eat where all the tiny town's teenagers hung out. Male car hops, and a teen side, which was just a big old room with benches. I could watch them dance loose and free. Girls putting on make-up and drinking Cokes, boys flirting with the big hair girls and dancing too. Me looking, wondering if I could be the boyfriend someday.

Soon, the family was all packed up and moved to Palestine, Texas. New things to freak out about. A new school of hardcore rednecks...pretty eyeliner girls and strapping boys in the shower haze that I remember to this very day.

As my life shifted from Arkansas across the pancake batter Red River to thick piney woods Texas, lyrics were being implanted deep in me. I didn't know it, but they were becoming a permanent part of my spleen.

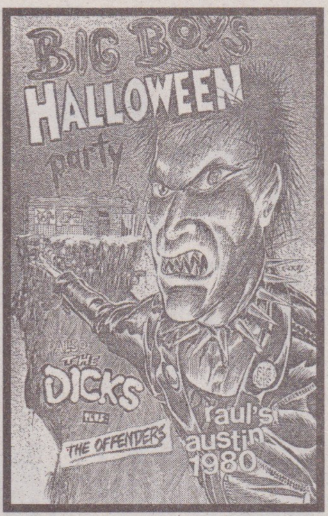
My grandfather was poor, poor, poor. He and my grandmother (my father's parents) were saved by the railroad, which offered a steady job to the lean and hungry people of the time, when some headed west to pick fruit in the bowels of Oregon and some stayed and ate dust for years. My father got a job at the almighty railroad as well. He worked there all his life and left the job only to join the Army and fight in World War II.

He was in Japan after the big bombs fell, loosening the roiling clouds of death that turned entire cities into gutted wastelands. He used to tell me about the shrines people had in their houses. I asked, "How did you see what was in their houses?" He told

me, without lingering shame, "We'd just go in and look around." I asked, "Did you knock?" He laughed deep down and said, "No, that's not how it worked." I knew then, right there, there would be no army for me. Fuck that shit.

He came right back to those sturdy engines, those trains, as if the bombs never fell. It was expected of me to do the same.

He told me about going to work for the railroad—the honest pay and hard work, a kind of untrammeled American dream people wanted to believe in even as Vietnam squandered it with napalm and Nixon. Even as I said, yes, grandpa, I could, I knew I would never do it. I knew I wasn't meant to look down those bleak black tracks and feel like home was beneath them. I couldn't even pretend to love the heft and bulk, or history, of trains, no matter how many times Elvis purred "Sixteen coaches long...got my baby and gone."



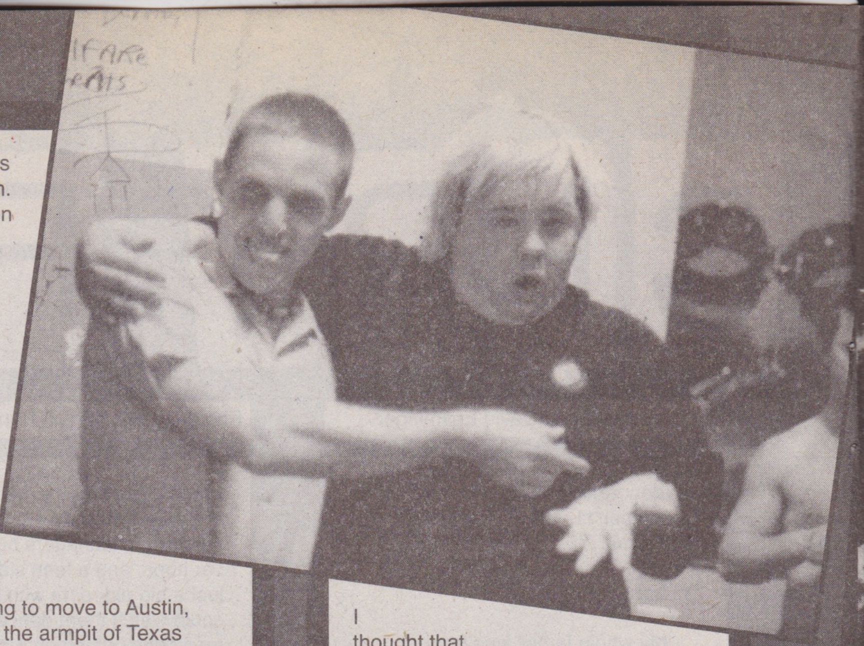
I was going to move to Austin, that vortex in the armpit of Texas where the liberals, freaks, rockers, commies, and rednecks all converged, and live with my old high school buddy.

But I was drafted in 1972. I registered as a conscientious objector due to my girlfriend's liberal mother. She turned me onto the best book of my life, *The Conscientious Objector's Handbook*, a Quaker publication. It told you all the things that you should expect and indeed, did happen to me. The lies and misinformation the government would hand you to trip you up and then be able to send your ass to war.

My low lottery number of 54 picked during Nixon's time sent me to Jefferson Davis Hospital in Houston, Texas. The Janitorial Department: mops and brooms instead of guns and blood. Instead of sergeants and drill instructors, I had Mrs. Harper and Mrs. Green. I also moved to the biggest city in Texas, to the Montrose area of town, where the gay bars stretched down Westheimer. The first place I ever saw gay men walking around unashamed and OUT. It was also the summer David Bowie's *Ziggy Stardust* came out.

Some things good, and some things bad, stirred those times. Both were going to change my life forever. Being a janitor and queer, and singing about both, was again being stored in the "someday" part of my heart.

I came out during this time and hung out with the worst gay people in the world at Art Wrind's Silver Dollar Saloon, a restaurant of sorts. I usually hit the place around ten pm. My job shift was a lucky one, 1pm till 9 at night, so I'd run home, change clothes, and hit the street around the Silver Dollar.



I thought that this is what being gay was—the sleazy hustler and hardcore drug life. My real first shock was sitting in a bright blue booth, when a young man slid in across from me with an older guy beside him. It turns out they were father and son, a real father and son. My eyes were open wide as the dad pulled out an old time syringe with the rubber bulb on the end and fixed up a spoonful of speed. As he was shooting the boy (no more than fifteen or sixteen, I swear he hardly had fuzz on his lip), he told him, "You gotta come home with some money tonight, kid. Rent's due and you need to bring home all you can make. Be careful." The needle came out. "Now go." In a flash, they were both gone. Nearly 40 years later, I see them, though. Right there in the booth with vinyl seating the color of veins trickling down a forearm. I stored that little memory away. That's Montrose in 1972.

San Francisco, 1978.

Just seeing the Sex Pistols gave me a little "big headedness" with the one or two people I knew who had even heard of them. You know, imagine seeing the gods of punk with 3,000 bewildered people. My roommate and I strolled into Winterland in SF after buying our $5 tickets. I was trying really hard to be cool, but this was almost an overload. My memory is rather distorted by time and a certain dream-like sensation that immersed me. The Sex Pistols: Johnny Rotten's harrowing, pimply, and scowling face; Sid's carved and beaten chest.

Walking in, I was soon elbow room with hundreds of other punks—beautiful, eerie, weird, and some a little cutthroat scary. I loved it, though. I had this Dee Dee Ramone

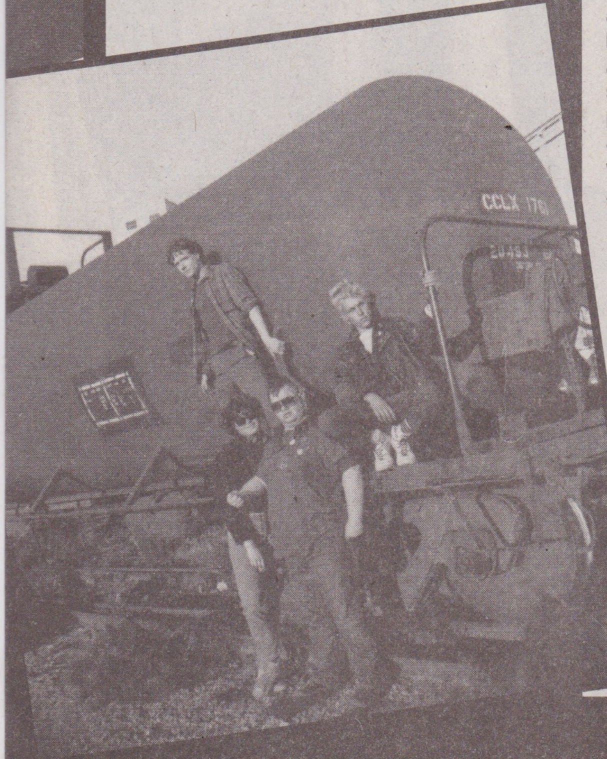


Photo above by Ken Hoge

boyish
hair cut, but made a quick note to "cut hair tomorrow." To me, who had never set foot in Winterland, the place seemed ominous and huge, and people walked in a big circle outside the auditorium. Literally, they just walked in a big circle before going in to see the band. Now, I know they were just "being seen"—like unleashing an impromptu fashion show and "I'm Here" statement. I felt so uncool, though, being in a blue jean jacket with that long hair weighing me down. I don't even think I drank a single beer because I had no money, just lint in my scraggly pockets. Back then, in that big room, I didn't care.

I could see the misty-lighted stage—the Nuns were chewing through the last songs of their set. These people were great because they looked so severe and real, and they sounded louder than bombs. I made a mental note to "start band at once," and just stood there with my mouth open, watching the likes of skinny Alejandro Escovedo in his dire punk glory. Seeing the Nuns makes me special...right?

Then the Avengers descended. The pure, fierce, and buzzcut goddess of the world of punk (except for England's infamous Catwoman) was there on stage. Penelope Houston, the most beautiful woman in the damaged world. As she hopped and jumped across the stage in blurry pandemonium, I saw him to the side of the stage—Sid Vicious. Laughing and watching the band, swigging on a big bottle of beer. He was there. My hair felt a mile long. Note to self, "fuck up your hair tomorrow."

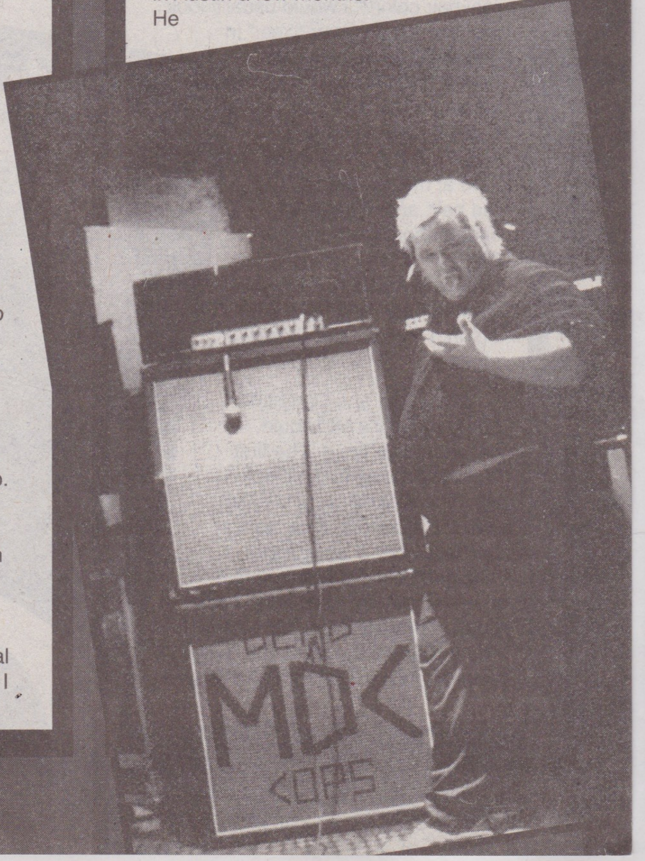
Then the Sex Pistols sprawled across the stage and played. It was wonderful and wicked. I was hearing the songs that had penetrated my head while being played 10,000 times at home. Now, I hear the horror tales, what was really going on with them in the trek across vast dumb-ass America, but I didn't know any of that then. It was like a bible-thumper seeing Jesus—or a Hare Krishna sitting down next to Krishna himself.

Life just changed, quick as a coin flip. I was brought back to reality by my roommate telling me his lover was going to be home after being away on a business trip. They wanted to be alone. So, he simply said, "Here's $10, see you tomorrow." Now, Palo Alto and San Francisco are at least an hour or so apart, and the bus ride is long. I was being left to the teeth of the city. Quickly, I made another mental note, "move back to Austin ASAP." I spent the night in a very bizarre SM club—Mr. B's Back Room. Not really where I wanted to be after the life-changing time I had spent at the gig, but I guess it made sense. A long hallway led to a dark, big, smelly backroom packed with every type of sexual dream or nightmare. Take your pick. You couldn't see the face of the person next to you (not that you wanted to, either). After awhile, the little blue light bulb in the corner enabled me to see good enough in the void to give at least five or six blow jobs to no-faced strangers before finding a bench in the corner and going to sleep. Oh, what a night. From the Sex Pistols to the sex pistols…distressed, down'n'out, and dangling in the dark.

Soon, I was going to be back in Texas, though. God was looking out for me. I had seen the twin engines of punk, Penelope Houston and Sid Vicious, in the same throttled night. I had a lot of filthy sex, and thoughts of Austin were in my head.

Austin, 1979

When I first met Buxf (like Buff—the x is silent...this is what he always said) and Glen, I never knew they would become such huge parts of my whole life. I had been back in Austin a very short time when my friend Lynn introduced me to a new guy in town. His name was Dan, and he worked at a high-end beauty salon. He had worked at Sassoon's in San Francisco and had only lived in Austin a few months.
He



was the most smart-mouthed and incisively intelligent person I had ever met. He loved to bleach my hair, then put Crazy Color on it. OK, this was 1979, Austin, Texas. State government yahoos and frat boys in Camaros and Woodstock wanna-bes and leftover cosmic cowboys and me walking around with super-red, sorta Dayglow looking hair jumping off my head. People would almost have wrecks looking at me from their cars. I loved it and was the first person I knew who had this kind of electric hair 30 years ago, when boys aimed for Aerosmith aesthetics. I didn't have a car, so I got around on the university shuttle bus or the terrible Austin city buses that cut the city in half. Lots of contact with the "normals." People would say really stupid shit, like, "Is that your real hair color?" I would usually look real serious and say, "Yes." In response, I would always hear a thick Texas drawl, fighting voice "It is not!" come from their fidgety mouths. Mad…they were mad at me. My flame red hair, and my lack of caring about their ways of living and dying, brought out some emotion—well, searing hate—in them. Again, I loved it, the trigger effect.

Me, Lynn, and Dan had heard of Raul's and could not wait to go there. The first night I ventured in the bleak bar, The Skunks were playing with the Violators. One fashion I always liked a lot was the "Stained Look," a light colored shirt and double knit pants. The punks always added some huge, nasty stain on the shirt, like brown cake frosting, or just dirt and water. They'd let it dry into muck, and it looked great, just foul and nasty. The red hair, or white, or some unnatural, mutant color, all looked great. I loved the band and the atmosphere of the graffiti-bitten small club. I went back nightly, trying to soak up the seediness. Dan and Lynn were not so into it, but I was and made friends pretty fast. Chuck and his brother Manolo Lopez, the guys from the Next, and a funny, nutty guy named Barry all knew I was gay, but they also know I was real, not some nighttime poseur, and I was good for a laugh—we all were. I liked to give a beer bottle a quick break and cut my arms now and then, like some redneck Sid Vicious. The attention was great but waking up the next day with a bad hangover and my bloody arm stuck to a friend's filthy carpet got old pretty fast.

I started telling everyone I had a band too—The Dicks—and we were getting ready to play. Of course, it was a lie. I had no band, but it made no difference. Me and a few friends would make posters announcing:

"The Dicks
playing at the
New Mars Club
1313 Parkway
First 10 people who bring a gun get free drinks all night"

We'd make up some other names of bands (and, of course, there was no New Mars Club or no 1313 Parkway) and put the posters all over the place. I did this for at least a year before I ever met the other guys in the band. My idea was "fuck everybody—I should have a band." So, walking into Raul's one night, already drunk, I noticed two new faces. These guys, Glen Taylor and Buxf Parrott, looked real mean, more like freshly released pockmarked prisoners than punk rockers. I found out later they had been there a few times and seen me. Buxf said they called me Alfred E. Newman! The very idea...not that *Mad* comics wasn't punk rock, before three chords and the truth garage bands. I walked right up to them, and we all started talking. They lived south, in San Antonio, but were looking for any excuse to move to Austin. I told them I had a band called the Dicks, but I was the only member, so would they like to join? Without even blinking, they said yes! Buxf played bass like a ratfink and Glen played shrapnel guitar. But we needed a drummer—then we'd have a band. At last, like the Germs sang, we were "forming"—the band I had been telling people about and crudely announcing to the stagnant city for over a year. I jerked my head up high, drank about 20 more lousy beers, and noticed these two were keeping up, even out-drinking me. Yes, we had the band at last…The Dicks were ready to come.

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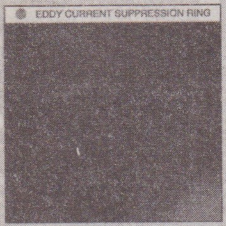

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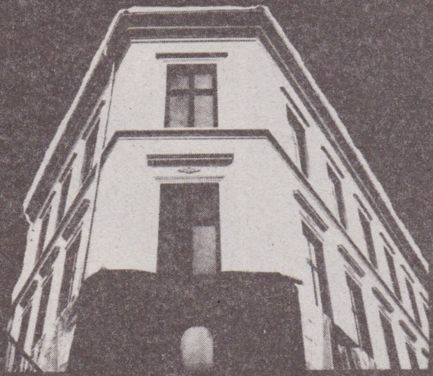

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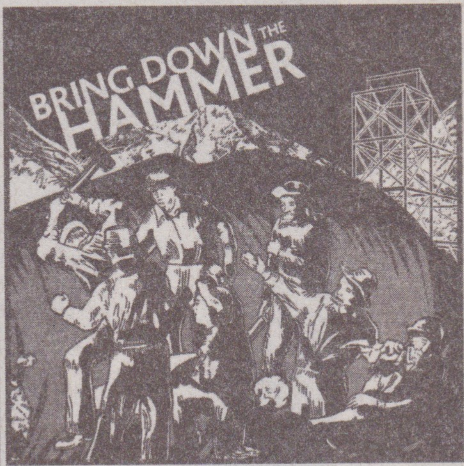

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TEU PAI JÁ SABE?

Teu Pai já Sabe? is a one-year-old Brazilian queercore band formed by Carlos (guitar), Felipe (Bass), Hugo (drums), and Mamá (singer). This interview was compiled using questions from three other interviews made by Foca (Nerds Attack), Fernando (Distorção Zine,) and Ivan (Nova Escola Velha Escola Zine).
Photos by Diego Cagnato

MRR: Have you ever been in trouble with racist/homophobic people because of the lyrics of your band or for being an openly queer band?
Felipe: Not directly, but sometimes I hide that I play in a queer band, especially from people outside the hardcore scene.
Mamá: Until now, nobody's made an explicitly homophobic act against us.
7 Metros: Not yet, but I think that one day we will face this.
Hugo: I have seen every kind of reaction at our gigs, but not explicitly homophobic.

MRR: What's the importance of Limp Wrist for you guys and for the Brazilian scene?
Felipe: My first contact with the queer movement was listening to Dominatrix. Later I read an interview with Limp Wrist that was published in *MRR* #212 and that completely blew up my mind. Limp Wrist guys are our muses.
Mamá: Limp Wrist, for sure, opened new paths in the Brazilian punk/hardcore scene, but I came out of the closet because of a song played by Cólera, an old Brazilian punk band. When I was younger I used to listen to Cólera albums, and they always talked about homophobia in their lyrics. I think Limp Wrist had a major role in the straight edge scene here, what was great.
7 Metros: They are a great influence for us, not only in our songs but also in our lives and ideas, especially in our fight against a homophobic scene. I believe they have influenced lots of bands in Brazil.

MRR: What's the importance and the political point of view of the band in the Brazilian hardcore/punk scenario?
Felipe: We've heard some drag queen was completely amazed after one our gigs, because they thought that every punk/hardcore gig was full of violent and homophobic people, and during one of our sets they could dance and be themselves without facing any kind of prejudice. They were very comfortable at our gig and even tried to pogo dance for the first time. I think the best thing about our band is the possibility of proving that there are queer people at hardcore concerts, and that the queer people are welcome to this kind of show.
Mamá: We are trying not to be so *pamphletary,* and trying to make fun of homophobia, prejudices, racism, and so on. We think that this way we can make a political gig more acceptable. We are also always trying to include some hardcore related themes in our lyrics. In our song "Tuff Guy," for example, we demonstrate our sympathy for gorgeous, good-looking hardcore guys: strings, chubbies, everyone. Heh, I think that this way queer punk has a more positive acceptance by the people, and they will start to question some bad habits.
7 Metros: I believe we open some eyes to the existence of queer people inside hardcore. I myself have been in contact with the queer kids inside of hardcore because of Gayohazard, the band that Mamá sang in before Teu Pai Já Sabe. Before this my idea of gay people was completely stereotyped, I thought gay people were always shopping and worried about what cool clothes to wear at night. And I was completely wrong. I think that our role, if any, is to show that being gay is only one of thousands of human conditions.

MRR: According to the Gay Group of Bahia, 190 homosexuals were killed last year (2008) in Brazil for homophobic reasons—

not considering physical aggression and murders that weren't counted by police as hate crimes. It's incredible that this number isn't well known in our country. And c'mon, These people are dying just because they are gay!

Felipe: I get really pissed off when I think about this. To know that someone is killing another person just because he can't agree with his/her sexual orientation. These days I've read about a bomb that someone threw up at group of people that were going to the gay pride parade in São Paulo. The cone who threw this bomb probably didn't think that he/she could be killing straight people as well. Homophobia is causing a kind of mental blindness here!

Mamá: It's too sad. Here, in Curitiba, there are some hate crimes too. I'm always thinking about how many transvestites were, and are, being killed here. It's horrible because in a certain way we are not very different from the rest of the world. People are being killed all the time and when the victim is a gay, or black, or homeless, or poor, the press really doesn't care. They don't give as much attention as they should. And unfortunately, we are not capable now of stopping these hate crimes, crimes against who is "different." The only thing we can do, for now, is to talk about this within our community, at our schools, our colleges and so on. We need to show that this has been happening for a long time and that it's time to stop.

MRR: Are you involved in political movements against homophobia in our country?

Felipe: No. At the moment I can't dedicate myself to any other project because I have no time at all. There is a gay group that Mamá created some years ago, O Marinheiro, where I am a contributor but we need to take it back.

Mamá: As Felipe said, we have an old queer group called O Marinheiro, and its focus is to fight against homophobia inside the punk/hardcore scene. When I have some free time I try to contribute to Grupo Dignidade, a local gay group that does a good job in Curitiba.

7 Metros: No, but I always try to take part in ant-homophobia protests and things like this.

Hugo: Me neither, not yet. But I believe these movements are important to help to change our reality, especially in our legislation that still doesn't recognize gay civil union. There are lots of queer people fighting for their rights and this is very important.

MRR: What's the ideal punk/hardcore scene for Brazil? What could be changed?

Felipe: I would like more diversity and more anarchist places.

Mamá: As Felipe said, I think it would be nice to have more anarchist places, as well as more speeches, more queer groups, etc. But I think things are already changing for good.

7 Metros: I don't think such a thing as an ideal hardcore scene exists. But we could have a better one, a scene where someone would be accepted/respected for their values and not for their color or gender.

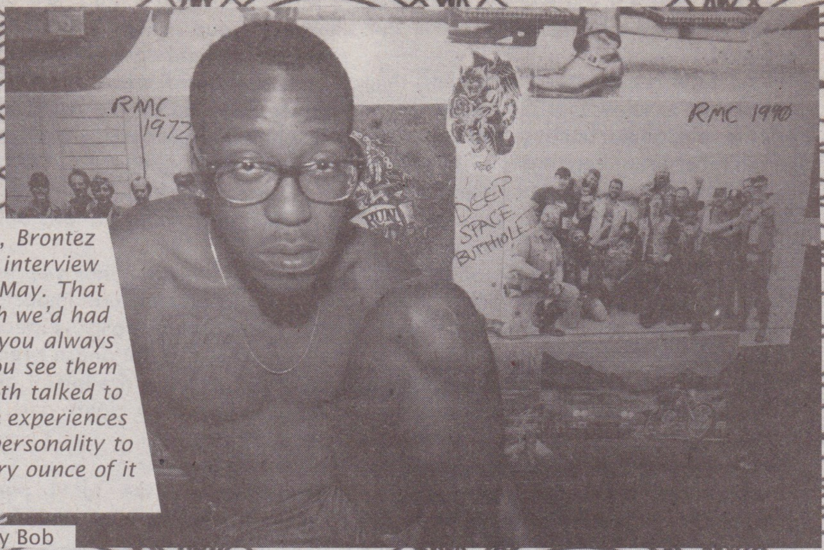
Hugo: A more colorful scene, full of rainbows, cute things, and people dancing to punk rock songs. I would love it. Hehe.

MRR: How is the queer scene in Brazil? Do people look for you to talk about sexuality?

Hugo: Just a few people look for me to talk about sexuality. But it happens and I think is very positive when people do it.

Mamá: It happens, but today it happens less than when O Marinheiro was really active. We need to give a better attention to our queer group. But I've met lots of people because of these talks and it's always a pleasure to talk about sexuality and gender issues.

THE YOUNGER LOVERS



Amos Mac

The Younger Lovers is Brontez Purnell's solo project. Me, Brontez and Ramdasha sat together in Central Park to do this interview while the Younger Lovers played shows in NYC this past May. That was me & Ramdasha's first time hanging out even though we'd had our eyes on each other for at least a couple years cuz you always wanna know who the other black punk kids are when you see them around. Feeling super connected, like old friends, we both talked to Brontez about his newest band, his writing and about the experiences that made him who he is today. He's added so much personality to every band he's ever been in and now he's pouring every ounce of it into his own project and it is de-lic-ious.

Interview by Osa & Ramdasha/Photos Amos Mac and Larry Bob

MRR: When did the Younger Lovers start?
Brontez: It started in 2003. I was in Panty Raid and then we broke up, but there was this song I'd already written for that band, "Sha-Boo-Lee." I was really into that song and I just told myself that I should still record it by myself. Then I was like, "Why don't I record a bunch of songs?" I have this friend Vice who was/is in XBXRX. We moved from Alabama to California together. He was recording stuff at this place called Club Short and I was like, "Can you record my EP for free?" and he was like, "Sure!" and so it kicked off then.

MRR: The thing I like about the Younger Lovers is that there's so much of your personality in all of those songs. So when you first wrote "Sha-Boo-Lee" did you have a concept for the kind of music you wanted to make or did that happen naturally?
Brontez: In this weird, metaphysical way, I say both. I knew I wanted to hear cute pop shit again, and I knew I wanted it to be lo-fi because you don't hear stuff that sounds raw anymore. So intentionally, I wanted it to sound like... I dunno, fucking Motown but on my terms.

MRR: I feel like that really comes across. There's that soul element that's about you loving soul music but also about you being Black, then there's also this romantic, dreamy-type-shit which is a cute part of your personality...
Brontez: That's my indie rock girl side.

MRR: ...And then there's the pop-punk influence and on top of that, all your songs are about being gay!
Brontez: Yeah, I do have that dreamy side coming out, but I do have, of course, my pissed side where I'm angry about shit. And with all the bands I've been in, I feel like I make this music, but underneath I want there to be this really rough edge to it that answers to the side of me that isn't all just nice pop songs. Cuz the song are all about either boys who wouldn't date me or they're about some wrecked drinking buddy that I had. They're pop songs, but there's this edge to them. I feel like I was just fed up with boys, which is kinda what "The Newest Romantic" is all about. Being obsessed with something you're done with.

Ramdasha: It's interesting what you're saying about having the raw elements of rock'n'roll in your music because sometimes I forget that black people invented rock'n'roll.
MRR: Totally. And the thing I love about the Younger Lovers and also Chris Sutton's band Hornet Leg and Mick Collins' bands the Gories and the Dirtbombs is that all of you reunite rock'n'roll with its black roots. I was just reading some article in a zine about race and punk where this person was talking about the racist history of punk, like for example, the Ramones priding themselves on being a band that supposedly wasn't influenced by the blues. So as time goes by, white people have claimed rock n roll for themselves so much that it definitely has been divorced from the blues and from soul even though those were the roots. But all of your bands, the ones I just mentioned, just reunite the blues and soul with punk rock so well, so intuitively and I think it's really cool.
Brontez: You know, it's hella cute that you said that because growing up, I had an uncle named JJ Malone and he has such a crazy story. He's from Pete's Corner and he's my grandma's brother. He left Alabama and didn't come back for 30 years. My grandma didn't hear from him for 30 years! He shows back up one day in Cadillac cuz he had gone into the Air Force and then somehow ended up in California and started playing the blues and got pretty fucking famous there. He played at Eli's Mile High Club in Oakland, which is just a few blocks away from where I live. I went there one time and I was looking in this glass case and there were all of these pictures of him. I didn't recognize it at the time, but him and his girlfriend—he was dating a white girl at the time and it was kind of a scandal in our family—they would come back from tour and they had this weird style. As a teenager I didn't recognize it, but they were totally California bohemians and they really latched onto me too. My uncle taught me that first boogie riff, the one that every garage band played. He was always really nurturing. I didn't know myself as gay then, but of course I was, and all I had were these weird straight guys to play music with, and my uncle was a straight man, but when we played guitar he never tried to make me feel stupid. And he could play everything! Drums, bass, guitar. I was always really blown away by him. And so when I saw Mick Collins for the first time, I think that's why I was totally in love because he was a punk rock version of my uncle. So yeah...I do have a kinda weird obsession with a person I don't know [laughs].

MRR: So who are the other people who have inspired you musically and otherwise?
Brontez: I don't know, right now I guess I'd say it's who my contemporaries are, like I'd love to play shows with Shannon and the Clams or Hunx and his Punx. Punk bands that sound all girl group-ey. But then all the shit I grew up with, a hodgepodge of

Larry Bob

shit. Of course riot girl. Like I thought about that Bikini Kill album *Pussywhipped* when I was making the *California Soul* EP, trying to bring that same edge to it, that bite. Bratmobile! Okay there we go! Okay, yeah, in a political way, I was more into Bikini Kill, but in the way I go about things, I feel more Bratmobile. Like hearing *Pottymouth*...

MRR: That's a classic punk rock record. Forget riot girl and subgenres and whatever, that is a classic punk rock record just like any Ramones record to me...
Brontez: Hell, yeah! I love when shit is so urgent! You know motherfuckers was like, "We gotta meet up, we gotta do this, it's gon' be tight, it might be a little bit of a mess..." But the overall affect is tight. If I ever have some afterschool punk rock teacher's course where I get to teach little kids how to play rock'n'roll, I would totally give them the first Ramones records and the tabs to it, and the first Bratmobile record and the tabs to it. And I would give them my awesome fucking record and the tabs to it. Course curriculum, done.

MRR: This question is more about your writing. Besides your zine *Fag School*, you write a bunch of columns. Recently, you've written about Jared of Black Lips and brought to light some racist shit that came out of his mouth and you also wrote a short article for *Shotgun Seamstress* about Gravy Train!!!! money and royalty issues. And it seems like you feel the need to be really outspoken about what goes on behind the scenes. You just played me those Florence Ballard interviews where she's really outspoken about some crazy fucked up behind-the-scenes stuff that was going on with the Supremes at the time. It's not really that typical to lay it all out like that. Not that many people really tell it like it is, especially when a conflict might result. Why do you think it's important to do that?
Brontez: I suffer from being too real. [laughs] It just makes me think about my mama, not to blame her for anything, but she would just be balls-out. Nothing was ever secret or private, or our fights were always so public to the point where it kinda just numbed me, you know? With the Gravy Train!!!! article I regret that I didn't put more of a resolution, but it's just really hard to write about stuff like that with people you care about. But I feel like bands never talk about money or anything like that, and it was also just to get it off my chest. It's a really heavy concept for me. There are things I wish I'd done differently, but I don't regret the article. I just regret certain aspects of how it went about, especially that I didn't really tell them I was writing it. The Black Lips thing was different. That was annoying and it pissed me off. After writing that column, I felt like I had every greasy cokehead, potbelly garage rocker wanting to scalp my black ass because I told Jared to back up from us. But at the end of the day, you can't deliver a mighty blow like that and expect not to be fucked with.

MRR: You wanna talk a little bit about *Fag School*, like how long it's been running and what you talk about it in it?
Brontez: I like zines and I really like punk zines and I wanted to have one. People think I'm crazy, but in some ways, I'm this really strict traditionalist. I just wanted to do a personal zine and I didn't feel like there were any other true fag zines going on at the time. *Fag School* takes its spirit from its predecessors, like I have that queer zine encyclopedia from Printed Matter, and there are just so many I haven't even thought about. I do feel like there are structural differences with *Fag School* because all those other zines were written pre-Internet and I think that being a post-Internet queer zine, especially if you're gonna be a zine about cruising and hooking up, totally changes the landscape of what you're talking about. And secondly, we definitely talk about race a lot more because a lot of those zines were written by these punk rock fag white dudes and the ones that were made by black fags were never that readily accessible to me.

MRR: I don't even know them.
Brontez: Yeah, I know Vaginal Creme Davis' but I can't think of any others. But race is definitely a topic. In my cruising reviews people ask, "Why do you talk about race so much or guys' bodies and ethnicities?" I went to this workshop at a bathhouse one time and I guess everyone has a different opinion about it, but they were saying that in a bathhouse, on basic instinct mode, attraction is broken down to age, race and dick size. And I've always been fascinated by those weird parameters and wanted to write about it in a story on my own terms. Because structurally, in some of those other zines... Like, you would never pick up an issue of *Fag School* and read about how much we love our skinhead boyfriend. Like, are you kidding? I mean, I was into skinhead porn in like 1999 but I think that's just cuz I was duped into it.

Ramdasha: So who's in your band? I know there's Osa...
Brontez: Well all of the stuff was recorded all by me. But I guess I have different versions of the band. On the west coast, I'm playing with Megan, this girl who's been in a shit ton of bands. She was in Before the Fall. She's in the Street Eaters now. And also I play with this kid Matt who's my roommate. He's in Das Mega Cool and some other LA bands. But then on the East Coast it's Ms. Osa Atoe from the New Bloods and *Shotgun Seamstress* zine! And Crystal. She's in the Homewreckers and Partyline. She's from Atlanta but she lives in New York. She fucking drops bombs. I love Crystal.

MRR: So what's it been like playing shows?
Brontez: I don't know, I feel like I'm back to square one in a lot of ways. Gravy Train!!!! is like my drag queen band even though I wear nothing, but still, it's just as punk but it's a different concept. It's more of a performance. I have to dance and shit like that. But in the Younger Lovers I get to stand there and croon and do my thing. It's actually a weird out-of-body experience and it actually takes more energy to play guitar than to shake my ass.

MRR: Yeah, it's not alter ego but it's definitely like two distinctly different projects you're doing.
Brontez: I feel way more vulnerable in the Younger Lovers than I do in Gravy Train!!!!

MRR: So what does the future hold for the Younger Lovers?
Brontez: Well, I would like to know that after what feels like ten years in community college, I'm finally transferring to Cal State East Bay, Hayward, where I will get my bachelor's degree in dance so I can teach the little children how to shake their ass. Right now, I'm doing a 7" with NoBunny and I'm recording my second LP this summer. I got all the songs and shit. Gravy Train!!!!'s also recording this summer and we're gonna go to Portugal. It's gonna be hella fun. I'm gonna write a new *Fag School* in the summer, but I think it's gonna be a departure. I wanna write some science-ficition. I don't know how that's gonna work out, but I'll get high and see... I'm sure I'll think of something.

Amos Mac

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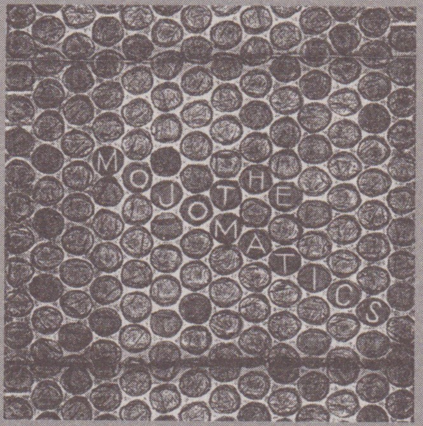

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NASTYFACTS

BRAD CRAIG GUITAR | GENJI SEARIZAK DRUMS VOCALS | JEFF RANGE GUITAR VOCALS | CHERL BOYZE BASS VOCALS

I'm not as drunk as I look. I'm not as stoned as I seem. I'd rather dance than read a book. I'd rather drive my car than dream. Drive my car...

Drive my car...

Drive my car...

Drive my car...

Drive my car...

Interview by Osa Atoe

MRR: What year did Nastyfacts form?
Kali Boyce (aka King TuffNStuff): 1975, I think. I met Brad and Jeff at grade school in Brooklyn Heights. I picked up the bass and began teaching myself how to play. Genji started teaching himself to drum about then too. He got a drum kit and he had a basement in Park Slope where we hung out and played all the time. Back then we were called Pandemonium and we were a cover band.

MRR: Was it your first band?
Kali Boyce: Yes.

MRR: How old were you?
Kali Boyce: Twelve or so.

MRR: So, how did it come together?
Kali Boyce: Brad and Jeff used to play with this other kid, a boy of color who had a cute big sis who I was crushed out on. Brad, Jeff, and that kid were forming a band of their own. Suddenly, my big crush and her family moved to another state, which left us all sad sacks, y'know? I saw Jeff and Brad in one of the rooms at school, basically bumming about not having a bassist anymore and so I said, "Oh yeah, I play bass. I could be in your band." I think I'd maybe held a bass once or twice to try to impress that girl. Anyway, after school that day, I went to my mom and said, "I need a bass and an amp, I need to be in this band." And she actually said OK. She took me down to a pawnshop and we got a used Harmony bass and a Kalamazoo amp. That was pretty much the beginning of Nasty Facts.

MRR: That's cool that you all even had a practice space even though you were all so young!
Kali Boyce: Playing loud and fast in Genji's basement was way more fun than kicking it in the projects. I grew up in Fort Greene, Brooklyn but I always felt at odds there; I was queer, I was punk, I looked and felt like a strange little boy/grrrl. Later in life I found a phrase for it: "Two Spirit." Now I consider myself a "no-op," trans man who performs in boy drag—a natural progression from awkward baby butch punk rocker!

MRR: So your mom supported you playing music. Was she a musician?
Kali Boyce: My mom and pops were in a swing band together, that's how they met. Music was always around when I was growing up, from as far as I can remember. Mom loved calypso music. My dad was from Barbados and played piano—yes, we had a rickety old piano in that teeny apartment in the projects! Also, my three half-sisters were teenagers who loved their Motown so I was surrounded by music all the time, on the radio, on the record player. Mom was constantly singing and cooking or cleaning and so we all sang.

MRR: But Nastyfacts was your first time actually playing music for other people?
Kali Boyce: Well, I first played in public at a school concert when I was nine. I played the soprano recorder from 4th grade on. Baroque music believe it or not, so naturally, I had to rebel! Nastyfacts was pure fun. We started out covering a lot of Kiss songs, which, lucky for me, were so easy to play on bass that I started out thinking I was a bad ass because I learned like all of their songs in a week!

MRR: Did you write any of the songs for Nastyfacts?
Kali Boyce: I wrote and sang all three of the songs on our first record. We all wrote songs for NastyFacts but we agreed on which three songs would go on the EP. All three songs ["Drive My Car," "Crazy 'Bout You," and "Gotta Get to You"] were my originals that I wrote in my room on a piece of crap guitar that only had three strings, I shit you not. That's me singing lead vocals, with Genji howling on back up vocals. But it took us a while to really start writing originals. There was another local band called the Speedies who thought we were cool for a bunch of kids and gave us some extremely helpful tips really early on—like, if you want to start playing in night clubs youse gotta write your own songs. So we all started writing and each of us in the band wrote a song for our first demo. We shopped it to clubs, and started gigging in New York City.

MRR: Who put out your 7"?
Kali Boyce: Ramona Jan produced it and Jim Reynolds had an indie label called Jimboco. So our 7" EP single with three songs on it was born.

MRR: What were Nastyfacts shows like?
Kali Boyce: We started out playing house parties and school dances, moved on to playing clubs—CBGB's, Max's Kansas City, and other long-gone night clubs in Manhattan and Jersey where, apparently, nobody gave a shit that we were way underage! Our first club show was at CBGB's. And we played Max's Kansas City on the regular! I remember playing shows with bands like ESG from the Bronx and the Stimulators. I think the clubs would try to book us with bands that had something in common with us. The Stimulators had an eleven-year-old drummer named Harley who went on to Cro-Mags fame, and ESG were peeps of color and so damn cool! Those were good times! But it was getting a slot opening for the Bad Brains that changed my life! I was fifteen or so—the oldest in the band—and we all knew that we wanted to play music for life. Peter Crowley [of Max's Kansas City] and Hilly at CBGB's treated us like we were their spawn. They booked us monthly and paid us right. They offered advice about stuff and things in the NY scene. What a way to grow up, huh? Looking back on those days now, I realize how much support and encouragement we got from the adults around us. Other musicians, club owners, and even our parents were pretty cool...so long as I kept up with my homework! We were a working band but still we had school and stuff that we had no control over. But our songs, that was all on us and we all dove in, full on, for Nastyfacts. Who needs sleep? It was good times!

MRR: Those are amazing experiences at any age, but especially at fifteen! Did you get to interact with the ladies of ESG much? What were they like? What was the Bad Brains show like?
Kali Boyce: I thought ESG was the coolest and funkiest of the bands on the "punk" scene! They were family and tight with each other and we were a bunch of kids, but they were sweet folks and treated everyone with respect. And they were people of color which was so rare to see back then in the scene! Really, going to CBGB's and Max's was like swimming in a sea of scruffy Caucasian bio-boys. ESG was unique in so many ways. Like, they were way laid back and it came through in their music! Sexy grooves and off kilter beats! I still listen to 'em! And then came the Bad Brains. Opening for them gave me a whole new perception of what it meant to be a freak of color! Everyone respected the Bad Brains—whites, blacks, everybody knew they were the shit!

MRR: What was it like be a black kid in a predominantly white scene seeing this phenomenal all-black band?
Kali Boyce: They made me feel so proud to be a POC [*person of color*] punk, I mean a whole new sense of pride and power! It was not easy being a punk of color back then. And, seriously, there were no other out queers of color to be found—I was on my own there. But the Bad Brains doing what they did so well gave me a new perspective on life—be yourself proudly and with a passion. Do whatever ya gotta do but do it really, really well or perish! Countless kids probably quit trying after seeing the Bad Brains 'cause they were so good! Like blow-your-mind-to-bits good! Seeing them lit a fire under me, mos def! I love NYC because I grew up in a place where a fifteen-year-old baby dyke daddy can play in a nightclub and open for the Bad Brains!

MRR: It's cool that you're saying that because I've been thinking and writing about how important it is for black punks to see other black punks and for ladies and queers to see other girl/queer bands. I know it's kind of an obvious thing, but so many queer punks and punks of color never get to see people like themselves in punk, except for seeing obscure videos or reading books about bands or people who existed in the past. I feel like in the past few years that's changed a lot, though. So when did you first realize you were queer?
Kali Boyce: I figured out I liked girls when I was around five years old. But I didn't come out to my family till I was seventeen, and that was only after I'd moved out to my own space in Greenwich Village. I came out to my closest friends when I was fourteen or fifteen. It didn't really surprise anyone. I'd always been called a "tomboy," a jock 'cause I played basketball, tennis, soccer, track, and I was often mistaken for a bio-boy from a very young age. Can you say "baby-butch?" Maybe it's my ego but in my 20s I realized that I might have had more luck in the scene had I been born male and not a baby butch daddy of African-American descent. But I am who I am and I realized that I had to be me. I had no choice, eh? So I just kept steppin' and "devil be damned" was my attitude. My coming out, it was pretty anti-climactic. I was always and obviously butch. When I told my mom I was gay she said, "Aw, I known that since you were knee high to a grasshopper." I asked why she'd let me stress over it for so long and she said she hadn't wanted to influence me one way or the other. Anyway, she was accepting about it all—coolest mom in town!

MRR: I'd say that 90% of all of the people of color I know through punk are queer. Do you feel like you gravitated toward punk because you were looking for other queers or was it basically just the music that got you into it?
Kali Boyce: Back in the late '70s there were no queers of color to gravitate towards! I was pulled by the feeling of freedom—the DIY attitude. I am thankful that I was a pre-teen when punk rock began and that I had the dumb luck and guts to plug into the scene! I wouldn't trade growing up in NY for anything! There was Greenwich

Village but definitely no QPOC [*queer people of color*] scene. I felt on my own but all my friends were kid freaks too and NY is a big place so we had each other.

MRR: So nowadays, punk has broken up into all these different sub-scenes. Like, in some towns, if you're lucky, you'll find a queer punk scene. From what you're saying, nothing like that really existed in the late '70s NYC punk scene and maybe you had to deal with being the only queer kid in the room or the only black punk rocker in the room plenty of times. How did you cope with your unique identities at the time?

Kali Boyce: I was trying to figure out what to do with myself as a queer. I was a baby butch and felt at odds with the lesbians I'd meet in clubs. Hell, "queer" wasn't even an accepted term by gay folks back then, but I always felt queer—at odds with everyone. Punk rock suited me just fine—I felt more relaxed letting my freak flag fly. Not trying to assimilate but trying to find, and just be, me. Back in the day, we looked so crazy to most folk that we were rarely harassed, which is saying a lot in NYC! After a while I'd get recognized as "the chick in that punk band" on the streets of Manhattan. It was kind of flattering and I felt respected.

MRR: So it was all worth it?

Kali Boyce: Being a punk back then made me the person I am today. I love it! I am a

performance artist now and I go by the name TuffNStuff: The Last Delta Drag King. I play resonator guitar and (still) sing originals and some covers. Basically, I play what I want, from Nina Simone to the Cramps to originals and I have a great time doing it! I've been gigging a lot as of late and I have no intention of stopping! I love playing slide on my resonator and no musical genre is out of reach. I'll play anything—Zep, James Brown, Lead Belly, Robert Johnson. I just love being able to make music. Lucky for me I have always loved a challenge. That's probably why I'm still making music today because, seriously, this shit ain't easy to keep doing, though it's sure 'nuff fun!

MRR: What kinds of shows have you been playing as TuffNStuff?

Kali Boyce: Most recently, I performed in and was a co-collaborator for a production in SF funded by the National Queer Arts Festival and Mangos with Chili called QPOCalypse Now. I really got to stretch in this one—I danced, I played a Baptist preacher, and I even got to play a "businessman zombie" in a scene! Life is so good! TuffNStuff wrote a tune for it called "Howl" that I'm really proud of! Anyway, I feel I'm blessed to be me in this day and age and I'm so happy to still be alive and kicking it. Now I've got a community of amazing, fierce, and talented queer peeps of color to kick it with! Check me out at www.kingtuffnstuff.com anytime! Send me song suggestions! I'm always adding new ones to my set list and I'll try any song once.

AN INTERVIEW WITH

SEEIN RED & LÄRM bass player JOS

Conducted by Martin Sorrondeguy

MRR: I recall hearing through the punk rock grapevine about your coming out and I was quite surprised to be honest.
Jos: Why surprised?

MRR: I don't know whenever I hear that someone in punk comes out of the closet I am happy about it. How did it happen for you?
Jos: Basically when I met Gerard, he is my husband, when I got to know him and our relationship developed more seriously and we both began to become very uncomfortable, basically because no one knew it. Gerard told a very good friend of his that he was gay and that he had a boyfriend and I did the same and the reactions were like yeah, good for you. Or the reaction of why did you wait so long…ya know. The turning point was the fact that we wanted our relationship to be more serious than just dating each other, we wanted to move in together and spend our lives together. We came out on New Year's Eve to our mothers and both of them were totally fine with it. My mother's reaction was, "Shit, he is going to move, he is going to go abroad." She did not understand what I was trying to say. Gerard's mother's reaction was "Oh, I am never going to have grandchildren." So I think those were typical mom reactions–you have to understand that both our moms are in their 80s. My mom is in her late 80s. Both of us being the youngest in the family it was different. I came out to all my family and my friends and so far there have been no weird reactions except from my oldest brother who is very religious–he doesn't really say it, but I know he has problems or issues with me being gay and that I am married to a man and that we live together. He has these joking remarks that he never tells us about how do two men have sex… He tells them to other family members and I said to Gerard that the next time he makes these types of remarks we are just going to invite him over one night and sit him down and tell him to watch. (*laughter*) Then at work I wrote a letter to all my colleagues. I had a already come out to a couple of them before Christmas and we were at a party and one of them says, "OK Jos, it is about time you start a relationship. Do you see any women around?" At that point I was like, "Ok, who wants a drink?" I then said, "I have to tell you something. I am gay and I have a boyfriend," and jaws dropped. One very good friend started swearing and he was saying, "Fucking hell yeah!!! This is going to be my best Christmas ever." Then I wrote a letter to the rest of the staff and left it on the coffee table. I let everyone know and said in the letter if anyone had any questions feel free to contact me. Immediately I got several phone calls.

SEEIN RED

MRR: You are a principal at your school aren't you?
Jos: Yes.

MRR: What year did you get into punk?
Jos: I started listening to punk in 1977. The year punk started to be known, bigger bands. It was because of my brother–he had money to get some records. He bought the Stranglers, Iggy and the Stooges, Sex Pistols, and the Clash. I was hooked, I guess, because I was into loud music or what was considered loud at the time. Then I discovered stuff that was louder, so that gained my interest. I got into the louder and louder, faster and faster until I got to a point where I was like, ok, it cannot get any louder or faster, so no more searching for that. Actively punk? I met Paul and Olav in late '79 and we started to go to shows together, and in the real punk spirit we saw so many bands and we said we can do this so we got instruments and equipment. By then a friend of mine who also was into it decided to start a band, this was in the early '80s.

MRR: Now if you were to reflect back did you think you would have been able to deal with the whole issue of sexuality? Did you feel the punk scene was open to that then?
Jos: Not back then. The thing is, I come from a very small weird city, which is right on the edge of the bible belt of Holland. It is right on the edge of the center of the country, so you have two mentalities that exist and they do not mingle that well. For instance, in the '80s they organized a gay pride day in Amersfoort, and it was cancelled after just an hour because all the gay people were attacked by by-standers they threw rocks and wanted to fight with

everyone. So that is a bit telling of what this place is like. If you lived in Amsterdam or Rotterdam it would be different, but here it wasn't possible. I must admit that at the time I hadn't had a clue that I was gay. It did not interest me at all. It developed later.

MRR: Did you feel that when you came out, which was later, the punk scene was ready for it?
Jos: Looking back on this, for sure, it was more open. When punk started becoming more political on a world level—it always has been political to some extent—but when the whole DIY ethic came along, and the squat scene, equal rights, and stuff like that. At that point punk started to become more open to different things.

MRR: What year are we talking about here?
Jos: Mid '80s , I think. No, later '80s. It was like punk made a shift. I remember being on tour in America for the first time and people were saying they were bisexual and I was not sure if this was real or if this was an act to be politically correct. I realized this was happening as well. When I meet gay people, for example, there is a couple that lives across the street. We met at a block barbeque and it is very obvious that they are gay. I went over and introduced myself and they were like, "Oh you are gay?" I responded with, "No, my name is Jos. I think that I am *me*, and second is my sexual identity." Sometimes I am more upfront about my sexuality; it depends on the situation. I was taking part of a debate last weekend with local politicians and people from the bigger parties, and they were asking questions and right now there are schools that can fire teachers that are gay.

MRR: A school can fire a teacher that is gay?
Jos: Yes, some schools can. This politician was asked about it and he said, "Yeah, it is ok if you are gay, as long as you don't show it." So I grabbed the mic and said, "You are basically saying it's ok for a black person to exist as long as you don't see it?" He looked at me and said, "Why? What do you mean?" I just felt gender, sexuality, and race, these are things that…you can't just put them away. I think right now I see a shift towards the right in Holland and all over Europe. For example, a few years ago if someone said all Muslims have to go home you would have gotten your ass kicked. In the past we only had small extremist parties saying this type of stuff. Now we have a much more popular party saying the same thing and it is quite popular. We have an idiot who runs the Freedom Party and his whole program is about kicking out people from different backgrounds.

MRR: They are called the Freedom Party?

Wow the irony of it all.
Jos: Yeah, they have this bird as their symbol.

MRR: It does not look like the Tragedy bird does it?
Jos: *(Laughter…)*

MRR: Sorry Tragedy… *(Laughter)*
Jos: Well, this stuff has made me more vocal about it. Also working with children has been a huge influence on me. In Holland kids use gay as a swear word, like an insult. So the staff at my job, we have agreed that we can't have this type of behavior. We set the behavior that we expect from our students. You know, it is interesting, but I have had parents of former students from like fifteen years ago who said that their child had gone through some rough times as they got older. But the kids said, "My teacher Jos was an example for me," and I was overwhelmed by that. It is always nice to hear that they like you, but being a role model is like, wow. I think being a principal you have so much influence on these kids and their parents as well. I am open to the parents too, I don't hide my gayness. Some have been, "Well, you are not effeminate," and we all know that is bullshit, not all gay men are effeminate. When we got married it was announced in the journal at the school and some parents were like, "Who is the lucky lady?" In this case it is not a lady, but a man. When I do information meetings with parents who are considering having their kids come to the school, I often get asked, "Do you have any children?" I say, "no," they normally ask why and I just tell them I am married to a man. I remember a parent saying, "Ok, this is it. My child has to be at this school because if the principal can openly say he is gay and is married to a man this must be a very liberal school." The co-principal of the school is a lesbian, so it is an interesting situation. It is a Catholic school.

MRR: It is a Catholic school? Wow!
Jos: Yep.

MRR: How has being a punk and putting yourself in a more mainstream gay environment been? Have you found issues with it?
Jos: Mmmmm, well, I have met people in the last five years who have were gay and they always wonder why I was closeted for so long. They often say, "You were political, so why? And you come from one of the most open-minded scenes." Then I say "Well, to some extent it is, but not always." When you get too personal or too close, some people feel they can't handle it; it is too much.

MRR: Do you get around much of the mainstream gay community?
Jos: No, not really. Lately I have been more active in the gay pride organizing. So the folks there, you know, they say, "Oh, it sounds like you have a nice job," but when the

music comes up they are usually like, "What?! That is such a macho world, the loud music." It can be very open-minded–I don't think it is all that macho. Limp Wrist going to Brighton or Amsterdam has been a good example of how open-minded it can be, but yesterday at Thrashfest was a circus. People will sing-a-long to the gay lyrics, but the day after some kid will smack his girlfriend around–that was the kind of atmosphere it felt like.

MRR: When thinking about influences did you ever feel that old queer punks made an impact on you?
Jos: Yeah, like the Dicks. They were putting themselves on a very high stage by being openly gay and communist in Texas; it was almost like a suicide note. That was interesting and we had a similar band in Holland called Tedje and the Flikkers, which translates to Tedje and the Faggots. They had songs about cruising.

MRR: Laughter, really? Do they have a recording? I want to hear this.
Jos: Yeah, they have an LP. It is quite collectable now. The music sucks, but the lyrics are like, whoa. Pretty rough and in your face for those days.

MRR: What year was this?
Jos: 1977. Looking back at it, a lot of it was shock value. They had an interview with them in some documentary. It was a look back and I thought it was interesting. I remember writing to Gary Floyd some years ago saying, "I know you don't know me, but I like your bands and what you have done."

MRR: I think it is interesting because of your history and being in Lärm–Lärm being this completely hardcore band that a lot of dudes like. I wonder what the reaction would be if a lot of those dudes found out you were gay?
Jos: Looking back at the fact that I was straight edge at the time, and when I stopped being straight edge that caused quite a commotion. People were saying, "Oh Jos from Lärm is not edge anymore. He is selling out." I can only imagine what would have happened if I would have come out at that time as well. I know some people would not have had a problem with it at all. Later, we found out that the singer for Funeral Oration was gay as well.

MRR: I did not know that.
Jos: Yeah, he died about a year ago.

MRR: Wow.
Jos: I had a friend who I went on a holiday with to the states, and I remember being in SF and talking to friends. All of a sudden I found out that my friend was gay and that he had a boyfriend. I remember I was like, "OK, hmmm, maybe I am like him." I sexually preferred men over women. It was one of the first times I came to terms with this for myself. Nobody reacted strangely towards him. He was never really that out, but it was just a fact. I remember telling Paul and Olav about myself. Olav was like, "Oh your bi-sexual then," because he knew I had relationships with girls in the past. I was like, "No no, no, that is what I thought I for a long time as well." That was when I concluded that this is what I wanted. I did not have too hard of a time accepting this for myself, I just had to get used to how others' reactions would be. I never expected myself to get married. If you would have asked me twenty years ago, "Do you ever see yourself married to a man?" I would have said no. It is also something that developed during my relationship. I am completely satisfied with my life, but if I could go back to ten years ago I would have liked to have children; I would have adopted them. I never wanted my own biological children, but I always thought about adopting two or three kids. I am going to be 45 in two weeks and I think we are too old to raise children now.

MRR: Can you talk to us about your marriage? It is such a hot issue in America right now? Do you ever find that marriage–being such a traditional thing and coming from punk–is there ever a conflict with this?
Jos: Yeah, I know punks are supposed to be rebels right, but in the end there are not that many differences between punk life and other peoples' lives. I get pissed off, because I am married people sometimes say I am taking part of the mainstream. I think that is bullshit. For me, marriage is an extension of showing my love for someone. I think the way Mike Bullshit put it on the Go! EP is perfect. It is a commitment–I don't think it has much to do with traditions because I think as same sex partners we are saying we are no different that other couples. If we want to get married, why can't we? I have read stuff about what is happening in America. I have had conversations with a guy named Frank Jump. He has been really active in NY and he was an old ACT UP person. I have had good talks with him. He is a teacher as well and we started a partnership with his school. It is very interesting. He was like, "This is one of the few rights they will not allow us to have." In Holland, we had some of the first cities that allowed same sex marriage. Judges have the choice of marrying you or not, but we have that right here. Again, folks might look at this and call it traditional, but I also think that moving out of the house, getting your job, and buying a house is just as traditional as marriage. The thing that I find important is that you think about things critically. Question everything and don't take things for granted. Same sex marriage is ok–why is it ok? Is it ok for you? Is it a legal right? Why? We only had our mothers at our wedding. The day after we had 200 of our closest friends with us. I remember people saying, "I have never seen you guys so happy," and it was the best thing to happen in my life. It was a perfect feeling.

JOS AND GERARD

bromance

Bromance is a Chicago-based queer punk band of the harder core variety. I interviewed them before band practice one hot July night. We did some catching up, shared a few beers, laughed at my silly questions, and by the end of the night I was asked to share vocal duties with their new singer—making me the 5th member of Bromance as of that night. Read on and enjoy!
Interview conducted by Kisston Gorgeous

MRR: What is your name and what do you do in Bromance?
Kisha: My name is Kisha and I play bass.
Dave: My name is Dave and I play drums.
John: I'm John and I play guitar.
Nicole: I'm Nicole and I'm on vocals.

MRR: How long have you been a band?
John: Since 2007.

MRR: In that time how many singers have you had?
John: Three. Our friend Sarah Jean was our first singer, then Katie came along. Now Nicole is singing for us!

MRR: Where did the name Bromance come from?
Dave: I think we were just trying to find band names. I honestly can't remember where we came up with the it. But a year or so after we started playing, the term became sort of popular in general. There was a show on TV called *Bromance*. There is also an Australian musical group named Bromance, a Canadian Bromance. And then there's us.

MRR: What are your songs about? What influences you all? What inspires you?
John: Our songs all come from our own personal experiences. We all pitch in and write song lyrics. We sing about things that we've gone through, things that make us angry, things that make us happy. Our song content ranges from the super silly to the super serious. I think we've managed to find a nice balance between the two.
Dave: We've touched on the truly tragic things that happen in the GLBT community. For example, our song "Every 8 Days" was inspired by a statistic that came out in early 2008 that stated on average one queer or trans person was murdered every eight days in the first few months on 2008. So our song is a response to that kind of violence that queer and trans people face on a daily basis. Other songs sort of poke fun at queer stereotypes. Like our song "Who will cut your hair?" tries to imagine a world with no queers ("Who will

host the makeover shows on TV? / Who will entertain you and be your comic relief? / Who will host your children's PE classes? / And then your wife is out of town, who will fuck you in the asses?")

MRR: So overall what makes Bromance tick?

Kisha: I think what pisses me off is the stereotypes in the media—the image that everyone thinks queer should be. I think Bromance represents the exact opposite of that. We challenge "queer norms." The queer community is diverse; we're not all skinny white boys with faux hawks pelvic-gyrating to club jams in Boystown.

Dave: I guess there are too many things to name that piss me off. But we all really love playing music. It's one of the only times I'm actually happy. As far as all the gay shit goes, I just think it's important and I think it's fun. If someone wants you to justify why you have to be a gay band and they say, "Why can't it just be a punk band?" I would say that I just want to write about what I'm thinking and feeling, and I've heard one too many heterosexual love songs to last me a lifetime. So let's have some gay ones.

John: Ever since I got into punk as a kid I felt a frustration with it being dominated by white boy bands, many which exuded a really hyper masculine and heterocentric image and energy that I always found alienating and annoying. But there have been a handful of bands that have broken that tradition—bands that have really affected me and inspired me. So I wanted to build on that tradition and be a part of something that reflects the diversity (although I hate that word) of the punk scene that I want to be a part of—especially in Chicago, which I feel is not a scene just of straight white boys. I feel it's very important for there to be a vocal and visible presence of unapologetic and explicitly queer bands in every scene.

Dave: I think that's the key word, unapologetic.

Nicole: I haven't been in a band for about six or seven years because of my experience and frustration with punk. I deliberately choose to do "artistic" projects with women. I like the energy that comes from that. I knew Kisha was in Bromance and, because I identify as a black woman, to be able to create music with Kisha, a queer woman of color, there were too many similarities to pass. I feel it's important to create music in a space or community that I identify with. I agree with what John said about how Chicago is very specific to that—I can't think of many other scenes that have such a wide range of queer folks, people of color, and women being active and vocal. It felt ideal and natural to be a part of Bromance in that sense.

MRR: Do you find yourself immersed in a queer punk scene? Or do you think there's a lack of a queer scene?

Kisha: I don't think there is a cohesive queer punk community here in Chicago. We eventually stumble upon each other and play a show together but there's no community and no effort to make one. I feel like Limp Wrist made an effort to start something, but it sort of ended there. I always hoped that there would be more community here, but I feel like Bromance is it.

Dave: Talking about the Chicago scene, even if you take away queer, our scene is way too big because you have an option of saying that you only want to hear garage rock or crust or D-beat and remain insular in that particular scene. The Chicago scene is too big to be cohesive because there are so many smaller scenes.

Nicole: I feel there's a lot of stigma attached specifically to the word "queer." I don't identify as "gay," I identify as queer. I think that Bromance redefines what it is to be queer, but Chicago hasn't found it palatable.

Dave: Yeah, someone said that I wasn't allowed to call myself "queer" because I am in a relationship with Kisha, and that has all the privileges, so I can't call myself queer. But I disagree. I can call myself whatever I like.

John: For me, that is one of the wonderful things about Bromance, and one of the goals of the band. We break those rigid binaries and challenge peoples' assumptions of what you have to be if you identify as queer.

Kisha: I don't think you can get more diverse than Bromance at this point! (*laughter*)

Dave: I'd rather play music than argue with someone about whether I am queer or not. At the end of the day, I'm the one who has to live with myself, so they can fuck off.

MRR: So what are your favorite and/or most memorable shows?

Dave: In March 2008, we played a benefit show for Bash Back! That was one of our best shows because Katie spit in someone's face and someone got a bloody nose.

John: The spitting was consensual, by the way. And I didn't think the bloody nose was that cool…But yeah, the energy was good at that show otherwise and it was the first time we'd played a specifically queer event to a predominantly queer audience.

Kisha: And it was Katie's first show! And also that fest we played, CLITfest! That was fucking awesome.

John: Yeah, CLITfest Chicago was my favorite show, hands down. People from all over the world were there. It was a very positive environment. We played really well and received a very warm response.

Dave: And we sold a ton of demos!

John: What about that loft show with the Stewed Tomatoes, Condenada, Sangre De Abajo, and the Cathy Santonies? That show was cool because every band had queer people in it. Every band had women in it.

Dave: Yeah, that show was a year ago to the day.

John: That was when Trash from Condenada stood up from behind her drum set during their set and screamed, "This is the queerest show we've ever played and it's about fucking time!"

Dave: I guess our goal now is to play an even gayer show.

MRR: Do you all have any shows coming up?

John: We're planning our come back show for the end of the summer. We haven't played a show in almost a year.

MRR: Do you have any recordings or demos available?

Dave: We have lots of recordings! I tape everything!

John: Yeah, we have a demo that we recorded in a studio in April 2008. It was recorded with Katie, who left the band to relocate to San Francisco. We also have some live recordings.

Dave: Soon we will record something with Nicole. Maybe a 7"?

MRR: What are your plans for the band?

Nicole: Tour!

Dave: More songs, more music!

Kisha: Tour and a 7"!

MRR: What are other projects or bands that you all are involved in?

Kisha: I'm in an experimental noise project called Corpus Luteum that features the original singer of Bromance, SJ, and our friend Maria. Coming out with a 7" soon!

John: And what does Corpus Luteum mean again?

Kisha: It is an endocrine structure that is part of the luteal phase of the ovulation cycle that is the source for the hormones that maintain pregnancy. As your egg is not fertilized, it dies off, degenerates into a glob of gross, bloody tissue. Isn't that a perfect band name for an all-female drone project? Doesn't it blow your mind? Also, I write a couple zines and I've been trying to recreate the early 1990s Riot Grrrl scene. I'm involved in the cycling community in Chicago and started a women and trans open shop at West Town Bikes.

Dave: I'm in couple bands…Gone Killin', Gas Mask Horse, and I put out tapes with my friend Josh. I also write the zine *Black Carrot*.

John: I play drums in a pop-punk band called Everything is Ruined and I am also an organizer for the Write To Win Collective, which is a new pen pal project that aims to provide friendship, support, resources, literature, and consistent communication to transgender, transsexual, queer, and gender non-conforming prisoners in Illinois.

Nicole: I instruct a Radio and Media Literacy program for youth. In the fall, I will return to school to focus on radio production. I also roadie for a few all-women bands.

MRR: Who farts the loudest?

Everyone: *Dave*.

MRR: Who burps the most?

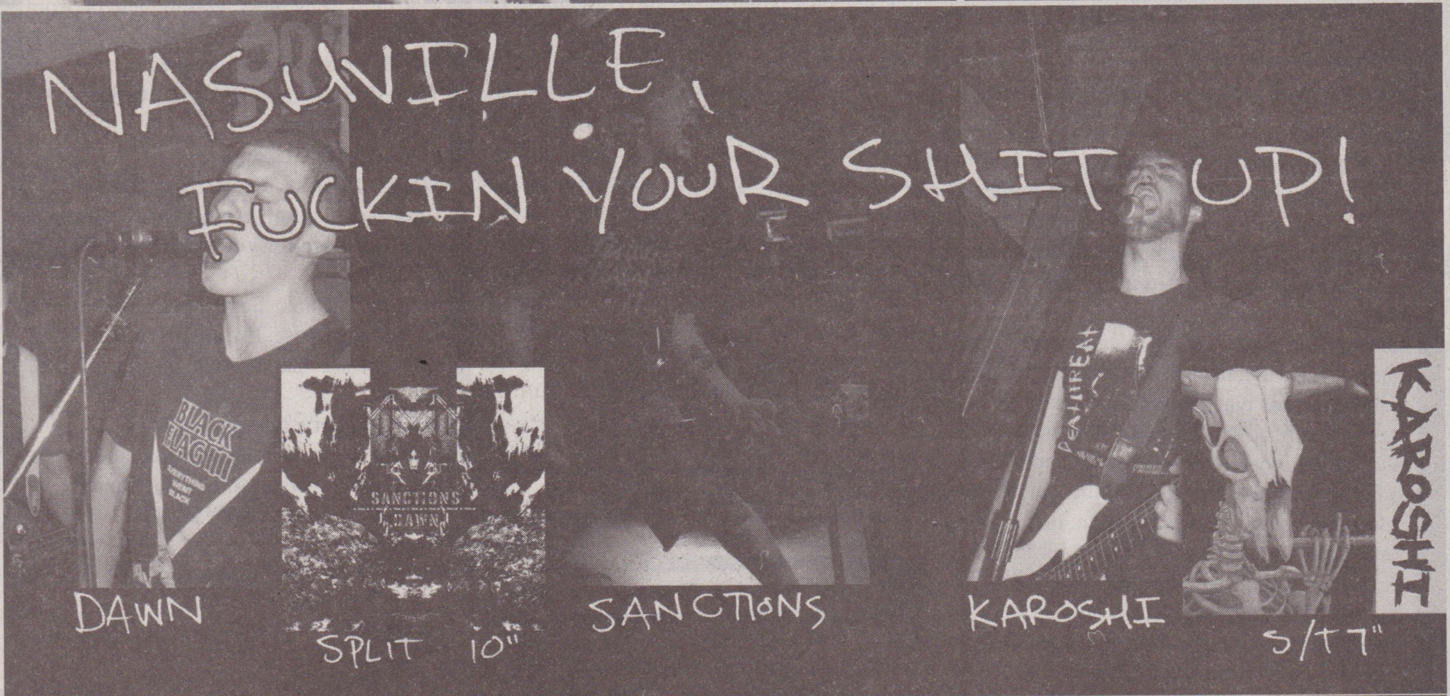
Everyone: *Dave*.

MRR: Who buys the most weed?

Everyone: Nicole!

MRR: If people want to hear your music or get a copy of your demo, how can they?

Dave: Check out our myspace, www.myspace.com/wearebromance or contact us as wearebromance@gmail.com. You can also send us mail at: Bromance, PO Box 830, Chicago, IL 60690.



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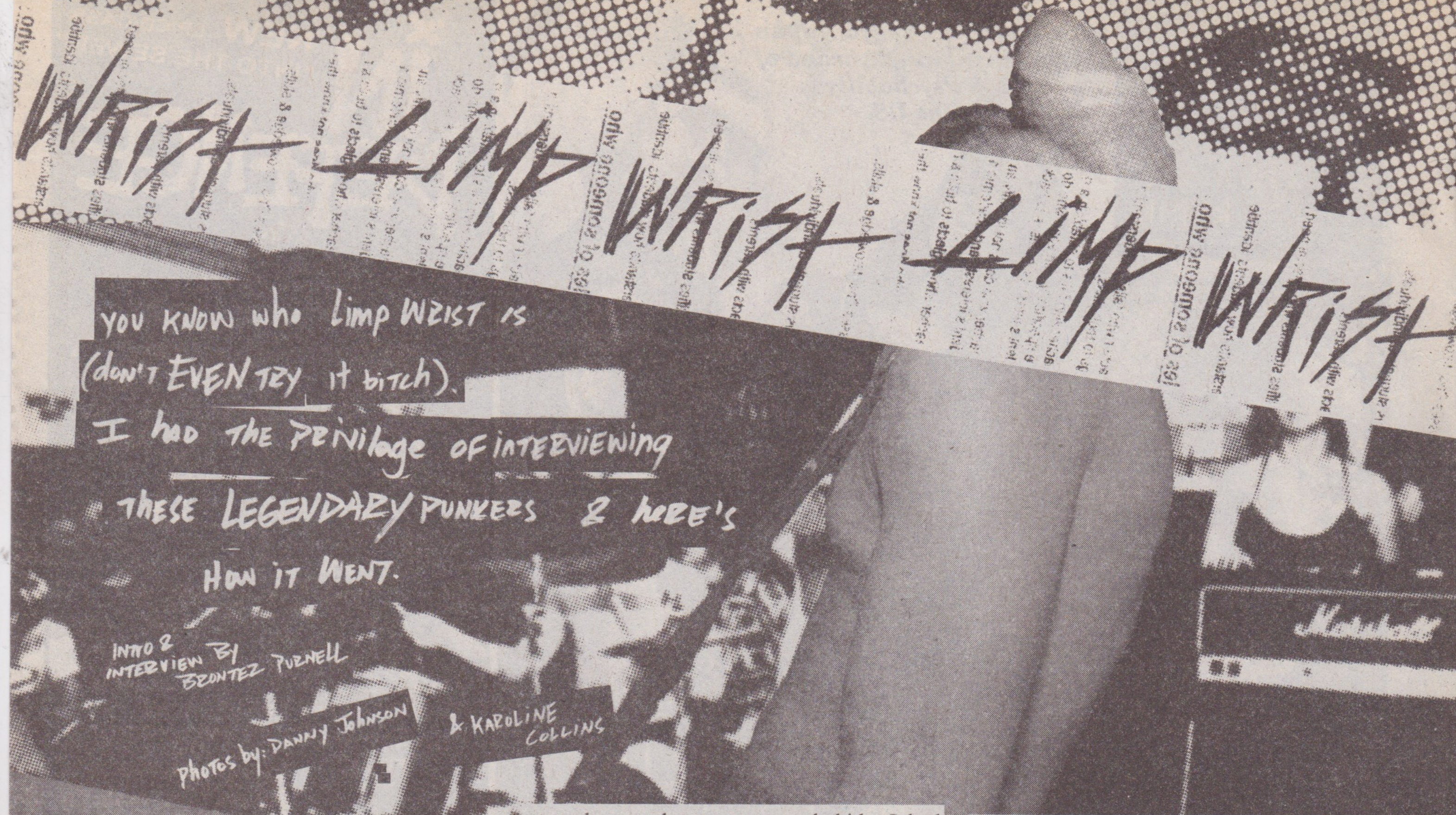


you know who Limp Wrist is (don't EVEN try it bitch). I had the privilage of interviewing these LEGENDARY punkers & here's how it went.

Intro & interview by Brontez Purnell

photos by: Danny Johnson & Karoline Collins

MRR: Do you remember the first gay punker you knew or saw or made an impression?

Paul:I didn't know any gay punkers. I didn't know very many gay people let alone punks.

MRR: You can't remember a first one? I know it's a hard question; the first one I met was a bitch, so I don't really count him.

Martin: There was one in Chicago who I met when I was into the scene already. He was really cool; his name was Mark Ruvolo—he was in that band No Empathy, and he does a label called Johann's face. I remember talking to him, and it was pre-me coming out of the closet, me being, "that's cool man, that's cool that you're gay." I was trying to talk to him, and we'd always see each other at shows, he was an older punk, and he's still around. I thought that was really awesome. I remember having a conversation with Dan Vapid from Screeching Weasel about what he'd do if he saw two guys making out at a show, and this was pre-coming out, and he was like "I don't know it'd be kinda weird." I said if people came after them I would defend them. We were talking about this, we had this weird conversation—I was like why can straight punk kids make out at a show and not queer punk kids. I had discussions with people. But I think the first person I could really have a coming out picture with was Mark Rovulo.

Andrew: In Philly there was this group called the Cabbage Collective that put on shows at the time; this was the early to mid-'90s, where there were lots of people sitting down at shows watching bands thrash around and stuff. It was a little weird sometimes, but they were very into being non-aggressive, women friendly and gay positive, so they created this atmosphere that was accepting. I don't really know how many gay people were there, but there were other people that were out, like Shawn Gustilo who had written stuff for the *Give Me Back* comp back in the day. He would be around, and he was gay—that was when I was nineteen or twenty, that was when I had just kinda come out too. So I didn't know anyone before that. That's for sure.

MRR: I wanted to ask y'all that for obvious reasons, but I also was thinking about the first time I heard about you guys. I had just moved from Chattanooga to Bloomington to be with my boyfriend, and Bloomington was a town where people left their front doors unlocked, and this other gay dude came in the house to re-steal the Limp Wrist record he had loaned to my boyfriend but he didn't know we were there and then we had a threeway.

Martin: I remember getting letters from you Brontez.

MRR: From Chattanooga?

Martin: No. Where did you live before?

MRR: Alabama.

Martin: Yeah Alabama.

MRR: Thanks for writing me back… I needed it man! Have you ever fought over boys, or do you all have different types

Martin: I think Scott and I are more aligned type wise. I'm such a fuckin' serial monogamist that he can go for it if he wants.

MRR: What's monogamy?

Martin: I get in relationships, and I'm a loyal sort of person so I stick with it.

MRR: You're "sorta" loyal?!?! (lots of laughter)

Martin: I'm loyal! I stick with that person, you're like *boring*.

MRR: No, I'm sure it cuts down on problems.

Martin: I had my share of problems when I first moved to town and I was single. I got tired of waiting on the steps of the Center for Disease Control for the doors to open so I could get tested for shit, I was like, "I'm over this."

MRR: I'm kinda over it.

Scott: Have I ever fought with my band-mates over a dude? No.

MRR: Would you?

Paul: What if both you and Martin were macking on the same guy at a show. How do you decide?

Martin: Toss of a coin?

Andrew: Cause you know I'm not going to be fighting for whoever you guys are with. We just know that

MRR: Threeways are out of the question right?

Martin: Ewwwww.

MRR: I thought so like last week me and my best friend had a threeway, and we did not touch each other. The other guy was so freaked out. It's like a code—a real code—people think it's all "cool" but it's not.

Scott: Me and my friend did that. We fucked with this guy in the back of his Airstream trailer.

MRR: What's an Airstream trailer?

Scott: you should know. You're from down south.

MRR: Oooooooh, that shit!!! That's hot.

Scott: Me and my friend didn't touch each other.

MRR: Is that progress? Like you're with your gay buddy only to act like a straight dude.

Scott: Who says it's progressive?

MRR: You're right, we don't have to be progressive, we can stay right where we are. I was thinking about it too hard.

Scott: I could have said nothing and made the interview more boring. Why you coming down on me?

MRR: I'm not trying to be critical, I got no opinions. Let's talk about the new record

Scott: I like it. It's pretty good.

MRR: What were the unique challenges? I know you all live in separate places…

Scott: At one point I got sick of my job so I quit. I'd been coming to San Francisco a lot for a couple of years and Martin and I would write songs together. Or I'd get a phone call at 7am, "Here's the riff," I'm like "I'm fucking sleeping, leave me voice mail." So basically we worked on stuff here, and in Portland and I came and visited Paul, went and visited Andrew when I quit my job, and then Martin came to the East Coast, and we solidified the songs we recorded.

Andrew: We had a band practice before we were on tour in Australia, we practiced a couple of days in Australia, and just worked on new stuff. It's crazy being jet lagged and having practice, like where am I?

Martin: and then I'd be a complete ass, and step in like (princess voice) "I don't like this," which snowballed into a huge fight.

MRR: Band fights are *awesome.*

Andrew: You don't have to live in the same city as your band to have a fight.

MRR: With the scene y'all are in, which I guess can sometimes be hyper masculine, what are the things you do to negotiate that space? Do you feel there's a need to negotiate anything or do you just feel at home?

Martin: I don't even think it's us negotiating it. I think people negotiate their own space. Women who come to the shows do that for themselves also, and we don't make decisions for anybody. I think if there's violence, or some super tense situation, the band just acts as the soundtrack to that, like if a fight breaks out we'd stop. I think things are really fluid, like life is really fluid and I don't think we need to control any of it unless it gets really out of hand, that's when we'd all agree, "oh this isn't cool."

Paul: There haven't really been problems at shows we've done. I can't really remember everything.

Martin: There have always been women and queers coming out to our shows, even though we tend to be more of an aggressive fag band I think it still appeals to a wide range of people. So everywhere we've been there's been every kind of person there, even though there might be some tough guy dude that might really like us and that's straight or whatever, there's the opposite end that likes us too. So they share the space

MRR: Even when I lived back down South I'd always meet heshed-out straight dudes that were like, "Yeah dude, I listen to Limp Wrist I'm down."

Scott: I think it's important for people if they want to be somewhere, or if you want something, you make it your fucking self. You don't whine that it's not for you, you *make* it for you, you know what I mean?

MRR: Like if you live in Antarctica, and you want to break into the American Top 40 hip hop like, don't let that stop you!

Andrew: That's a lil far fetched!

Martin: I think that because we're involved in the punk scene that you hear more about that dialogue, but there are things and situations that are even more difficult than punk than to survive ya'know? When I was growing up there was this gangster girl, and I don't want to call her girl even—we called her Porkchops—and Porkchops was a lady Deiciple and she hung out on the corner with all the dudes. She pumped iron, she would go shirtless; that's how built she was and street. That was Porkchops. Porkchops was a hardcore gangster on the Southside of Chicago and she like, made her fucking space. She didn't give a fuck about what any of the gangster dudes said, and it's like coming from queerness and coming from punk I walk through the gay world, and I'm like fuck this shit. I think it's the punk side of me that's a fighter, and I think queer punks have to be even stronger you know what I mean, not like physically but like mentally. You make your space that's how I see it. I see someone like Porkchops and I'm like damn. if Porkchops can do it…

Scott: It's like with some of the '90s politics and like now with all this

safe space bullshit, like I don't give a fuck about that. It doesn't appeal to me, like punk doesn't always have to be safe. Somewhere along the line this thing happened where everything had to be this safe zone

MRR: The world isn't built for us to be comfortable all the time.

Scott: and if you want to be there enough you'll fight to be there

Martin: Don't make bubbles, burst them. That's what people learn—you don't bubble. I think a lot people in punk do that, they hide out. Even back when Los Crudos played and people would create a space for people of color, I was like nuh-uh I've been living in a ghetto most my life I'm not going to be ghettoized in the punk scene fuck that

MRR: What was your thing against it?

Martin: I just felt like if I went into a punk space, I didn't want someone to create a separate room for me to be invisible again and not amongst the mass. I think visibility and being out amongst everybody breaks shit down. Isolation is not going to get us anywhere—that's with people of color, that's with queerness and everything

MRR: I'm with that point, but I have wanted to sit in a space with other queers of color, and it'd be assuming a lot to say that we'd even agree with each other, but it was when I was in places where the dominant white voice was a lot different than here in California. Where you just didn't want to deal with some big ass redneck dude saying all kinds of crazy shit to me, but again having to deal with both 'cause that's where I was…

Martin: But we search for our alliances we always do

MRR: They come from everywhere.

Martin: Again I think the separate room thing is weird. I've always thought it was weird

Paul: You making it a point to hang out with other kids of color and other queers like that's your choice. What Martin was talking about was a bunch of white people being like, "oh we'll help you out by giving you your space." It wasn't like a transfer of power or a realignment of roles it was people trying to deal with their white guilt.

Scott: It's like if I have so many allies in this room, why am I not getting my dick sucked?

MRR: so you're not really into "safe words" either, huh?

Scott You can't really talk with a ball gag in your mouth…

MRR: How do you interpret the homo-core scene these days?

Martin: I don't think there's a, quote-unquote, scene. I used to go to the homo punk shows in Chicago and Los Crudos was asked to play a homocore show once, and that was cool. That seemed like more of an organized scene of people from all over the country that were doing stuff, it doesn't seem like that really exists so much anymore and I think it's really dissected. I think there's a lot of queer stuff happening, but its almost like a reflection of how the punk scene is where everything at one point was under one roof—straight edge or super fast thrash or hardcore. It seems like the queer thing has spread out as well, and there's electro kids that still identify as punk and definitely have their roots in punk, but are doing more dance-y stuff. I don't think there's an organized thing going on that existed in the past. It was a presence and it's just not there anymore, it's just spread out stuff happening.

MRR: Does that bum you out?

Martin: No I think it's cool that people are doing their thing, and hey man just try to catch as much of it as you can… It's all over the place.

Steers, Beers, and Punk Queers?

The Not-So-Secret History of Old School Punk Rock Gays and Lesbians in Texas

By David Ensminger

Just as gays set in motion the iconic sounds of the Blank Generation, from Wayne County, Chelsea, and the Screamers, to later acts like Hüsker Dü, regional stalwarts like Gary Floyd of the Dicks, Randy "Biscuit" of the Big Boys, Dianna of the Mydolls, and members of the Butthole Surfers proved that queer punk Texans were not a mere novelty. However, as Kira from Black Flag pointed out to me, "I don't think anyone gave a shit about anyone's gayness" during punk's early years. Or, as JD, guitarist for current Houston firebrands Zipperneck tells it, "I used to skate with a lot of those guys around Austin, and I had no idea that Biscuit was gay. I thought he was just weird, like the rest of us."

This doesn't mean that all of punk fandom—so-called rebel masses at the fringes of rock 'n' roll—eagerly welcomed such gay rockers. Why? "Because rock 'n' roll is not free, it's extremely homophobic," Floyd recalls. "It's not free at all. So many people, believe it or not, don't know I'm gay, and if it happens to come out, they act all weird," he confides. "They don't want to feel emotional about music that a queer is singing, because being queer has such a weird connotation in this society. My thing is that I'm not a real advocate of going out and screaming in my songs about, 'I love him.' I keep my work gender neutral, because I want everybody to be able to relate to my music. And I get a lot of shit from queers about that. I don't give a shit. I do what I want to, and I am pretty open about being gay. I always have been, in a kinda redneck way."

Though the rock 'n' roll scene is still predominately saturated with straight white males, Floyd doesn't want to play the blame game. "I don't like to criticize the gay community for their lack of support of rock 'n' roll music. A few work really hard to make rock 'n' roll to be part of an accepted thing." Still, as he acknowledges, the stigma attached to rock 'n' roll is partly stirred by the gay community's own attitudes. "The oppressed minority kind of shit will come up, like people are telling people to listen to this type of music, and they do it. But you always have a few rebels, a few rock 'n' roll queers. The smartest people in rock 'n' roll are queer. I always remember that."

"I really grew up in the punk culture, not really very much in the gay culture," explains Dianna Ray, bass player for the Mydolls. The Mydolls were a three-quarter female post-punk band whose first show was opening for the Hates at a gay club. "I was more likely to go to a gay men's bar, like a disco, to go dancing, than to a woman's bar, because the music really sucked. So many of them were country and western. We didn't dress like them. We didn't act like them."

For Ray, sexuality wasn't central and all-consuming. "It's either you were, or you weren't. In the context of being in bands, people just didn't talk about it. It seems clear watching a Big Boys show, or knowing Biscuit, that he was gay. But no one ever talked about it."

"Biscuit was an anomaly, abnormal, but in a very good sense of the word," drummer Bob Weber from legends Really Red remembers. "As the front man he was animated, quick-witted, and a whole lot of fun to be around. He didn't adorn himself in being gay or expose himself,

figuratively. Either there was nothing to discuss, or else we'd all been through Bowie's glam years and were blind to it."

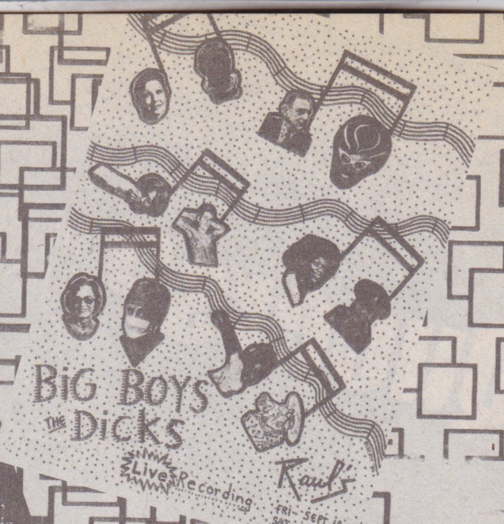
Sexuality seemed subsumed by something greater. "My sexuality was secondary, not really part of the music," Ray attests. Yet, when gay culture had to deal with Reagan's response to AIDS, sexual identity and punk politics seemed to merge much more openly. "I think a lot of us, myself included, are liberal and vocal about the way we feel about social justice issues, whether they are gay rights or issues with illegal immigration and other sorts of discrimination issues," suggests Ray. "That's why we were driven to punk to begin with. A lot of us, even if they were white males, felt disenfranchised, not part of the common culture."

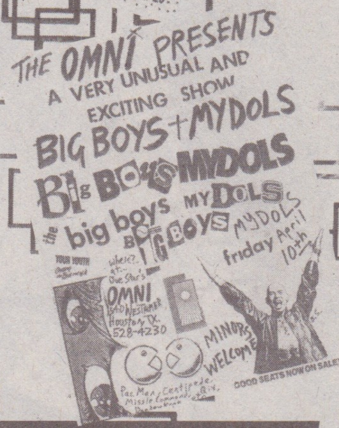
She eagerly adds, "I think the politics of the music drew us to it. It was a platform for change, and against Reagan." Ray even supports my own notion that punk shaped the methods of Queer Nation, ACT UP, and the Women's Action Coalition. "There were a lot of gay people in punk rock, whether we were very vocal about it or not, so we started having this terrible loss of people dying." Punk music formed an outlet in such moments, providing a sharp sense of agit-prop brimming with hope and tenacity.

JR Delgado, bass player for the Derailers, clearly recalls the early era's gay and punk convergence. "Montrose was booming with rock clubs and gays bars. Every counterculture was out and about, especially gays and transvestites. By the time punk/new wave clubs opened in the late '70s, we were used to seeing gays as part of the counterculture, as much as Blacks and Hispanics." Jerry Duncan, singer for Legionnaire's Disease, stresses this too: "We always got on good with gays. We were allies."

The Derailers first gigged at a gay disco called The Parade that featured "New Wave Night" every Wednesday. "There were about ten folks around. After about fifteen minutes into our set we were abruptly stopped, handed our guarantee, and were asked not to play anymore," Delgado reminisces. "I was devastated. We were bad, but not that bad...hey, it was a statement!…art in its rawest form!"

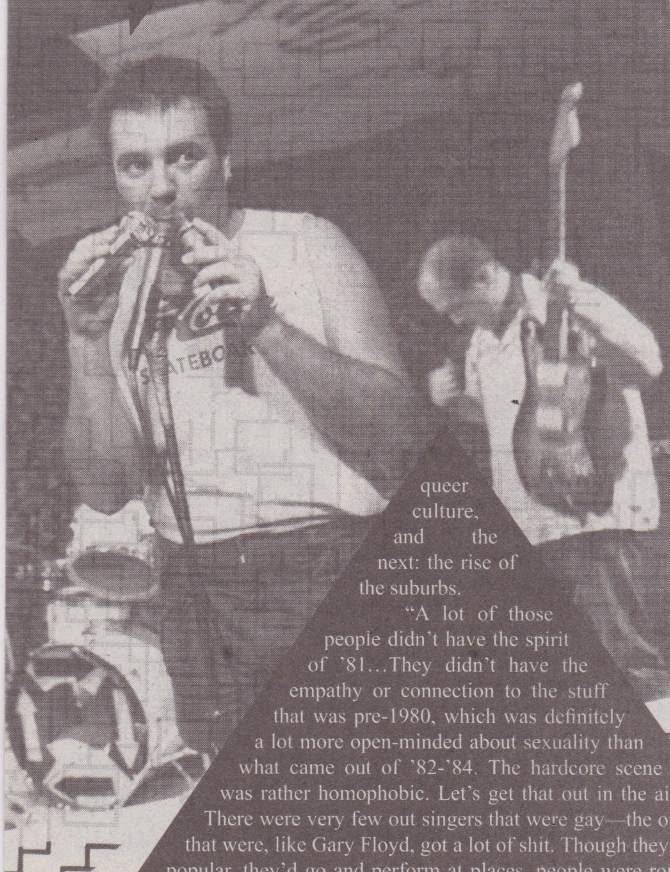
Old school punks Bevatron catalyzed a much different reaction when playing iconic gay bar Marys. "We were seventeen or eighteen years old. Our guitarist hadn't been exposed to that scene before. We're on stage, and right in front, one guy drops his shorts and some other guy blows him," singer Allison Fisher recalls. "The guitarist nearly fell over. It didn't faze me in the least. In retrospect, that's very telling."





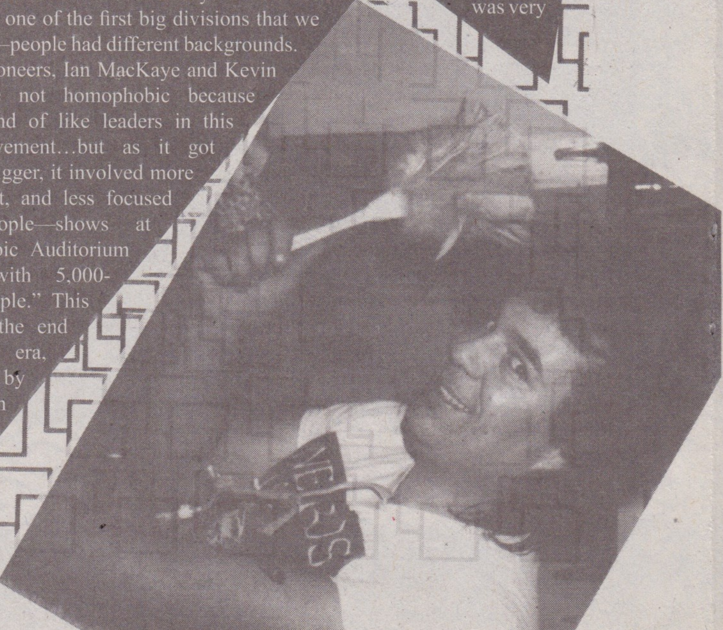
Rumors about the sexual preferences of Dave Dictor, longtime singer for the pithy political hardcore band, MDC, have persisted for over 25 years. They stem from a single set of lyrics, "What makes America so straight and me so bent / They call me a queen / Just another human being!" found on their tune "Dead Cops/America's So Bent" from the band's debut 1982 album. The truth, as Dictor revealed to me, is that he did experiment briefly with his sexuality as a young man, but he is straight, and the song uses a persona—a guise to explore marginalized queer culture and ask intense questions about America's cultural bigotry. He also admits that hardcore was intolerant due to generational differences.

"MDC was very connectedto the 1970s punk rock scene, which was more like a freak revolution than say, what started happening in the early 1980s. Like Minor Threat and SS Decontrol and 7 Seconds, more like young guys in the crew" that lacked links to the Dead Boys or New York Dolls. "That was one of the first big divisions that we began to notice—people had different backgrounds. The original pioneers, Ian MacKaye and Kevin Seconds were not homophobic because they were kind of like leaders in this musical movement…but as it got bigger and bigger, it involved more random, lost, and less focused young people—shows at the Olympic Auditorium stuffed with 5,000-7000 people." This marked the end of one era, shaped by urban queer culture, and the next: the rise of the suburbs.



"A lot of those people didn't have the spirit of '81…They didn't have the empathy or connection to the stuff that was pre-1980, which was definitely a lot more open-minded about sexuality than what came out of '82-'84. The hardcore scene was rather homophobic. Let's get that out in the air. There were very few out singers that were gay—the ones that were, like Gary Floyd, got a lot of shit. Though they were popular, they'd go and perform at places, people were rough and crazy. More and more LA gangs got involved. It just became less comfortable and less fun."

One thing remains clear: Texan punks and queer culture merged musical wit and raunch, and potent politics and personalities.



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"G.B. JONES HAS AN UNEASY FASCINATION WITH AUTHORITY AND USES HER GENDER AND SEXUAL PREFERENCE TO EXPLOIT FANTASIES OF ROCK & ROLL, SEX, GROUPIES, BOOZE, DRUGS, MONEY, LEATHER, TORN JEANS, MOTORCYCLES AND STARDOM AS AN ALL OUT ASSAULT AGAINST VALUES THAT WOULD STRIVE FOR ASSIMILATION OF QUEER CULTURE INTO THE MAINSTREAM. SHE'S EVERY QUEER GIRL AND BOY'S HERO, WHETHER YOU WANT HER TO BE OR NOT. BELIEVE IT OR DON'T, SHE IS LOOKING OUT FOR EVERY QUEER'S BEST INTERESTS."
ARNOLD J KEMP

G.B. Jones is an artist, a filmmaker, a musician, a writer and publisher of zines. She has been trying to reshape culture since the early '80s, in many different mediums. JDs, her zine created with Bruce La Bruce challenged so-called alternative cultures to really be alternative; to open it up in terms of gender roles, sexuality, and identity. With Double Bill, *created with Caroline Azar, Jena von Brücker, Johnny Noxzema and Rex, she questioned the acceptance of William Burroughs as a queer icon, reminding readers of his misogyny. In the early '80s she joined the synth-punk band Bunny and the Lakers. In '85 Jones formed the infamous Fifth Column, whose early '90s single on K,* All Women are Bitches *was a defining classic of feminist punk, and a Riot Grrrl anthem. GB is perhaps best known for her film work and has directed and appeared in a number of underground films. In 1990, the two JDs editors held JDs movie nights in London, Toronto, Montreal and San Francisco, showing their no budget films made on Super 8 mm film.* The Troublemakers *premiered at this time and proved influential, although rarely screened afterwards till the mid '00s. She starred in* No Skin Off My Ass *in 1991. Her best-known work from this period is perhaps* The Yo-Yo Gang, *released in 1992, a 30-minute exploitation movie about girl gangs. This interview focuses on the just-released ten-year Super 8 epic, the mythical* Lollipop Generation.

MRR: Do you remember when you first got the idea for the storyline for *The Lollipop Generation*, and what was happening in your life at that time?
G.B. Jones: It was thirteen years ago, in the '90s and thirteen years is a long time...

MRR: When was the oldest piece of footage in the movie shot, and when was the most the most recent?
The oldest footage was shot in the very early '90s, during tours with Fifth Column, before I had even thought of making *The Lollipop Generation*. I knew I would use it for something, someday, but in the beginning I was just filming images out of the window of the tour van that I wanted to remember. The most recent scene that was filmed was with Andrew Cecil at Jarvis Collegiate, which is the school they used in the original *Degrassi High* television show. We filmed that scene in September of this year.

MRR: Of the following aspects of filmmaking, which would you say you prefer most: writing, shooting, working with the actors, working with the *animal* actors, editing, or post-production work?
The writing and shooting and working with the actors is all one thing. On the day we're shooting we're figuring out what to do, writing the scene as we go along. The actor is writing the scene as he or she decides how to play the scene, and I'm writing it as I decide how to film it, and it's really all about what happens at that time, in that location, and what occurs in front of the camera. And that's exciting. With the dogs, Batgirl and Big Ethel, it was different, but both of them loved being in front of the camera. Every time we would take a camera out they would get so excited, they always had fun so that always made it fun for us too. They loved being movie stars. Editing and post-production is where everything you've done gets re-contextualized into the larger framework. You get to watch the scenes with music and hear the voices and see it all come together. You couldn't pick any one part over another because it's all so great. But I think the best part is going to the theatre to see it after it's done.

MRR: Who are some of the people who have been most helpful in the making of *The Lollipop Generation*?
A lot of people helped make this movie and it would never have got finished if it wasn't for them. From the beginning Jena von Brücker has helped me with everything. Even though she hated acting in the movie, she helped in every way to make it. Kids On TV did a benefit for the movie that made it possible for me to finish filming it and if it wasn't for them, I couldn't have done it either. Scott Berry at Images Festival did everything possible to make sure I could finish the movie and helped me in so many ways, he's really responsible for the film getting finally finished. All the actors and all the musicians who wrote songs for the movie were all so fabulous, I really wanted to finish the film for them so people could see how great they all are.

MRR: As with your previous films such as *The Troublemakers* and *The Yo-Yo Gang*, and the film you collaborated on, *No Skin Off My Ass*, some of *The Lollipop Generation* looks almost like a silent film except with voiceovers dubbed in later. In certain ways it reminds me of the *Godzilla* movies I loved as a little kid, but in other ways it reminds me of the old silent movies that I never saw until film-study class in college. Is that irritating to you?
Whatever you see in the movie, if it reminds you of movies you saw and loved as a kid, then that's what's yours to appreciate in the experience of watching it. That's all part of watching movies. It's always something different for everyone, each person sees something different and that's what so good about watching movies. Even though it's a form of mass communication, it's still different for every person. *The Lollipop Generation*, unlike the earlier movies, includes videotape, which has sync-sound recorded on location, so that's something really new and it was great to be able to work with it. It's great to mix it up with the Super 8, and see the difference between them both. You're right, the first movie, *The Troublemakers* is kind of like a silent movie, and with each new one it's like a progression through the decades of film history in a way. Not Hollywood movie history, but home movie history. Now that videotape is a part of it, it's kind of like they've reached the '70s, when people started making home movies on video. And one day my movies will probably even catch up to today.

MRR: Do you think of your films as within the genre called queer experimental film?
No, no, no. I mean, I think some people don't really get what we're doing, so they try to stick a label on us, to try to define and limit us. Some people call it experimental film, some people call it documentary filmmaking, other people call it "New Queer Cinema." But we're going beyond the borders they're trying to impose on us. It is an experiment. It's an experiment every time I try to make a movie,'cause we're trying to do things differently, differently than it's been done before. It's an experiment with underground stars and songs, from an underground scene.

MRR: Do you see any similarities between the character Jena Von Brücker plays in *The Yo-Yo Gang* and the character Jane Danger plays in *The Lollipop Generation*?
Do you?

MRR: Yeah, both seem pretty tough to me, but with an inner soft side, if that makes any sense.
Really? It's so amazing how Jena could create a character that's so different from the role she played in *The Yo-Yo Gang*. She was so tough and mean in that movie, but in *The Lollipop Generation* her character Georgie is so sweet and innocent. She can be a brat, too, which she has to be to survive on the streets, but I think Jena really makes each role so different that it's hard to remember it's actually the same person in both roles, they are both such distinct personalities. That's why it's interesting that you think Jane Danger's character seems more like Jena's character, Spills, from

The Yo-Yo Gang. Jane is playing a girl who is a lot more street-wise than Georgie, so she's a lot tougher, and Jane was so good at playing her. I don't really try very hard to make the characters seem realistic so that just proves what good actresses they both are. Maybe if Jena's character Georgie stays on the street, she'll end up being just like the girl Spills that Jena played in *The Yo-Yo Gang*.

MRR: You mentioned that there may be an official release of the film soundtrack of *The Lollipop Generation*. Has there been any further discussion about that project? And can you say a word or two about the music you included, and what function you believe music should play in cinema?

Yes, a soundtrack is going to be released because all the songs are so great. I asked the musicians that are in the movie to write a song for it and the only thing they had to do was to include the word "lollipop" in the song, or title, or both. I wasn't in touch with some of the people since we'd done the scenes so long ago, but the people I was still in touch with all gave me great songs they all wrote specifically for the movie. Because there aren't only actors in the movie, but actors and singers and musicians and artists and writers and filmmakers, it's not like a Hollywood movie where everything is compartmentalized, where each person involved is assigned only one task. With the movies we're making, everyone can try different things, so that some people did acting and cinematography, and some did acting and the lights, and some did acting and writing songs. With our movies, it's like all the different scenes come together, the music scene, the acting scene, the art scene and the movie scene and it makes it more exciting. And everyone who is in the movie and wrote a song comes from a different city—your project, Anonymous Boy and the Abominations, are from New York City, the Hidden Cameras are from Toronto, Jane Danger is from Chicago, The Swishin' Duds, Gary Fembot's band, is from San Francisco. So it's not just music and art and acting scenes coming together, it's scenes from all different places in North America. And then there's also Mariae Nascenti, from Milan, Italy, which makes it intercontinental.

MRR: It seems to me that some of the organizations that are allegedly supposed to be there to help the runaway and throwaway youth who become ensnared in prostitution and teen-porn, are often revealed to be exploiting the youth as well. One such scandal involved a place called Covenant House that was right on the corner of the street I live on. The regularity of these scandals might be one reason why teens choose not to put their trust is such institutions, but I wonder if one message of your movie is that such teenagers can learn to put their trust in each other and in themselves? And if that is the message, do you think that is enough of a solution?

There's no doubt that such scandals seem to occur with regularity in a variety of institutions. It would only make sense that young people feel they can't trust such institutions, but what I hope is that this recognition begins to go even farther. Religious institutions have been seen to betray the trust of young people but government agencies are also accountable. In fact, the government itself should be accountable for the circumstances of the lives of the young people who are regarded as "throwaway kids." In so many ways, on so many levels, the fact that kids have to grow up on the street is a testament to how government, police, religious, economic, and educational institutions, in almost every country, don't really work and certainly don't have the best interests of their younger citizens at heart. It's time to realize that all these institutions, the very countries we live in, have abandoned the younger members of their societies, have let them be exploited, have not protected their rights, have put them in jails, or mental institutions, invented new "disorders" so they can drug them up, or let them live on the streets, and as such, are not deserving of any respect, or sense of loyalty or patriotism. Young people have to put their trust only in themselves and, if possible, each other. There's no other choice. Is that enough of a solution? No. But pragmatically, right now there aren't a lot of options. I think young people have to trust themselves and each other. And if they can help each other survive, then the next step will be to try to educate themselves so they can find a way to tell other about their lives and the truth can get out.

MRR: I was thrilled that one of the scenes I shot for you made it into the movie, but I also wonder why the second scene we shot didn't make it in. Is it typical that some of the scenes you shoot do not make it into the finished films, and what are some other examples of scenes that were shot for the movie that didn't make it to the final cut?

I don't remember the other scene we shot, Tony! Maybe it didn't turn out, because I don't remember ever seeing it and I don't have it on any of my outtake reels. You never really know if a roll will turn out or not. When we were rushing to get the film done in time for the Images Festival, I had filmed some scenes with Jena for the credits, and Scott Berry had filmed some scenes of me and Andrew, and we sent the film off express post so we could get it back as soon as possible. As soon as it arrived, Scott phoned me up and I rushed over to watch it. We were really excited to see it so we set up the projector right there in the office, turned off the lights, and turned the play button on and...nothing. There was nothing on the film at all! That's the thing about Super 8, you never know what you'll get. Sometimes a roll will come back and everything is tinted blue and it will look beautiful. Other times they'll be some big flash of light like an explosion, and other times suddenly in the middle of a scene everything will go red. It's very exciting because you never know what will happen. Some people think these kinds of things are mistakes, but I love them. I put all the mistakes that ever happened right into *The Lollipop Generation*.

MRR: You recently uncovered a can of footage that was shot for the movie and you've since edited this footage into the final film. I am curious to know if you remembered the lost footage while you were editing the film for the Images Festival. Were you fretting and wondering where it was...or had you simply completely forgotten about it until you re-discovered it? And I'd also like to know how and where this footage was found, by the way.

When I was editing the film, I did keep wondering if there was footage that I was forgetting, but I'd looked through almost twenty rolls of extra footage and hadn't found anything, so I assumed that the shots I thought I remembered filming must not have come out when they returned from the lab. This was besides the three half-hour reels that constituted the original edit of the film, all done using the Super 8 viewer and splicer. When I went back to do a re-edit, I decided to look through every single roll one more time. It took me about a week to look at everything but I finally found all this footage that I hadn't seen in years. It wasn't all on one reel however; it was on various reels that I'd labeled as outtakes. All in all, it was about three minutes worth of footage and it was really exciting to be able to use it for the re-edit and incorporate it into the film. So, since the last time you saw the movie at the premiere, there are new scenes I filmed in the summer, plus the lost footage, and lots of new voice-overs that Jena and Andrew did that are so funny and great. It's the new and improved *Lollipop Generation*!

MRR: The character that Vaginal Davis portrays is in some ways both funny and frightening. What was your reasoning behind this disturbing and seemingly unhinged character in the film?

No one could have played that character except Vaginal Davis. She is, of course, a true comic genius. But because of her comedic talent, it's easy to overlook the fact that in the thirteen minutes she's in the film she'll teach you everything you could learn in a seven-course, three-semester year at university. People pay thousands of dollars to learn what she can reveal to you in one film. She's covering so much ground in this performance; it's astounding. People don't really notice all this because she's just so funny, and they're laughing too hard to pick up on everything she's doing. People have commented, and it's true, that Vaginal is so far ahead of her time. We filmed this more than ten years ago and yet all of Vaginal's dialogue, which she conceived and improvised on the spot, is totally contemporary and totally relevant to everything that's happening today. As an actress she's absolutely fearless, and it's so amazing to watch. That's why she can embody two seemingly contradictory impulses and be both funny and frightening at the same time and make it all work. With the film, I wanted to create something that could be both funny and frightening all at once. I mean, the film is presented as a kind of children's story, very like a movie made for younger people, almost like a fairy tale; it's the story of a girl who runs away from home, only to enter a kind of bizarre world filled with monsters that she must contend with if she ever wants to find her way back. Except in my film, the monsters are pedophiles, and pornographers, and playground perverts. Just like in real life!

MRR: I fear I offended one of the actors Andrew Cecil when I innocently (I swear) compared the *explicit* scene in the movie to *porn*. Were you similarly offended?

It's a tricky question, because of course the word pornography means so many different things to so many different people. Certainly *The Lollipop Generation* isn't pornography by today's standards. But it would have been fifty years ago, just like Jack Smith's movies and Warhol's early movies and Kenneth Anger's movies were considered pornographic, or even twenty years ago, like Nick Zedd's movies were considered pornographic. For that reason, I wouldn't say I was "against" pornography, since I'm sure you can still find plenty of people who would think all the underground movies from the 1960s right up 'til today, including *The Lollipop Generation*, are pornography. But I'm not "for" the pornography industry. They're just putting out another product, adding to the endless dross that fills up this consumer society we have the misfortune to live in, and like all big industries they don't care about their consumers or their employees. They only care about making money. I'm not "for" any industry like that. So, in that sense, *The Lollipop Generation* is the exact opposite of pornography. And Andrew is working with me, starring in my movies, doing the voice-overs and helping with the sound recording and lots of other stuff, and we're trying to create an alternative to that, so it becomes very important to make it clear that we're doing something really different. So even if people are nude in the movie and having sex onscreen, they're doing it for very different reasons, with totally different ideas behind it and with very different goals, and that's what we want people to know. People were shocked by that scene with Andrew and Paul and Scott and Mark, but that's good because then they begin to see what it is we're doing differently and why we're doing it.

MRR: When do you envision yourself beginning work on a new movie, and can you say a little bit about what you would like such a potential new movie to be? Is there anything you feel you would like to express through the medium of filmmaking that you haven't done yet?

I think a lot of people liked *The Yo-Yo Gang*, and they thought this new movie would be just like it, but it's very different. I don't want to make the same movie over and over and it would be impossible to do that, anyway. So, I think a lot of people were surprised by *The Lollipop Generation*; it wasn't what they were expecting at all. And the next movie will be different too, so, if people think it will be the same as *The Lollipop Generation* then they're going to surprised all over again! I'm just figuring out what the new movie should be based on what people are saying about this one. Someone wrote that I just point the camera at my friends and let them do whatever they want and, actually, I didn't really do that, but I think that's a great idea and next time I will do that. And people have written that there isn't much of a story, so for the next movie I want to have even less of a story. Anything that people think is bad about my movies is what I aim for. They're just going to keep getting worse and worse and worse. Or better and better and better, depending on your point of view. For *The Lollipop Generation*, I put in every shot that was a mistake. If the color changed in the middle of the scene, I put it in. If there was a big flare-up on the film because of a light leak, I put that in. If there were weird white lines on the videotape, I put it in. I love all the mistakes. All the things that people think are mistakes are good. That's my message.

Schwarzer Kanal

Nestled between two busy streets and the River Spree in the centre of Berlin/Germany, people live on a plot of land in caravans and bauwagen as a feminist / queer-identified collective. Schwarzer Kanal was established in 1990 right next to the former Berlin Wall in East Berlin and is still here today. I caught up with Mr. James Velo, a resident of Schwarzer Kanal, to shed some light on the magic that is Schwarzer Kanal. After having been in the current location for about six years, the owners (a building company called Hoch-Tief) want to evict the site on January 1, 2010. Schwarzer Kanal is not only a place of people to live communally but also a functioning queer / punk community space. Schwarzer Kanal bleibt!!!
The interview took place on the veranda of James' wagon in early July 2009, and was conducted by boitel

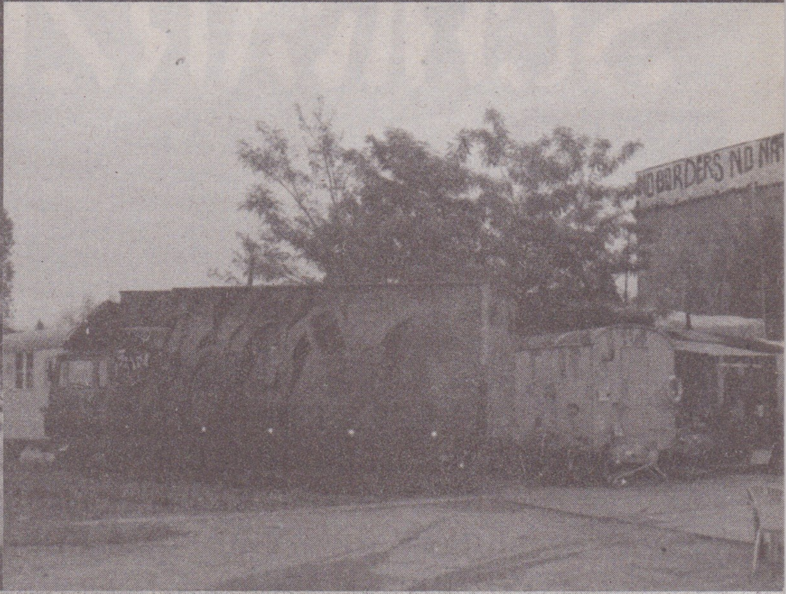
MRR: What is Schwarzer Kanal, then?
James: Schwarzer Kanal is what's called a wagenplatz in German. The nearest equivalent in English would be a trailer park. The vehicles that people live in are bauwagen—old building site vehicles used for builders to have their cups of tea in. They're wooden with four wheels, and they don't have an engine. Otherwise, people live in trucks and there are about 27 different wagons on Schwarzer Kanal. It's quite a large area of land in the centre of Berlin, with trees and a garden. Around the corner is the toilet wagon with showers with running water. There are a lot of individual wagons that people live in, and then there's a communal wagon where people share a kitchen and cook together. There's also a workshop wagon and a party wagon for the project part of Schwarzer Kanal. People live here, but also a large part of it is this queer political cultural project that others can come to and take part in a variety of different events that happen here. Next to Schwarzer Kanal is a disused massive factory, and the site is right next to the River Spree and a train line. Techno parties happen annoyingly every other day in the summer next door to us. We are in this very urban setting but it's also very green and lush and tranquil at the same time. It's a bit of a weird combination—a crazy and kind of tranquil haven.

MRR: How many people live at Schwarzer Kanal?
James: It fluctuates but we're between fifteen and twenty people. In the summer we always have a good few guests.

MRR: How does life at Schwarzer Kanal work?
James: Most people that live here share the kitchen wagon. Between the fifteen of us we share the cooking and cleaning and take turns on one day of the week. That seems to work quite well. I'm quite impressed that it always works so well. We have a meeting every Tuesday to talk about organizational stuff and questions from outside.

MRR: Could you tell us a bit about the history of Schwarzer Kanal? I know there's a fair bit of shaping and shifting in the history of the place, as it is now.
James: For the first twelve years that Schwarzer Kanal existed, it was at another site down the road near Schilling Bridge. Then people got thrown out of there cos' ver.di (a large German trade union) wanted to build their headquarters there. At that time, it was mixed with lots of hippie arty people living there. At the time, they had regular events, too, and also a really popular occasional queer varieté. Then they moved here. It was stressful from the beginning here because the neighbors put in a legal complaint against the wagenplatz saying we were ugly… Legally, if you're looking at the strict German housing law you're actually not permitted to live in a wagon cos' they don't

SCHWARZER KANAL



meet the hygiene and fire safety standards. As soon as someone puts in a legal complaint against you, you can't do much about it because you haven't got a leg to stand on. So, there's always instability about staying here. In this situation a lot of people left, because living here was too stressful and the only people that stayed on were female-socialized people and they sat down and decided to stay a women's space. Soon after that, people moved in that strongly wanted transgender visibility so it became a "women / lesbian / trans wagenplatz" and then in 2006 we changed that to "queer" open to anyone who's comfortable with that term.

MRR: A personal question, now. How did you end up at Schwarzer Kanal?
James: Well, I moved to Berlin in 2006 from London. I fancied a break from London and Berlin seemed like the automatic choice when you want to leave London and still want to live in a place that has lots of radical queer-type people around…and I didn't really fancy going to North America. As you can't really squat in Berlin anymore, the nearest to that is living in a bauwagen. At that time there weren't any comparable queer projects in Berlin. There were the boys in one house, the "fag squat" (Tuntenhaus, in Prenzlauer Berg), and then the women / lesbians in their co-ops. Schwarzer Kanal seemed more open to being queer-identified, so it sorta became the automatic choice.

MRR: As Schwarzer Kanal is currently under the serious threat of eviction again, what's the current situation?
James: Our neighbors won against us in court. We had quite favourable local politicians that said that they wouldn't evict us unless they'd really have to. In the meantime, our owners, the building company Hoch-Tief, have decided that they have to build their headquarters on the site. They had some dodgy deal. When they bought the land in former East Berlin, the government sold them the land really cheaply. However, there was a clause in contract that they were to build on the land in a certain time span (ten years), so they wouldn't just sit on the land and speculate on it for another 50 years. If you've got a huge plot of land in central Berlin, inevitably that's going to be worth a lot of money eventually. So, now they decided to build their own headquarters here. Our contract runs out on January 1, 2010, and that's when we have to face an impending eviction. In the meantime, we have quite a name in Berlin and politically we're quite known, so they can't evict us and have nobody notice.

MRR: Changing gears slightly, I was wondering what kind of people live on Schwarzer Kanal in a bauwagen. Is there a certain type of people that's attracted to this lifestyle? Are they punks?
James: I would definitely say that it's got an anarchist flavor to it here. Our meetings and the way we operate is very anarchist. There's a lot of people that come from this feminist-empowered trade worker background, like they're carpenters, we've got a smith, or me—I'm a bike mechanic. People that like working with their hands and like working on their trucks. We're mainly people with a lesbian background. There are a couple of faggy type people but most people actually coming from the lesbian direction. A lot of people would probably identify as punk cos' there's always the paranoia of seeming too hippie, of course. I'd say we're quite soft-core, though… (laughs)

MRR: So, are there no record collectors here, then?
James: No, there's no electricity here. It wouldn't make any sense.

MRR: If I came to Schwarzer Kanal as a supporter, how could I get involved? Could you talk a bit about the project side of Schwarzer Kanal, please? What kind of projects happen here? What's coming up in the next few months?
James: For instance, today, it's Wednesday, we have a bike workshop here every Wednesday. If you turn up, you can join in, or have a look and learn, bring your own bike and fix it up. This evening at 7pm, there's a Vokü (Editor's note: a cheap vegan community meal). Our other events are more sporadic. Next week, there's Ladyfest in Berlin and there's going to be a gig here and some workshops. People are always welcome to show up at the event to help set up or clean up or do bar shift. We also often go on demonstrations together, especially now with our eviction situation. Entzaubert film festival happened in June '09 for the third year now—a lovely DIY radical queer film festival with lots of great films every year (http://entzaubert.blogsport.de). On the first weekend of September (September 3-5, 2009), there will be a music festival here called Up Your Ears (http://upyourears.noblogs.org).

Schwarzer Kanal

MRR: It's actually really impressive and fantastic how much stuff is happening here, and that the fifteen or so people that live here actually open their doors to the broader queer community in Berlin to use Schwarzer Kanal as a space for projects. So, thanks a lot for that! Since Schwarzer Kanal is quite special and unique being a radical queer, feminist-identified wagenplatz in Berlin, what's Schwarzer Kanal's role in relation to other radical projects in Berlin?

James: It's been a kind of struggle with the Berlin tendency of everyone staying in their little ghetto. It's so big that you find your group and stick to them. We do have ties to a lot of projects, for instance the Køpi, which is right around the corner from here. If there's trouble there's a feeling that people at Køpi would come out for us and we for them. Then there's a women/lesbian house project called Liebig 34 and a lot of people from there come to our events and we go to theirs. More and more I see people here that I've seen at other queer events, like some of the alterative pride organization group (Editor's note: Transgenialer CSD) were here the other day. You feel it's mixing more around here. People are feeling it's their place, as well. And it's not just a little wagon ghetto.

MRR: So it's quite unique in what it is but also part of the whole thing DIY/(ex-)squat thing in Berlin, then …

James: Yes, that's the key to it. It's a work in progress, though. There are people that live here that come from this stern serious feminist political background, so sometimes it takes a bit of work to convince people that it's a queer project as well but we're working on it. I'm not exempt from that, either. When you wake up and are in a bad mood for whatever reason and you have to walk to the bathroom 100 meters away and on the way you got past fifteen guests, who probably all turned up the night before and they are all happy and want to say Hi!— meaning it in the best way possible. However, you can't manage to smile at them right at that moment and you just keep to yourself and go back to your wagon. In that time you've probably ruined the experience of Schwarzer Kanal for those people. But, oh well… (laughs) why not! It goes together with being here.

MRR: I find Schwarzer Kanal is usually fairly welcoming and warm to people that come to attend events…once one gets to know you. (laughter) By the way, there's another project coming up this year, isn't it?

James: Yes, it's the Queer And Rebel days, which takes place from October 21-24, 2009. That's our action week to mobilize against the eviction. We want to focus attention on the groups and people that are responsible for the situation and who are in a position to do something about it, such as the Hoch-Tief, ver. di, and politicians who are currently not doing enough to find a solution. We'd like people to come along and help and take part. If you can't make it cos' you live in North America, I wouldn't recommend that you would just fly over for four days… What we'd love for people to do in their towns is to do a banner drop or just make a banner saying "Schwarzer Kanal Bleibt!" ("Schwarzer Kanal—we're gonna stay!") during that time and email us a photo to schwarzerkanal@squat.net, so we could put it on our website.

MRR: Is there anything you'd like to talk about in this interview? We haven't talked enough about identity politics really yet, have we?! What does "queer" mean, then?

James: Well, that could be another article... don't you want to say more about Schwarzer Kanal as somebody that uses it but doesn't live here? Maybe I could ask you a Schwarzer Kanal question! So, what's your impression of Schwarzer Kanal as somebody that comes here and uses the project and takes part in the whole thing but doesn't live here?

MRR: Hmm, first of all, Schwarzer Kanal is amazing, of course, cos' it's a radical queer DIY space which doesn't exist in Berlin like that, otherwise. It comes really close to a place that a political queer DIY punk could otherwise only dream of. Obviously, it's a pretty open and welcoming place, as people that live here open up the space and invite people to do stuff here and take part in events. That sets it apart from quite a lot of other projects. "If you're queer and nice come here and do stuff with us." That's a beautiful and radical approach. It's an amazing place where a lot of great things come together, be it punk, queer, radical anarchist politics, whatever… The gigs / stuff we put on here were probably my favorites out of the ones I put on / went to in many years. If I were to pick out two events as my favorites, it would be us putting on New Bloods and Red Herring from Portland here. The atmosphere and energy of the nights were just amazing. We managed to create a friendly, open queer space that you don't get to experience a lot anywhere else...friendly, open, passionate, political and DIY. You know, people actually dance and visibly have a joyful time at these gigs here… Schwarzer Kanal is something you'd only dream about being an ever-so-slightly alienated queer punk kid wherever you grow up. I'm super glad I found this place and get to be part of it. Even though I don't live here and enjoy the comforts of living in a house down the road. The great thing that you can come to Schwarzer Kanal with these slightly random ideas of putting on your quirky, folky DIY punk gig or whatever here and people will be supportive and help you with things and chip in…and dance their arses off! It's a place that brings like-minded people together.

James: That's nice to hear!

www.schwarzerkanal.squat.net

boitel333@hotmail.com

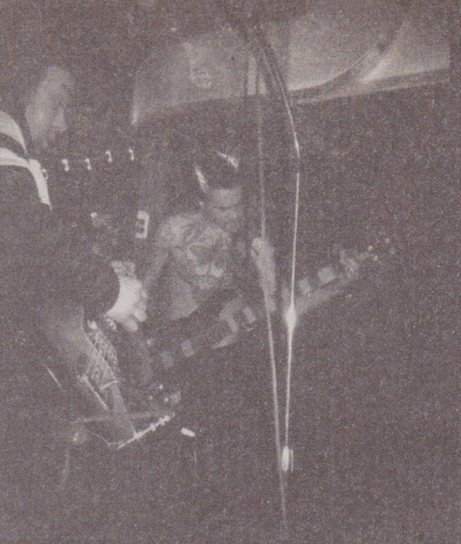
Schwarzer Kanal is something you'd only dream about being an ever-so-slightly alienated queer punk kid wherever you grow up.

Ayla and Myles; a Metal Exchange

Ayla is a sober, vegan, self-identified transwoman living in Portland, Oregon active in the punk and metal scene, who rides her bike for a living. Myles is a drunk, gay, male, native Philadelphian turned Oregon refugee who has been playing in various punk, hardcore and metal bands over the past fifteen years.

Myles: One of the things I remember you telling me was that you transitioned pretty much inside the whole bike messenger subculture, which pretty much blew my mind considering how homophobic I found working that job.
Ayla: I actually started transitioning five years ago, when I was totally not out and super closeted in another dude-centric job that was all manual labor. Even though I was really gay and obviously queer. I was out as queer but not as a lady, which was brutal. I think work definitely pushed me to come out, because being closeted in this environment that was so dude-y really made me fed up. I totally swore that the next job I had I'd be out in. I really wanted to be on my bike, working and having freedom in that way, but it was horrifying in that I could already tell from the outside how straight and how much of a dude-culture the whole messenger thing was.
Myles: So why did you pick that?
Ayla: So I could still be hell-of punk and work outside. I've always been obsessed with bikes. It's weird, I feel like the messenger subculture is like this default punk culture, but not with any DIY or worthwhile politics whatsoever. It's kind of utilitarian and crusty. It's way more unapologetically fucked up in the messenger scene. I just feel really disillusioned by the whole political line, that punk is supposed to have politics and be supportive and open minded, because it isn't it just hurts that much more. I feel way more accepted in the metal scene I'm involved in than the punk scene. I've just dealt with so much more bullshit in punk, which is really sad to think about. Homophobia and transphobia at shows; I've dealt with a lot of weird looks and questioning what I'm wearing. There's a bunch of anti-femme bullshit me and my friends have experienced at punk shows—I've dressed femme and had total crusty boys grab me and touch me without asking. It's so straight, I mean metal is so straight too, but it's more upsetting because I have this idea in my mind that punk is meant to be this really open and diverse scene, and it never ends up being what I wish it would be.
Myles: What bands have you been involved in?
Ayla: I'm in a metal band that's 3/4ths queer called Anon Remora. I'm also in Disemballerina and Tandemnation. And I was in Malice Discordia.
Myles: To what extent has being queer affected your songwriting?
Ayla: Definitely me identifying as transsexual and having that experience and being queer and genderqueer-identified is my fucking life, so it's impossible for that not to come into my songwriting. All my songwriting comes from a super sad and lonesome place.
Myles: Is that reflective of what your queer identity is like?
Ayla: I don't know about that. It ends up being a lot of stuff about isolation, depression and hatred. Hatred of the society I find myself within.
Myles: Do you feel that culturally queer people are spoon-fed more self-loathing?
Ayla: I'm really not sure.
Myles: (laughs) because you're not straight?
Ayla: I feel like this is definitely a culture that silences a lot of urges that are still considered really wrong and monstrous. I think it's a possibility.
Myles: Why do you think there are so few queers involved in punk?
Ayla: I feel like there have been a lot of queers in punk, and they've totally left punk behind because they feel really jaded by the whole experience because there's a total lack of visibility. It's just not a place for queers because it's so owned and operated by this straight community of people. That is just really problematic and sad for me. And you?
Myles: There's less and less of a reason to stick around unless you're actively involved. I definitely noticed this myself as a fag. The older I get, the more of a rare breed I become. A lot of my straight friends are oblivious to the fact that having the option to date within your own subculture can sometimes be a major factor to stick around, and a privilege.
Ayla: Word.
Myles: *MRR* has had two queer issues prior to this in the history of the zine. Thanks? Where would you like to see queer presence in punk the next time another issue rolls around?
Ayla: I would like to see what I feel like my band-mates and I am trying to create slowly but surely. In the punk scene and especially the metal scene I'd just like to see more women making music and more queers and more of a diverse scene in general that's not all straight and white. There's a lot of misogyny in both scenes and it's troubling.
Myles: For those who are looking and doubting queer presence in underground heavy music, what bands would you recommend?
Ayla: Doomhawk, Saros, Vradiazei, Filthmattress, Trannysaurus Sex, Discharge Information System. Plus Hammers Of Misfortune have a new guitar player who's a big gaywad. Who am I forgetting?
Myles: Gorgoroth!!
Ayla: I forgot about him! That was seriously one of the best things ever this year! How, when, and in what context did you come out?
Myles: I was fifteen. One of my first boyfriends threatened to kill himself when we broke up, and wrote me this intense letter that my mother found when she did my laundry. She cried like crazy and my dad avoided me and then...life went on. In punk, I've always been out. It's worked both for and against me.
Ayla: How did you get involved in punk?
Myles: My exposure to DIY punk in Philly came from dating this guy as a teenager who played guitar for a crust band there. Through him, I started going to warehouse venues like STALAG 13. I knew immediately that I wanted to be in a band. Unfortunately, I was approaching the punk scene from the angle of someone who didn't "prove his worth" and come out later, but rather as a fag right off the bat. I remember approaching people to play music, and getting responses like "Dude that'd be so funny! It'd be like Anal Cunt but you're actually gay!" It was frustrating.

Then I heard some early cassette era black metal, stuff like Les Legiones Noires, that is kind of punk as fuck 'cause it's so lo-fi and done



by lone miserable teenagers with four-tracks. Plus my friend Sean had a solo noise band called Baby In A Trashcan, and all of a sudden I was like "Why am I waiting for these assholes to roll out the red carpet?!" So I got a drum machine and a bass, and formed a band with myself called Myles Of Destruction, which expanded into a bass, violin and drum grindcore trio. That lasted six years.

Ayla: Do you find differences in the existence of queers in the punk scenes on the west coast?

Myles: I still don't see many queers playing extreme music, much less many other gay men doing it, but granted I only moved here a year and a half ago.

Ayla: I know we've talked a lot lately about people toying with queer identity in the punk scene. Why you think that happens and how does it make you feel?

Myles: Death to false Homosexuals! There's tons of liberal guilt in the corners of punk you and I are familiar with. I suspect some really pathetic punks think it's an easy way to pretend they're oppressed or "edgy." If there were more queers around there would definitely be less straight punks drunkenly feigning bisexuality for laughs or attention. Or at least people like that would get called out more than they do. I'm not knocking bisexuals, but I'm sick of having punk dudes flirt and make out with me that don't turn out to be fags. It's a real condescending way of showing a lack of homophobia. You can be supportive of queers without pretending to be one. Be yourself.

Ayla: I think it's totally valid for people to kind of discover and experiment with their sexuality, and work out their shit. I think it's so important for anyone coming out as anything. But yeah, I think there is some problematic shit that happens. What type of punk or metal scene would you like to see and how would it happen?

Myles: I would like to see a punk/metal scene where queers get involved and don't wait for a goddamn invitation. I feel like that's the big downfall right there. I think straight punks are kind of understandably clueless when it comes to how to treat queers largely because there are so few present to test the waters with. The bottom line is, if you're waiting for permission from anyone or for some social tide to change, you missed the whole point of punk and this will never be a subculture you're a part of.

Ayla: How has being queer affected your songwriting?

Myles: Myles Of Destruction had one song called "Mourning Sickness" that was about when I was fifteen and got drugged up and sexually assaulted by an older guy I met on the internet and the ordeal of coming to terms with it. Fifteen years ago people really hadn't zeroed in on the concept of internet sexual predators the way that they are now. I think a lot of young queer people have that kind of experience of an older person coming into their life at a really unstable time and taking advantage of them, and it's totally swept under the rug.

Ayla: Totally. Especially by straight people.

Myles: Queers don't want to admit it sometimes happens in their own backyard. Another song, "Castrati" was about my sister who's a transwoman. She was so afraid of getting a psychological evaluation for legal permission to get gender reassignment surgery that she had the operation performed at home by a surgeon "friend". I found out when she called me from the hospital after the stitching got infected and she'd lost all this blood. She almost died to become who she is.

Ayla: What sort of homophobia have you experienced in the punk scene?

Myles: I had another experience walking home

from a show with the same transwoman. Three guys started fucking with her on the street, asking insulting "What are you?" questions. And I just snapped. I have an idiotic temper, but I forget how weak I am. I maced one guy but got my head kicked into the cement until I saw white flashes. My friend hit one of them in the stomach with a fistful of keys but she ended up on the ground too...and then all of a sudden this mob of people came running from the show to help! Apparently, one guy, Mike Dailey, had seen the initial confrontation on a bike and rounded all these people up. It was kind of heart swelling even if it was too late. But it's the thought that counts. Thanks, Philly.

Ayla: That's rad.

Myles: Myles Of Destruction had our third tour down south, and there was this one show in Tennessee where a bunch of metalhead kids came to the show to heckle us. One was wearing a "God Hates Fags" shirt. I was embarrassed for them. Like, this is what you're doing with your Friday night? Rounding up a gang to harass me? I'm getting paid for this shit, what's your excuse? Oh no... He called me a fag! Someone poured water on the witch! I'm melting! I was really looking forward to messing with these trolls while we played, but the promoter kicked them out. Do you find yourself in situations where the lack of other queer people present appoints you, like it or not, as the un-appointed moral authority?

Ayla: Totally.

Myles: Girl, can I just tell you, I was a temp tour bassist for Fire Down Below and we landed at this one show in Vermont, where all these stupid punks were saying some of the most homophobic bullshit I've ever heard. It wouldn't stop. And my band mates watched me get angry but didn't say a word. Their idea of "support" was a pat on my back, in this totally stifling "there, there..." way. It was like everyone was waiting for my cue to flip out and officially baptize the situation as homophobic and bad. It was so alienating being that offended, and knowing that if I didn't open my mouth I was just as hypocritical.

Ayla: I definitely have experienced that shit!

Myles: Also one of the kids saying shit had set up the show.

Ayla: (in dumb hardcore dude voice) You can't call someone out whose helping you out, bro!

Myles: I did though. And I did it from a microphone so all those little shit-stains would hear it. Afterward, I got approached by one of them and got this impassioned, "Today is a new day..." speech. Like I care.

Ayla: Maybe that will be true. I hope so...What bands have you been involved in?

Myles: Myles Of Destruction, Demiourgos, Pavlov's Dogs and Disemballerina. I've also played with Hrak Ryam Hral, Christraper Sings, Fire Down Below, Machine Gun Congress and was in a Balinese gamelan orchestra called Gamelan Mitra Kusuma. If any punks reading this even know what gamelan is, I salute you.

Ayla: Now give me 6 bands that changed your life.

Myles: Behead The Prophet No Lord Shall Live, Crisis, Thrones, Amber Asylum and Bonedust. Diamanda Galas' ***Plague Mass*** **record should be mandatory listening for all queers. Fuck Madonna.**

Ayla: I'd have to agree.

Ayla can be reached at gardenarchy@hotmail.com
Myles can be reached at mylesdonovan@hotmail.com

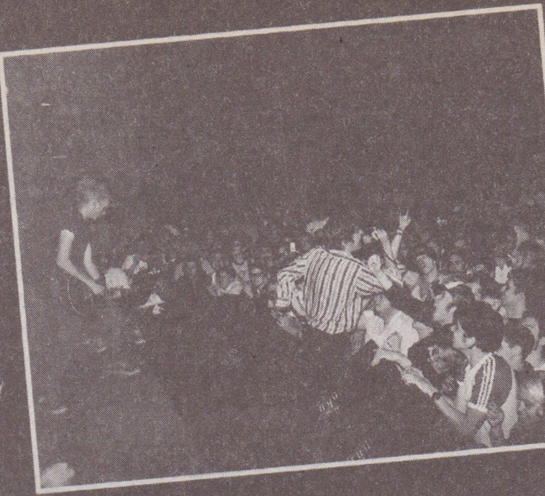
All of our bands have MySpace pages and most have recordings available. Ayla toured the west coast with Anon Remora in August supporting their self-released full length "*Beneath the Solace.*" Myles played the Philly Punx Picnic and a reunion/final show with Myles Of Destruction the same month. Look for both of them soon in their new acoustic metal band, Disemballerina.

This interview was a sociological experiment of sorts. So regardless of who you are, please drop us a line and let us know you're out there.

The question I should have asked Joshua is, "Are you bummed that someone deleted your Wikipedia page?" One fact-checking nosey pants claims "I've done extensive Google searching and not found any reliable sources to back up the claims of notable musicianship. -- SatyrTN 30 March 2008" If this guy (who goes by Plague or his family name Ploeg) who sang in bands like Mulkiteo Fairies, Behead the Prophet No Lord Shall Live, and Lords of Lightspeed cannot claim "notable musicianship," where does that stick the lowly rest of us? Somewhere below SatyrTN I guess. Hopefully an article in MRR can count towards outside source validation. In the early '00s, Ploeg transitioned into being a touring chef and selling spiral bound photocopied cookbooks with titles like "Something Delicious This Way Comes" and finding willing hosts for roving dinner parties/cooking demos (mostly vegan). His first professionally reproduced book "In Search Of the Lost Taste" was recently released by Microcosm Publishing.

Interview conducted by George Chen

:josh ploeg:



MRR: Where are you moving to? What is going on with Sac and your latest band Warm Streams?
Well, Sac was just not quite right. It is pretty hard hit financially by all of this financial mess for the types of events I like to do with food. Somewhere with more people (which means even more foodies and more vegans!) would be a better bet. Probably LA is the new place, but it might be Oakland. It'll be definite very soon. Warm Streams is a nice trashy sounding punk 'n' roll band. We're having some membership shakeups at the moment, but it sounds good and the move probably won't effect us all that much, except I won't see totally awesome Martin and Melissa (drums and bass) as often as I'd like.

MRR: This is for the queer issue of MRR, so it would be good to define some history around your early bands and their association with "Queercore."
Ah, I was in Mukilteo Fairies 1993-94, Behead the Prophet No Lord Shall Live 1994-99, Lords of Lightspeed 2000-2001, Warm Streams 2007-present
They could all be considered queercore I guess 'cuz I'm in them all! Mukilteo Fairies and Behead the Prophet No Lord Shall Live were bands on Outpunk, which was cool of course and it doesn't get much more "associated" with Queerpunk than that—good pals with Pansy Division, Team Dresch, The Need, and all of those fun folks.

MRR: Now it's about fifteen years since that term was really applied to a certain regional scene, how do you feel about that term or the associations of it?
Oh, that has always been a broad term. One nice thing about it is it always meant that the bands could sound basically any way they wanted but just they had the punk aesthetic/politics to some extent and played punk/underground shows. It could include almost anything or anyone like the term queer nowadays. It is good to expand musical definitions and exposure, and I know that Matt from Outpunk supported that concept (remember he ran a hip-hop label at one point). And

we always tried to shake the bills up with interesting things - people wouldn't expect, even to this day. Also as a scene it would be a handful of bands from SF, a few from the Northwest, someone from Nebraska, someone from the UK, etc. It was very diffuse and not really regional at all, another cool thing was that it encouraged people to get in communication with some pretty far-flung locales.

MRR: I guess I brought up the regionalism not to narrow down specific bands, but if we're talking the early '90s then obviously places like San Francisco were urban queer centers, but Washington state was also a center point, although not many Seattle acts come to mind.

Yeah, few Seattle bands, but a bunch of Portland and Olympia ones, which did put a focus on the Northwest as well.

MRR: You have toured the country a bunch—were there specific incidences you can think of where people were either turned off by the queer content of your music, or opposite incidents of people being empowered by it? I thought of Behead the Prophet No Lord Shall Live as confrontational on so many levels that sexuality was just one element of it.

Yeah it was confrontational on a number of levels. I think I got shoved down once, but I was acting like an asshole. There might've been a couple of sucker punches and some muttering in the pit here or there, but people seemed to be into the music and didn't really get into hassling me about sexual orientation. Sometimes people wouldn't even figure out it was queer punk until someone told them, no matter how much I ranted and raved about it. If they hated it they would just avoid us, leave, or stand in the back. People may have been a little intimidated or surprised into not saying anything, but more likely in general the atmosphere was conducive to getting over prejudices, and in some cases people switched from being sort of homophobic to confronting it every once in a while. We probably took more shit for politics or our sound than for me being gay. From those US tours I still meet or am friends with people that were positively affected to this day.

MRR: I remember specifically really liking these chant-y CDRs you made based on folk music from the Netherlands, is that right? Do you want to talk about what got you interested in that material?

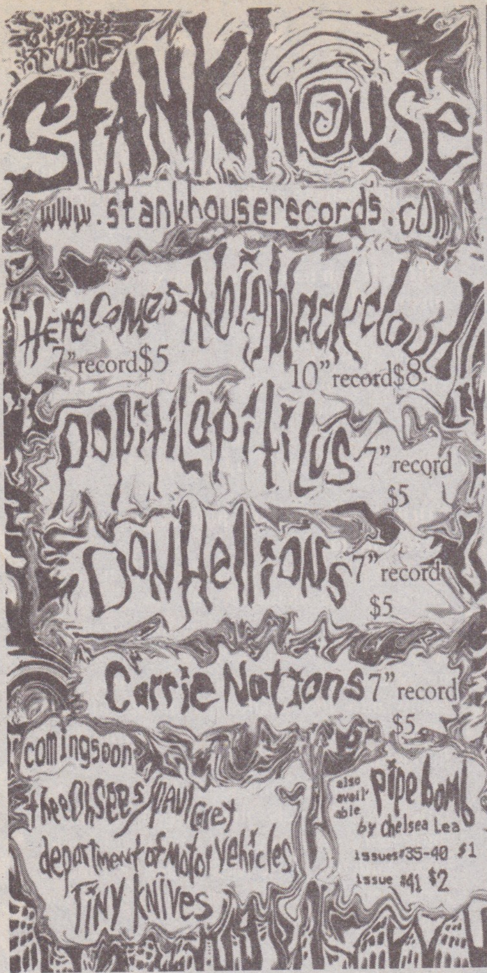
The chanting I like the occult and noise, languages and the trappings of mysticism and anything ornately ritualistic, old shit and thought it would be fun to explore all of that half-assedly and make atonal and off-key chanting and noise out of it using multiple tracks of Joshua's vocalizing (Mostly Latin, Sumerian, old languages and some outright nonsense mixed in). It was a lot of fun but not very enjoyed by the people. Well, that was the point to an extent to be annoying. The folk stuff is another matter—the songs are not bad that I wrote but someone else should probably sing them and they are by and large based on family stories from my research. Not Dutch too much, more American stuff.

MRR: People nowadays might know you equally for your music as for your travelling chef tours. I had not heard of anyone doing anything quite like this. Do you know about the artist Rirkrit Tiravanija? He would travel and cook for people but more as a social experiment. Would you like to describe what brought you to utilizing DIY methodology to your food work?

Yeah I've heard of the artist, but I do it as my version of a profession—art figures into it a bit but really it is to hang out and make money. I had slowly become a pretty good cook until one day somebody said the food was worth paying for so I started doing the secret cafes and such. I didn't really want to be tied down to a normal job or have to cook meat so it was natural to go at it DIY, so I could do whatever I wanted. Once I collected recipes into my first comb-bound tome I had no other model for selling or promoting merch than to tour, so I started doing the food tours and my contacts were all old band ones—they started introducing me to more customers when I would go on my trips and that's how this expanded. It was a great idea.

MRR: Were there punk musicians or writers or cultural icons that were visibly gay that you looked to? Anyone who was generally inspirational or any specifically gay punk icons (outside of your peer group).

Ah, no not really—there are people that I think are cool, or good writers but no one super inspiring. Bad Brains, 45 Grave, Germs, Crucifucks, screechy metal musically influenced. Philosophically by Emma Goldman, Marcus Aurelius, Frederick Douglass, and such. I guess Emma Goldman maybe had a girlfriend at some point? There, that would be a queer figure I'm stoked on then. I do respect openly queer people like the Big Boys, Jane County, Bronski Beat, etc. and the peers (Pansy Division, Limp Wrist, Tribe 8, Vag Davis) but not any of that was real influential to me—I was pissed off mostly.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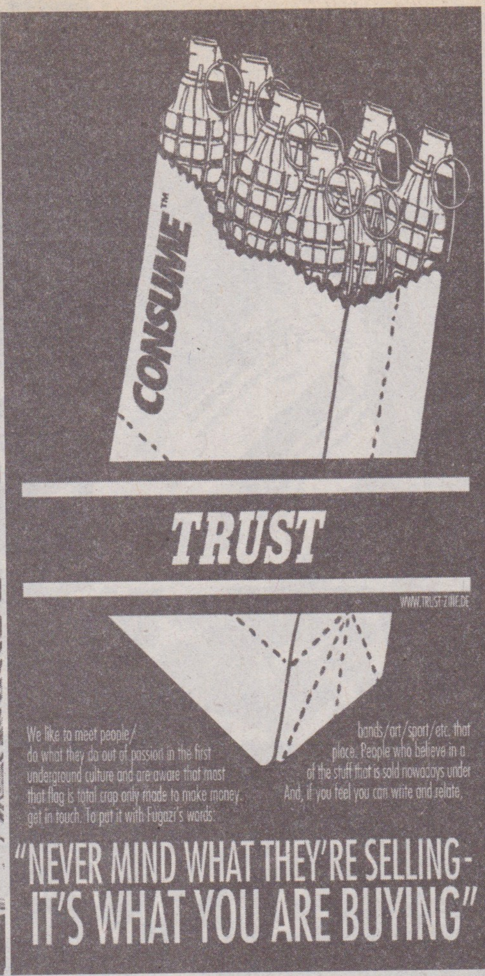
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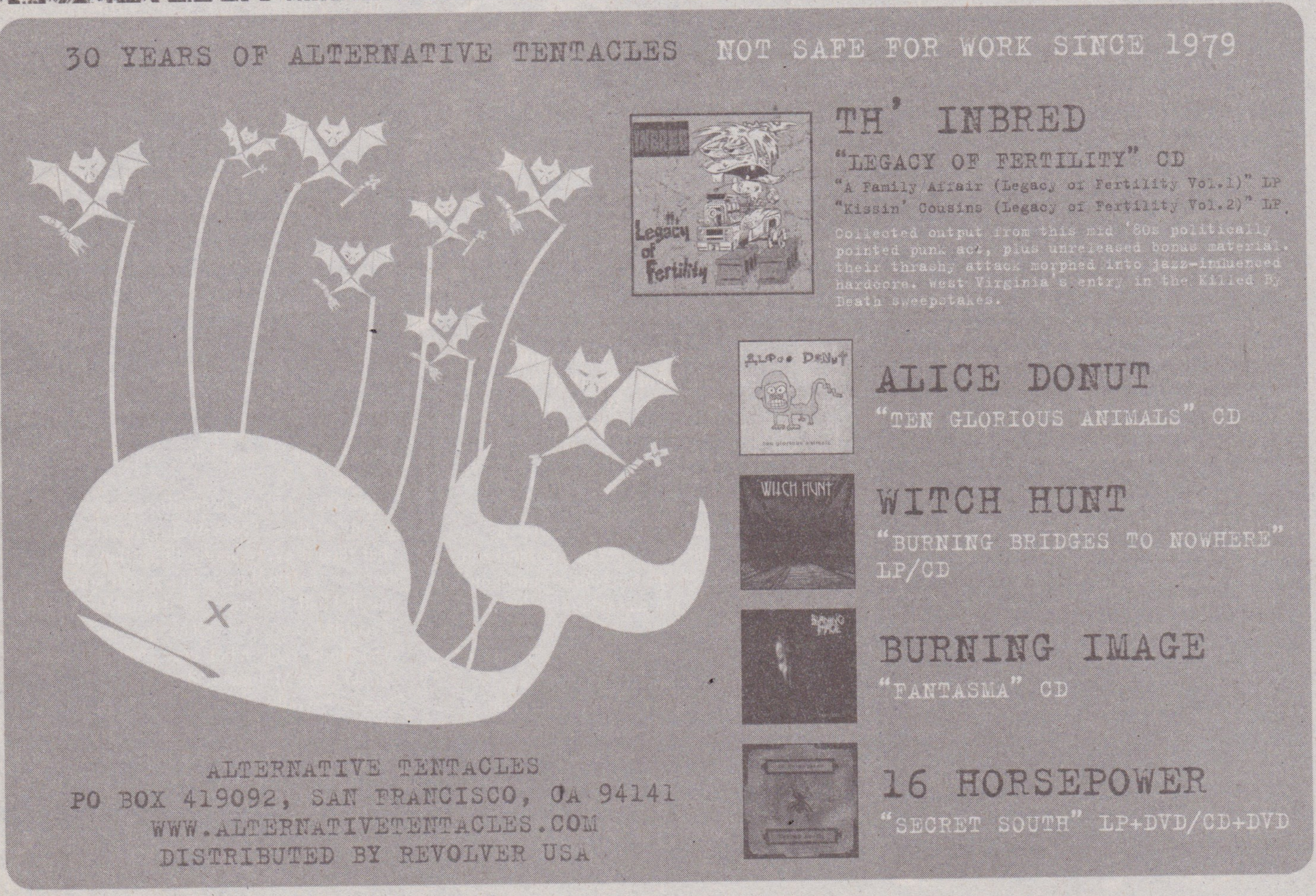
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Philly's new noise-punk outfit Extra Tongue exists in a time when the punk/hardcore continuum has forgotten all about its roots. The band channels both the crash-and-burn wildman antics of seminal '90s hardcore label Gravity Records and the sinister aggression of '80s hardcore menaces the Dicks and Scratch Acid. These lovable assholes are the kind of bold sexual predators who'll come into your house, eat your food, sit in your dad's chair and get Vegenaise all over your brothe'rs poly-bagged Spider-Man comics. But hey, fret not, before they go they'll tongue-kiss your uncle goodbye and leave Queer Nation pamphlets for your uptight neighbors. With lyrics that read like the bathroom graffiti from the local hippy commune, they're ready to take back the scene. Join the party! Extra Tongue is Alex on vocals, Ethan on bass, Corey on guitar, and Steve on drums.

Interview by: Jay

Photos by: Keith Arnoldy

MRR: So, Extra Tongue. If you had to tour with one band, who would it be—dead, alive, or re-animated?
Corey: Um, I'd say Ink and Dagger.
Alex: You probably wouldn't want to tour with them, because they played a lot of empty halls.
Corey: That's cool, I don't care.
Alex: They totally ruled, but people didn't understand what they were doing after the initial thrust of popularity.
Steve and Ethan: CDC (*laughter*)
Corey: I played with CDC before.
Ethan: Yeah? Was it gangster as hell?
Steve: Yeah, dude.
Alex: If it's punk rock, I would like to tour with the Dicks and Bad Brains at the same time.
Steve: That would be the best actually. I wouldn't mind like, a Dicks/Big Boys tour. I like the Big Boys.

MRR: Well, your band shows influences from everything from Breather Resist to early Sub-Pop bands. What would you guys classify yourselves as?
Steve: Funk and Roll!
Corey: Who knows, just definitely noise influence, but with groove to it.
Steve: Every time I try to describe us to someone, I usually say we're the bastard son from a three-way with Smashing Pumpkins, Black Flag and…what was that other band?
Ethan: Jesus Lizard.
Steve: Yeah, I also kinda hear a little bit of Quicksand in there, a little crunchiness.
Alex: I just think that a lot of the sorta noisy punk-hardcore-screamo-scene bands that are around right now sort of forget about the groove and rhythm part. Anybody can make a wall of noise and scream on top of it, but if you put in some of the elements that made the '90s punk rock/grunge/hardcore stuff really explosive it was that undercurrent of rhythm—something that you could latch onto amidst all the noise.

MRR: If you had to describe your music in an animal noise, what would that be?
Corey: Lungfish. (*Laughter*)
Ethan: A goblin shark.
Alex: (*lascivious, sassy tone*) White Snake!
Ethan: An emu.
Corey: I don't know, they're dicks. They're supposed to be awful, awful animals.

MRR: What role does politics play in your lyrics and music?
Alex: Well, with the lyrics, there's no party platform. We definitely try to create an environment where essentially sexuality, spirituality, and sort of this blow-everything-up atmosphere all clashes into one. I'm really into the amalgamation of different philosophies and theories and spiritualities throughout all of time—bringing those together to create some kind of synthesis. Our lyrics are definitely about something and I think that's something that's missing in punk rock, hardcore, noise rock whatever. I mean, there's only so many songs about pizza you can write and about…
Steven: Zombies?
Alex: Zombies and your girlfriend, you know? I try to twist it up a little bit and fuck with people's perception of what "political" music can be. You'll definitely never hear "smash the state," but you can hear it if you read what's going on in the lyrics.

MRR: Any plans for a full length in the future, and if so what would be your dream label?
Ethan: Mutant Squirrel.
Steve: Our label. Self-releasing. We have a studio, Marston House Studios named after *Dark Tower*, since Stephen King is kinda the man.
Corey: Yeah, once the studio's built we should start recording as much as we can.
Steve: We'll have three full lengths per week.
Ethan: Our discography will be out in a month.
Alex: We won't be as prolific as say, Sun Ra, or any of those "New Weird America" bands that record every single thing they think of, but we're definitely going to put some stuff out. If I had a dream label, it would be Gravity Records, circa 1993. They're basically the best punk rock label ever. Antioch Arrow, Angel Hair, Mohinder, all that stuff.
Steve: I would think we would fit on early Dischord too, I think we're very Hoover and Warmers where the guitar is very "wrrrr wrrr wrrrr" and the drums are kind of off time on purpose, not because I suck.

Extra tongue

MRR: What's your opinion on the state of heavy music?

Corey: Of course there's bands that are doing their own thing, but a lot of it is kind of meshed together. I haven't been around it that long, so it's hard to tell if it's kind of always been like that. A lot of bands kind of go the safe route, running in place.

Alex: There's different parts of the scene now where you had Refused and At the Drive-In blow up, and everybody copied their style. They threw in whatever they knew from the one or two hardcore bands that they listened to and just created this whole knew thing that has taken off, I guess it's screamo? They definitely have their own scene. There was a show we played that was weird because all these kids were wearing fucking backstage passes and laminates as part of their outfit, and it wasn't even laminates for the show it was for shows that they had been to! It was the weirdest thing I've ever seen. Bands were jogging in place and covering songs that just came out two months ago by popular bands…

Steve: It's weird because I remember going to shows from five or six years ago and it was so different than it is today. People would actually watch bands. Now it's like (they only watch) whatever's cool.

Ethan: Now it's like, no-name bands are asking for $75 guarantees.

Steve: Right, and their girlfriends get in free.

Steve: When were doing Fruit Punch, there would be people who wouldn't watch us play. They'd be like, "Fruit Punch? Oh, they're gay, those guys are fags." We were also very much into animals rights. I tried all the time to get people to understand that our lyrics covered such a wide range of topics, but people would write on forums about us and post pictures of slaughtered animals and people sucking dick. It's like, oh you're making fun of us on the internet.

MRR: When my friend heard you were in a band called Fruit Punch, he thought you were a Floorpunch cover band.

Steve: That's sad.

Ethan: Not the first time I've heard that.

Steve: That's because there were a lot of queercore bands that were doing just covers of other bands, like Gayrilla Biscuits and Youth of Togay. I'm not saying I don't like them. We did a split with Youth of Togay, their music is good, but I feel like it kinda ruined the seriousness of our lyrics because everybody took it as a joke. We were actually really talking about serious issues and we got lumped in with the comical queercore and it took the momentum of what were saying down. I mean, they're good bands and they're doing their thing…

Alex: It makes it a joke, so it makes it safe so people can forget about it. In some ways Limp Wrist has that feel because it's so over the top, it makes it feel like it's campy. You go to a Limp Wrist show, you gay out, and after the show you return back to normal. The funny thing is the '80s hardcore scene that everyone is trying to emulate now was really, really queer. There was a lot of experimentation with sexuality, there were tons of gay people in bands, but they weren't exclusively queer bands. The Dicks weren't a queer band, MDC wasn't a queer band per se, but all these bands were upfront about it. I think now that hardcore has gotten more and more suburban, the mentality sort of becomes who can be crazier and tougher than the next person, but this craziness and toughness doesn't even extend past the internet. The internet has helped create this system of anonymity, whereas before in the '90s you had to say stuff in front of people's faces. Nowadays you can hide behind a screen, rally all your buddies and then go to Dude Fest and eat pizza.

MRR: I love Dudefest

Alex: I love all those bands, too, but it's just time to…

Ethan: Get over it.

Alex: Get over it and reclaim shit. I think, with our band, we're in people's faces but hopefully they can take something back from it that's not just the novel aspect of "hey, those goofy queers are playing music!" It's more like, "This guy punched me in the face, but he also handed me a lyric sheet."

Steve: I learned a lot from doing Fruit Punch. We signed to a queer label and went on tour, and we were not respected by the regular hardcore scene because we were a queer band. In the queer scene we weren't queer enough. We had all these songs about these issues, but it was like, "Oh you have a transgender person in the band, that's not cool for us," and "some of you are bisexual in the band, that's not acceptable."

MRR: It doesn't count.

Steve: It doesn't count and just because we talk about animal rights and other things. A lot of those bands are goofy, minus Pariah Piranha, who have a lot to say.

Alex: I would like to play with some of the bands that are trying to push the envelope but not really doing it and sort of freak them out. I can't really feel it from them because you know, I'll see them working at the café the next day? There's this one band that has a lot of S and M and rape imagery in their lyrics…

Steve: Sort of like the Mentors?

Alex: They're worse than that, I'm not going to mention their name so I don't give them any more press, but I honestly don't feel like this person has ever been to an S and M club or ever had bondaged sex in their life, yet this is the only imagery they can come up with. I'm not saying you have to live your aesthetic to the point that it's nauseating, but…

Steve: But you have to know it.

Corey: It's got to be some truth behind it.

Alex: Right. There has to be something behind it that makes it real and tangible.

MRR: On a more serious note, if you guys had to make a porn with a dead celebrity, who would it be and what would be the name of it.

Alex: Can we bring them back to life? *(Laughter)* No necrophilia here.

Ethan: Hmm, that's hard.

Alex: I'll probably totally change it tomorrow, but with Che Guevara and/or Oscar Wilde.

Corey: Princess Di.

Steve: That's rough dude, it might be a little too soon. *(Laughter)*

Ethan: "Getting Rough with Princess Di." *(Laughter)* Mine's too soon, mine's only a week old. The body's still fresh.

Corey: Farrah Fawcett!

Alex: "Heating Up the Pipes with Farah Fawcett"!

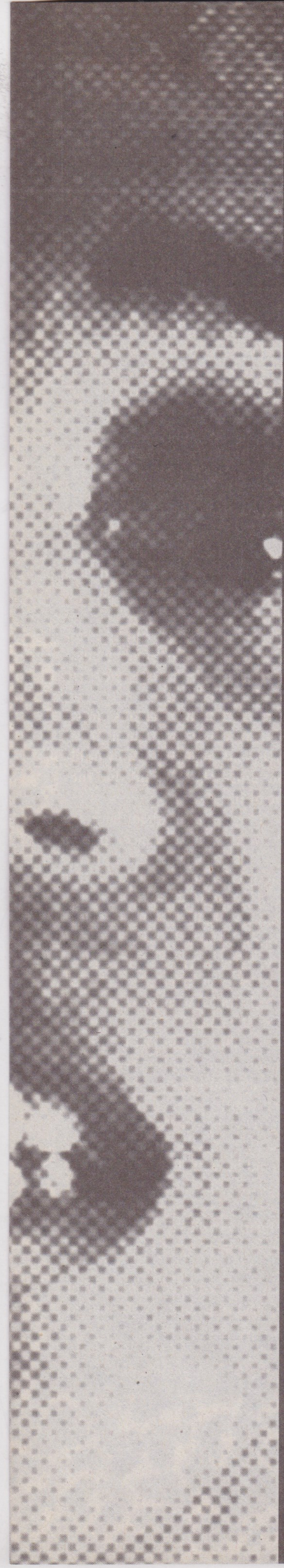
Steve: Mine would be with John F. Kennedy and it'd be called "Shots to the Dome." *(Laughter)*

Alex: Terrible, man, terrible.

Steve: Seriously, Ethan, yours would be Farrah Fawcett?

Ethan: No! Michael Jackson. *(Laughter)* With young Michael Jackson, and it'd be called "Back to Neverland."

Contact: extratongue2@hotmail.com



Love is Colder than Death

Vaginal Davis in Berlin

From the sprawl of Los Angeles to the greener pastures of utopian Berlin, Vaginal Davis is moving the human race forward. No subject is verboten for Ms. Davis, and for decades she has wreaked havoc in film, music, academia, the art world, and in writing, becoming the deviant darling of street urchins and alleged intelligentsia alike. The revolution is her boyfriend!
Interview conducted by Charity Coleman

MRR: Tell us about your birth, parentage, and how you became Vaginal Davis.

The hideous creature known to the world as Vaginal Davis, a woman trapped in the body of a woman, was hatched fully formed as you see her now from the primordial ooze of the LaBrea Tar Pits. Even without cocaine my origins are a mystery even to me, but I guess it's safe to assume I emanated from the womb of my mother, with some assistance from a father unknown, on a day unknown, in a year unknown. Actually my mother Mary Magdelene, her real name, was a black Creole/Choctaw Indian woman from Shreveport, Louisiana, who at the age of 47 met my father Alfred Cordero Ruff Sander von Hohenzollern, a 20-year-old Mexican/German Jew when he came to visit his Los Angeles relatives. They went to a concert at the legendary Hollywood Palladium together, fornicated under a table, and nine months later I was the rip heard round the world. My parents never married, so I am the bastard of all bastards. My mother died June 2000, and my father is still alive in a mental institution in Argentina.

MRR: How did you end up in the punk scene in LA? What was exciting about it?

I was born and raised in Los Angeles and literally stumbled upon the punk scene as a *weenager* taking the bus into Hollywood from South Central Los Angeles to hang out at the swap meet in the parking lot of the Capital Records building in the 1970s. My big sexy dyke cousin Carla Duplantier, who was a few years older then me, and who also grew up as a Jehovah's Witness, was the drummer of an early punk band called The Controllers. Carla was fully immersed in the punk scene—I was just a bystander. In the late '70s and early '80s I was doing performance poetry, which later would be coined spoken word. I started off doing solo performances opening up for punk bands, and then later I formed the group The Afro Sisters, where I mixed punk and blaxploitation. The only other person performing in a similar vein was Michael Franti up in the Bay Area with a group called The Beatnigs. I loved Hollywood in the mid-to-late 1970s, it was so gloriously seedy with everyone running around half-naked under the Santa Ana winds, and child prostitutes as young as eight or nine plying their trade in the parking lot of the teen disco Ginos II at the corner of Santa Monica Blvd and Vine Street. There were lots of teen hangouts like The Sugar Shack, The Other Side, Marilyn's Back Street Disco, The Odyssey, and The Mirror-Go-Round. Hollywood Blvd was the divine nexus, with such a high concentration of unbelievable beauties and fuglies in equal proportion. A lot of kids in the punk scene were the children of movie stars like Tracy Granger the daughter of actress Jean Simmons and '50s matinee idol Steward Granger, or heiresses like Electra Anderson, whose father owned the Beverly Hills Hotel. Later in the 1980s I hung out with Gloria von Thurn und Taxis, the new wave German Prinzessin who was married to an old homo geezer. She was a lot of fun. I ran into her recently at a party for the Berlinale and she's aged considerably, but was still a loveable good time Sally.

Before the advent of hardcore, the punk scene was dominated by art school damaged kids, and was female and queer-centered. That all changed around 1979 with the advent of hardcore—when punk became more suburban and xurbian. I always found the South Bay and Orange County beach punk boys to be super sexy with their golden surf-and-sun-kissed humpy bodies. But I was never a purist, so I didn't mind the suburban testost-fueled boneheads so much. If you were able to get them away from their pack, they were quite tender and sexually fluid. But generally, the suburban punk boys who came into the scene erased the original revolutionary spirit of punk as a youth movement with their inability to shake off their sexual conventionality. One must remember that the word punk has a homo slang provenance.

MRR: How did you meet Bruce LaBruce and GB Jones? Tell us about *JDs* zine and early Homocore.

I first started correspondence with GB Jones who co-edited *JDs* zine with Bruce "Judy" LaBruce in 1985. Back in those days everyone wrote each other long loving letters that were like little booklets and sent out great packages filled with photos, drawing, ephemera. I'm probably the only one from that time period that still writes letters and sends packets in the post. Well, to this day I still exchange letters with GB Jones, who not only created the term homocore, but is also the person who influenced the riot grrrl scene. GB Jones, Candy Parker, and Kathleen Maitland-Carter of the New Lavender Panthers, are the ones who discovered Bruce LaBruce and gave him the name Bruce LaBruce. Later in 1985 I started exchanging letters also with Bruce LaBruce who was jealous of my relationship with GB Jones. I didn't meet GB Jones in person until the late '80s when my band Pedro Muriel & Esther (PME) toured with her hot lesbian rock combo Fifth Column in Canada and on the American East Coast. I first met Bruce LaBruce in the flesh in 1990 at The Randolph Street Gallery in Chicago for the first queer zine convention, S.P.E.W – The Homographic Convergence. It was a very exciting moment in queer history at S.P.E.W., as it was the first time editors of the major North American queer zines had formally met each other after years of only corresponding through

"Vaginal Davis, Beware the Holy Retarded Whore," 2002 photo by John Vlautin, styling and make-up Glen Meadmore, Gown by Rick Owens

post. Remember this was all before the tired internet. Bruce LaBruce, GB Jones, and I were even interviewed on National Public Radio. The next year Bruce LaBruce stayed with me in Hollywood at my apartment, which did double duty as the HAG Gallery—small, contemporary, haggard. Bruce LaBruce was on tour with his first feature film No Skin Off My Ass. I was producing Fertile La Toyah Jackson Magazine and its supplement, Shrimp, the Magazine For Licking and Sucking Bigger and Better Feet out of Hollywood at the same time that GB Jones and Bruce LaBruce were working on JDs in Toronto. My zine was the first of the queer rags to get distributed internationally by Doug Biggert, the books buyer at Tower Records, and he used my recommendations to distribute other queer zines. It was definitely a phenomenon that won't happen again anytime soon. Now there are all these fag rags made by art world careerists that pattern their publications after BUTT Magazine. I really can't stand the international art fag set. Art fags are not very sexy, just opportunistic.

Oh, I am so excited that GB Jones finished her film The Lollipop Generation, which was seventeen years in the making. I filmed my scenes back in 1993. I love the baby diaper, Joel Gibb of the band the Hidden Cameras who is also in Lollipop, and Calvin Johnson. Bands like the Hidden Cameras, MEN, and Gossip carry the queercore mantle these days—god bless 'em! I'm sure Lollipop has already been shown at the Frameline Festival in the Bay Area, and is slowly making its way to film festivals all over the world. The great thing about the Homocore scene was that not only were zines produced, but bands, art, and movies. All these things went hand and hand.

MRR: What/who has influenced you in terms of art, music, film, literature, etc.?

My favorite film directors are Doris Wishman, Ida Lupino, Dorothy Arzner, Agnes Varda, Elaine May, GB Jones, Clair Denis, Germaine Dulac, Ullrica Ottinger, and Birgit Hein. My favorite actress is Tuesday Weld. She is so underrated. Rent her movies like Lord Love a Duck, Pretty Poison, Looking For Mr. Goodbar, and Who'll Stop the Rain. My favorite artist who always inspires and surprises me, is Kembra Pfahler of the art and music kollective Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black. Kembra is a genius, and is one of the most beautiful women in the world according to the late photographer Francesco Scavullo. Kembra created the philosophy of Availablism. She is also an anti-naturalist. I've always been influenced by literature: Dante, Keats, Blake—the biggest weirdo of them all. It's the person who doesn't fit in who eventually makes the greatest achievement, who has the outsider's view of culture that really sticks.

MRR: How has feminism affected your life? Who are some women you admire?

Back in the late '60s and early '70s my mother became the leader of a West Coast radical lesbian feminist separatist organization. They robbed banks and casinos in Reno and Las Vegas and committed lots of other crimes to fund establishing a feminist state somewhere near Palestine. This feminist state was to be called Bilitis. My mother didn't consider herself a lesbian but she ruled a bevy of buttery butch bottoms as a barracuda femme top. It's amazing that my mother and the women she was involved with were never caught by the authorities. My mother was very clever and rebellious, and on the surface she seemed like a nice little conservative black lady, but she was really out there in terms of radicalism—uniting working class lesbians and women of color. When I perform, I channel her raw energy. I have been writing a novel based on my mother's life called Mary Magdelene. If I ever finish, it will be amazing. Of the women I admire, Angela Davis, my namesake, is on the top of the list, followed by Jane Austen and Melanie Klein. In fact, I am collaborating on a piece that is loosely based on the writings of Melanie Klein it's called The Bad Breast and deals with female hysteria. This project is a collaboration between me, German intermedia actress Susanne Sachsse, Bruce La Bruce, and Peaches. It will premiere in early December at the Hebbel am Ufer Theatre in Berlin. I also adored the late Shirley Chisolm, who was the first serious black female candidate to run for president.

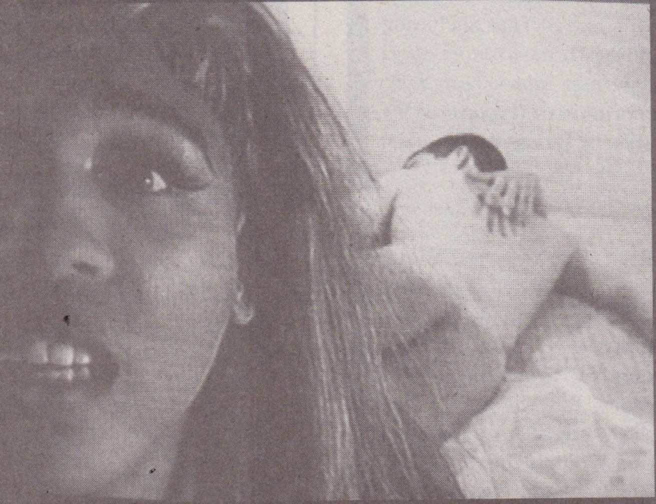
MRR: Now that you are an ex-pat living in Berlin, has your perspective of the US changed? Do you find it easier to survive as an artist in Berlin than you did in LA?

Living as an ex-pat in Berlin can be challenging. Berlin is beautiful, but in the winter it is very bleak and grey. Growing up in Southern California I didn't realize how much I'd miss the sun. Los Angeles and Berlin are sister cities, and are similar in many ways. LA used to be one of the most inexpensive cosmopolitan cities, but now Berlin has that title. I pay 200 Euros a month for rent, and to be able to do art you need to be someplace with a low cost of living. San Francisco, New York, Paris, and London are all boutique cities. You have to be rich to be able to afford to live in those towns. Or you wind up as a wage slave. I am so glad this global financial disaster hit. Hopefully advanced capitalism will receive a final fatal blow.

MRR: What are some of your recent projects? What are you working on right now?

In Berlin every month for the past two years, I have curated a performative silent film event called "Rising Stars, Falling Stars" at Arsenal Institüt für Film und Videokunst. I've also worked as a presenter for the Berlinale, the big international film festival in Berlin. My upcoming project is a piece called Memory Island that features Joel Gibb of the Hidden Cameras and will be a part of "Live Film! JackSmith! Five Flaming Days in a Rented World." I have also been invited to take part in the 2009 New York Performa Biennial in a big gallery show at Participant Inc. Gallery on the Lower East Side. The exhibition is titled "Nothing Up My Sleeve" and it is a salute to the highly influential artist Stuart Sherman who was an early member of both the Charles Ludlam and Richard Foreman theatre companies. Besides doing an installation I will perform with my art rock band PME (Pedro, Muriel, & Esther) in a reunion performance. PME hasn't performed in over ten years, so this will be a coup. I teach at a lot of colleges, art schools, and universities. I just made the short list of 150 applicants for a teaching position at Lund University Malmö Art Academy in Malmö, Sweden. I hate it when my gay students say they just want to be happy and well adjusted. People who are mindlessly happy are slugs. They do not move the human race forward. The misfits and the maladjusted rule!!!

To keep up on the latest with Vaginal Davis, check her award-winning website at www.vaginaldavis.com, designed by Larry Bob.



Vaginal Davis in *The Lollipop Generation* by GB Jones

Why Gay Marriage *IS* the End of the World

(or the queer world, at least)

A roundtable hosted by Mattilda Bernstein Sycamore

Artwork by Clio Sady

These days, lesbian soccer moms and gay military intelligence experts are all over the media, whether sermonizing in op-eds, befriending the liberal intelligentsia, or speaking softly to closeted cable news anchors: We. Are. Just. Like. You.

Supposedly gay people have made lots of progress, and that's why the only issues we hear about involve marriage, gays in the military, gay cops, adoption, ordination into the priesthood, hate crimes legislation, and unquestioning gentrification and consumerism—please, stop me before I choke on my own vomit! In honor of the Maximum Rocknroll queer issue, it's time to pull together a gang of queer troublemakers to tear this assimilationist agenda to shreds, okay?

Here's the cast of characters:
Hilary Goldberg is a San Francisco-based filmmaker currently in the finishing stages of recLAmation, *the definitive movie about reclaiming Los Angeles from Los Angeles, and oh are we waiting! Yasmin Nair is a Chicago activist who delivers delicious rants about the war against single people, the tyranny of religion, fake immigration reform, and bachelorette parties with equal fervor and finesse. Gina Carducci throws Switch, New York City's only monthly "genderqueer/women/trans BDSM party" —she also fetishizes film, and is currently working on* All That Sheltering Emptiness, *a devastating short experimental film created in collaboration with your host for this splashy article.*

Okay, let's get going…

MRR: I don't know about you, but have you noticed that freshly mined, blood-drenched South African diamonds are the new accessory for the gay elite, or they might as well be with how much the gaysbian "LGBT" agenda has become nothing but marriage marriage marriage—oh, and maybe a little bit of marriage with that marriage, thank you! Many of us grew up experiencing the lovely embrace of marriage or its aftermath, so we, and most queers, certainly know a lot about how marriage is, and has always been a central place for beating up, raping and abusing women, children, queers, and transpeople. And, even better—getting away with it! What are the other problems with marriage, and the gay marriage agenda in particular?

Hilary Goldberg: I was at a protest against HIV budget cuts in California, but only four other people were there. because the rest of the gaysbians had done their recommended yearly protest allowance for gay marriage a few months prior. And what is the point of marriage if everyone is sick or dead, how do you register for that—at cemeteries *and* Pottery Barn? Wow, that makes me think of health care—remember health care? Something universal-based, not privilege-shaped?

Yasmin Nair: Yeah, I don't get why a community of people who have historically been fucked over by their families and the state now consists of people who want those exact same institutions to validate their existence. I think marriage is the gay Prozac, the drug of choice for gaysbians today: It makes them forget that marriage isn't going to give everyone health care, it won't give us a subsistence wage, it won't end all these fucked up wars that are killing people everywhere else. I wish I could say that gay marriage is like Viagra, but alas it's actually making us forget about sex so that metaphor won't work.

MRR: Speaking of sex and metaphors, let's move on to gays in the military. It's time to forget about opposing all these bloody US colonial wars, we just want to throw on those humpy battle fatigues so we can go abroad to kill people and get away with it, right? U-S-A! Can we say that again? U-S-A! Okay, so obviously the real answer is the end of the US military, not rainbow Humvees. Anything to add?

Hilary Goldberg: Let us not forget the Gay Bomb — much like the acid tests the CIA performed in the '50s and '60s, if that technology fell into savvy hands we could open some serious doors of perception to end the military industrial complex with some good old fashioned loving.

Gina Carducci: Oh, but military service is the best way to break down gay stereotypes and homophobia! The more we kill kill kill, the more respect we get from our country— we serve our country too! We are a valuable contribution! Show them you know how to be a man!

Yasmin Nair: It's time for us to call out the "gay patriots" as the enablers of U.S imperialism. Has anyone else noticed that the public faces of Don't Ask Don't Tell tend to be relatively privileged and from the officer class? And that the stories go like this: "Oh, no, he was an educated Harvard graduate who spoke four languages in which to colonize other countries, and we let him go!" One of the funniest photographs I ever saw

was of a rally in downtown Chicago. A gay Army vet stood pontificating about needing to be recognized by the US military. Right behind him, his friends held up an anti-war slogan banner with the words, "US Out of Iraq." I wondered: Now, does that mean just the non-gay soldiers? Do the gay soldiers get to stay behind and kick the ass and blow the lid off darkies?

MRR: Speaking of darkies, let's move on to adoption—if Madonna, Brad Pitt and Angelina, and any other jetsetter can run around the world in search of the cutest kids in the countries most devastated by transnational corporate violence, and then snatch those kids up and hold them in their arms, how will gay people compete? We all need kids, right? Kids are the next big thing! How do you feel about the issue of gay adoption, and child-rearing in general, as a central preoccupation of the so-called "movement?"

Hilary Goldberg: Why don't Madonna and Angelina, in their gay wisdom, adopt some adult queer artists and activists instead? For a fraction of what they spend on a handful of appropriated transnational youths, they could adopt queer artists en masse, and foster a global queer trust fund for the movement. No need for nannies and we'd love them even more than their children, and could be just as dependent, if not more so. Average gay couples could do the same thing, direct their money towards something more expansive and useful than a handbag—I mean a gaybie. I'm thinking of a website that pairs queer artists with gay couples who have big hearts to share their love and help.

Gina Carducci: Yeah, no need for pacifiers, no need to push us around in strollers, and you don't have to wait nine months for us. We're right here! Mommy!!!!

Yasmin Nair: If you're white, beautiful little blonde children are the best, because then you'll look like a normal and natural family. But adopting one can be next to impossible! Little brown babies make the best gay accessories. Although, like every gay fashion accessory, babies have shifted in trends. I think Mongolian babies are now much more hip. Central and South American countries were once popular, maybe NAFTA opened up free trade in cute Latin babies! Until they discovered that some of those babies were most likely kidnapped. Awkward. They may not have those pesky rules in Mongolia. Of course, if you can adopt an HIV+ African baby whose mother is still around to waste away in the last throes of the disease, so that you can show the world what you rescued the baby from, all the better. Why is it that lesbians generally give birth but gay men usually adopt?

MRR: It's because gay men are busy studying for the priesthood. I know you've been studying hard too! Of course, one of the central demands of early gay liberation was the end to organized religion and all of its layers of violence, but that's old news. What do you all think about the issue of "LGBT" people becoming powerbrokers within organized religion?

Hilary Goldberg: It makes me cry blood. The only atonement gays should be thinking about is a nice bondage scene. And the last time I interacted with organized religion, a drag queen nun, in full make-up, yelled at me to get into a degrading gender-enforced line at a corporatized "pride" event colonized by so called do-gooders. Fuck her and the rest of organized religion.

MRR: Oh — and let's not forget the holy grail of the gay movement, hate crimes legislation! Because if you shoot those goddamn homophobes twice, that'll really teach them a lesson—the electric chair will end homophobia! Seriously, hate crimes legislation does nothing but put more money, energy, and resources into the hands of the notoriously racist, classist, misogynist, homophobic and transphobic criminal so-called "justice" system. But then they trick us into thinking that hate crimes legislation will keep us safe. What is hate crimes legislation keeping us safe from?

Hilary Goldberg: It keeps us safe from long-term solution-based healing. It's a real time saver, so we can focus on earning money instead of focusing on root causes of hatred. We can continue to own property and assimilate into larger society by avoiding any real discourse around the source of the hate, and perpetuate it instead, while upholding that pillar of community, the greatest benefactor of the hates crimes bills—oh-so-thriving, even in economic turmoil…Private Prison Business.

Yasmin Nair: Hate crimes legislation keeps us safe from the silly delusion that the justice system should actually work fairly for everybody, not just gays and defined "minorities." After all, a justice system that actually provides justice seems, well, just ever so 1970s and sweetly retrograde, darling. All bell bottoms and compassion. Hate crimes legislation keeps us from a world where people might actually have a chance to show that they have moved on from their mistakes, by locking them up for perpetuity. And it keeps us believing that letting people spend their lives in violent prisons where they're likely to be raped and beaten every day is somehow a way to … end anti-gay violence. Huh?

MRR: Speaking of anti-gay violence, let's move on to talking about the national institutions that drive this wonderful inclusive agenda. We'll start with everyone's favorite diamond merchant: HRC, the Human Rights Campaign. Also known as Helping Right-Wingers Cope, or Homogenous Ruling Class — what else are they good for?

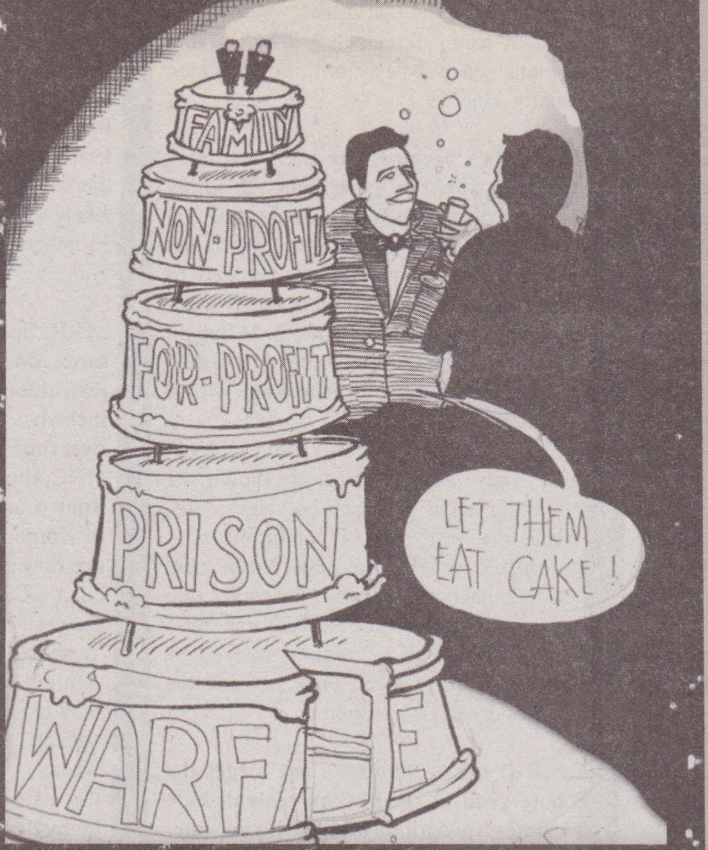
Gina Carducci: Harvesting Righteous Caucasians. Hiring Riot Cops.

Yasmin Nair:Press Releases. HRC can turn out a press release on a dime. Oh, and they're great at taking credit for every "gay agenda" item, through said press releases, whether or not they had anything to do with the action. So, yeah, cocktail parties and lobby days. HRC is really good at going to cocktail parties and hobnobbing with the rich and important.

MRR: Of course, HRC also likes to keep trans people out of so-called employment nondiscrimination legislation, and to make any hideous corporation look good, as long as they like HRC's press releases. Then there's NGLTF, the National Gay Lesbian Task Force. They're especially talented at recruiting well-meaning college students, and turning them into nonprofit office drones — Creating Change, their annual conference, is a great launching pad into the nonprofit industry, and a job at NGLTF is sure to get you more lucrative foundation work in the future — what else is NGLTF good for?

Yasmin Nair: For creating the illusion that the battle royale between Democrats and Republicans actually means anything. And for perpetuating the idea that there are no alternatives to either. For pretending that a few days of a conference filled with words like "organizing" and "social" and "progressive" actually changes much. For pretending that using the word "progressive" over and over again will a) actually make that stupid word mean anything b) make us believe that their support of marriage, hate crimes legislation, and repealing Don't Ask Don't Tell does not make them conservative.

Gina Carducci: NGLTF is good for creating robots who are stuck repeating, "Do you have a moment for trans rights? Do you have a moment for trans rights?" And asking why why why why can you not come to our office for hours of volunteer calling calling calling and repeating what we tell you to think and say. "Why can't you make the time for trans rights? Why? Two of these robots were harassing myself and a group of friends once and I was just waiting for my trans friend to say, "If you really want to know, I need a little time to recover from trying to overdose and kill myself last week." And for the robots to ask, "Why? It's trans rights."



MRR: Oh, and I love the Gay Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation, or GLAAD — I think they should be called SAAD, the Straight Alliance Against Defamation, since most of what they do involves giving awards to straight people for not saying "faggot" too much. What else are they good for?

Yasmin Nair: Being very confused, mostly. And whining. A lot. I think *Bruno* confused the hell out of them: "We object to this movie. We think. It's a set of offensive stereotypes. Although the lead character is so over the top, he couldn't even possibly be a stereotype. But wait, we live to be offended. Cohen's not gay. And he makes fun of gays. Even though he also makes fun of homophobes. Wait, are we offended? Or not? It's so hard to tell, because we have no sense of humor or logic. Even the gays are sick of us. Can we call that homophobia?"

MRR: Then there's the juicy Lambda Legal Defense Fund — fighting for our rights, one marriage at a time...

Yasmin Nair: Lambda might be scariest of the lot, because they're mostly lawyers who know how to twist any inane, conservative, retrograde idea like gay marriage into some kind of sterling social justice cause — and they do that by drowning us in legalese. I once watched Camilla Taylor, a Lambda power attorney in Chicago, spend an hour talking about the legal ins and outs of Prop 8. By the end of the hour, I was so stupefied by boredom that I was almost ready to sign on to gay marriage — just to get out of the room. There was, of course, not one word about whether marriage ought to be the way to gain any rights in the first place.

MRR: That's right — remember that the fight against anti-gay Proposition 8 in California that those marriage morons *lost* actually cost more than any other ballot measure in California history! Those maniacal marriage organizations spent $40 million on that shit — can you imagine what we would have if they took that $40 million and fought for single payer universal health care, or built an enormous queer youth shelter in San Francisco or Sacramento, Fresno or San Diego? With the leftovers, we could create a collectively run, all-ages, 24-hour sex club with free vegan food, knock-you-down music of all types, free massage, acupuncture, and healthcare for all needs, as well as a special area for training people in squatting and neighborhood redecoration projects — bricks, stencils, spray paint, you get the idea. Anything else you want to say about marriage marriage marriage, and what we need instead?

Gina Carducci: Donate Donate Donate! Do you have a moment for Prop 8? Do you have a moment for Prop 8? But really — we need to be able to choose our own families and who visits us in the hospital and who shares our assets and who makes decisions for us, whether we are officially single or partnered. And gender is defined by us too, not by presentation but how we define our own identities. Sexual liberation and freedom and places to fuck without being policed. Housing. Healthcare. Social services. Protection for the environment.

Hilary Goldberg: The last time I checked, the nuclear family model, was a disaster! Enough already. The gay rights movement needs to divorce marriage and pull it together. The system is broken, these institutions are failing. why are people so set on shoring them up? Let's focus on ending capitalism, abolishing prison, ending militarism, ensuring immigrant rights, clean air, great food, love, equality, interdependence, independence, autonomy, non-hierarchical structures, and most importantly the universal reclamation of all land and water as public property.

Yasmin Nair: And, of course, the abolition of the prison industrial complex, the end of the illusion that more punishment and enhanced penalties in the form of hate crimes legislation will benefit anyone, safety for young queers who are beaten and/or raped by families and have nowhere to go, intergenerational sex that's not immediately stigmatized as pedophilia, an end to sex offender laws that do nothing to end the abuse of children but only add to the coffers of the prison industrial complex, an end to the death penalty, an end to the idea that life without parole is an acceptable alternative, queer sex in public without paying a fee in a bathhouse and without being harassed, jailed, or beaten for it, an immigration rights movement that acknowledges that it's a crisis of labor, not about "families" or spousal partners, an end to the disappearance and/or deportation of undocumented people, and oh, I could go on.

There's this popular line going around about how gay marriage is the rising tide that will lift all boats. But if we are to use a seafaring metaphor, it might be more apt to call it a Titanic, doomed to crash into an iceberg and take the rest of us down.

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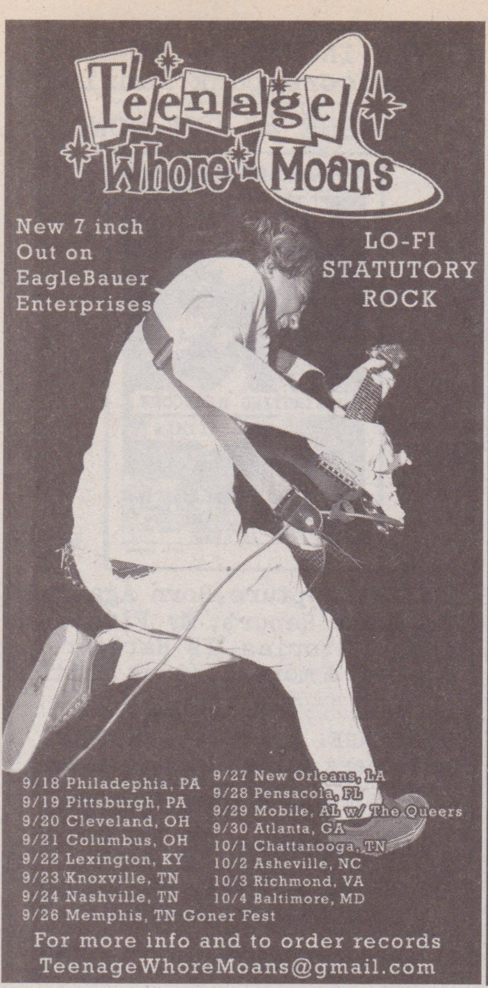
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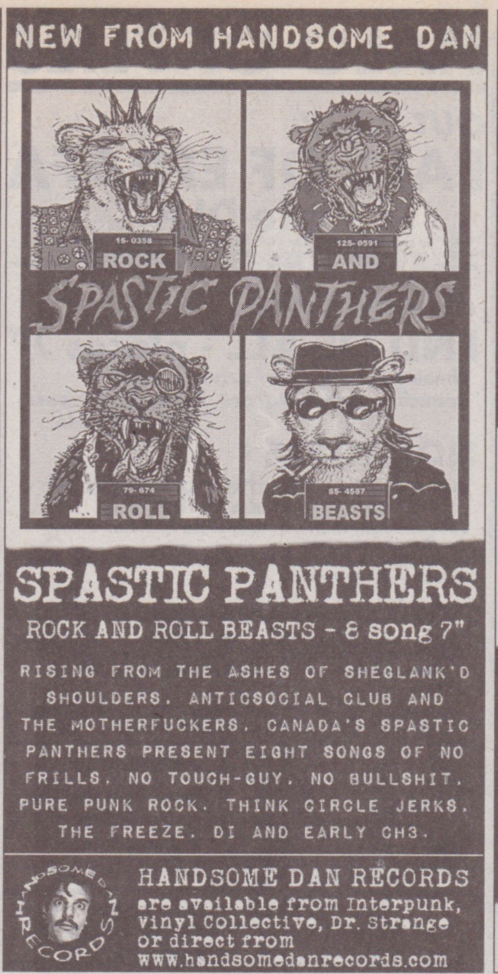
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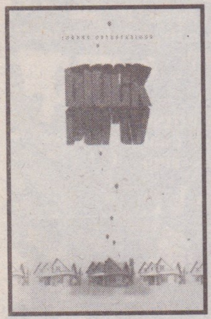


Block Party
Johnny Ostentatious
75 pages • $5.00
Active Bladder
PO Box 342
Cheltenham, PA 19012

It's been three years since the last Johnny Ostentatious book was reviewed in *MRR*, and this novella comes just as Johnny is shutting down his DIY publishing house, Active Bladder. He's still continuing to write, but is getting out of the publishing business—so people looking for fresh talent should consider publishing his future work. He's one of the new breed of excellent young novelists who came up through 1980s and 1990s punk—along with Michael Muhammad Knight (*Taqwacores*), Charles Romalotti (*Salad Days, Pariah*), Richard Turgeon (*Thank You I'm A Rock Star*), and Chris Walter (*Welfare Wednesdays, Shouts From The Gutter*).

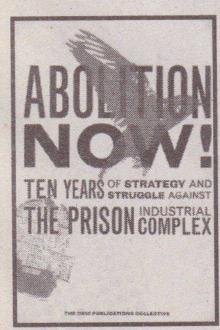
The first two Ostentatious books I reviewed were his first and second novels, *Ian Hahn: The Olfactory Empath* and *Noir Reunion* respectively. I've missed a couple of books since, but this novella has many of the same attributes as those early works: It's set in Philadelphia, PA it's a mystery, and it's chock full of tightly scripted action.

The bulk of the story takes place over a few hours, during a summer block party in a white trash section of Northeast Philly (one of many traditionally white working-class sections of Philly). Since it's a novella, there's little opportunity for extraneous character development or written tangents. Almost all of the main characters are well developed, although a longer book, perhaps even novel-length, would've allowed for more in-depth, believable secondary characters (like the parents of the brother-sister protagonists, for instance). I think the action and plot would've benefited by another 100 pages too, especially the denouement. It's not spoiling the book to say that the climactic scenes lead into some really interesting after-effects that a longer work could've expanded on.

Critiquing a novella for being short is kind of pointless, though. It's like giving pop-punk bands crap for being melodic; it's the nature of the beast. As a short, sharp shock of a book, *Block Party* does exactly what it needs to in terms of providing realistic plot twists and avoiding the ever-present temptation of younger writers to resort to "deus ex machina." (Latin for "God from the machine," "deus ex machina" occurs when a writer depends on an unexpected plot development to resolve a problem. The classic example is the cavalry arriving just as the Indians are about to kill the hero and his woman.) Johnny Ostentatious relied on this lazy plot device a few times in his first two books, so it's wonderful to read a new book by him that is completely bereft of "the Machine God."

The imaginative scenario Ostentatious sets up is skillfully executed in this well-written, smooth-reading, action-packed novella. *Block Party* would've made an even better novel-length book—perhaps he'll consider expanding this short snack into a 5-course meal?

—Jesse Luscious

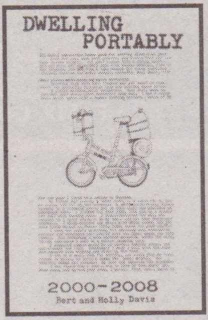


Aboltion Now! Ten Years of Struggle and Strategy Against the Prison Industrial Complex
The CR10 Publications Collective
AK Press
674-A 23rd St.
Oakland, CA 94612
www.akpress.org

Abolition Now! is a collection of essays by organizers involved with Critical Resistance, a national prison abolition organization, or similar groups about the struggle against the prison-industrial complex in honor of the Critical Resistance's tenth anniversary. The essays contained in this collection are grouped into three sections: Dismantle, Change and Build. Although the material is interesting and much of the information solid, the writing does not actually adhere to the themes in a way that I thought was interesting. I would have been more excited to read about the organizing projects that Critical Resistance has been involved with, what they are doing, and how they're doing it.

Critical Resistance is an interesting organization, but I don't know much about them. In honor of their tenth I think it would have better to put out a book of position papers, information that one could use to get a bearing on where the group stands. I mean, I know they are a prison abolition group and I know what that means, but I would like to know why think what they think, what they're doing to dismantle the prison-industrial complex, and what they see as coming after that abolition. Some of the essays do address the issues, but it is usually from an individual's perspective and not from the perspective of Critical Resistance. The pieces in *Abolition Now!* Are a good read and worthwhile but don't look to this book for much information on the day-to-day of Critical Resistance as an organization or what they see coming after the prison-industrial complex.

—Isaac Pirie



Dwelling Portably: 2000-2008
Holly Davis and Bert Davis
168 pages • $8.00
Microcosm Publishing
222 S Rogers St.
Bloomington, IN 47404
www.microcosmpublishing.com

Minimalism and the punk-rock lifestyle seem to go hand in hand, but there is a tenuous balance that can be thrown off when the approach to living on the fringes of society becomes something of a homeless appropriation. Crimethinc's *Days of Love, Nights of War* and *Evasion*, for example, were some of the first declarations of the punk/activist lifestyles that I found myself uneasy with. It was unclear who exactly these authors were that encouraged us to be homeless and happy, and shoplift our way to freedom. *Dwelling Portably* is like a Crimethinc publication, but without all of the offensive posturing and with more helpful tips besides scamming soda at Taco Bell. Written for the minimalist, back-to-the-lander, *Dwelling Portably* is like a message post for people living under-the-radar. This zine, edited by Holly and Bert Davis, has been around for decades, and Microcosm has compiled the last eight years into one hefty little book.

Each issue is an amalgamation of stories, testimonies, ideas, product reviews and more, laid out in a non-sequitor pattern. Mostly limited to a paragraph's length, the topics start out with a bold headline, and then give succinct information sent in by readers, or by Holly and Bert themselves. Most deal with the trials and tribulations of living in the wild: how to reuse plastic bottles, insulate tents, or sleep hassle-free in cars.

Most interesting is the consistency and length of time that Holly and Bert have put *Dwelling Portably* out. At times it reads like the back-and-forth dialogue of internet message boards, though slowed down by the fact that the zine is done by hand, without the help of the internet. True, this information could be passed online with much ease and with greater volume, but these minimalists choose not to be slaves to computers. It speaks to the commitment that their community has to getting by with as little as possible.

My interest is also piqued at the straightforward manner in which everything is discussed. There is not much of an analytical eye for things other than that which would make living life easily, easier. For example, one issue tells the story of Eric Rudolph's five years of living as a fugitive. It highlights the foraging and makeshift dwellings that Rudolph made, but never discusses the crime he evades, save for a brief mention: abortion clinic bombings that killed two and injured a hundred more. No room is left for deeper discussion, which is fine, given the concept of the zine. These portable dwellers stick to the point and are hardcore about their lifestyle, and this zine is definitely for the hardcore minimalist enthusiasts.

—Krista Ciminera

SEE YOU IN HELL / CROW
split 7"EP/miniCD

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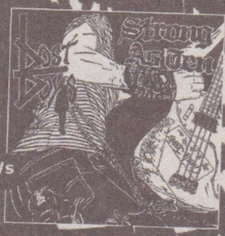

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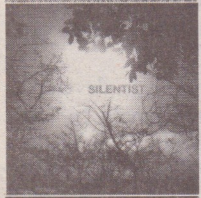

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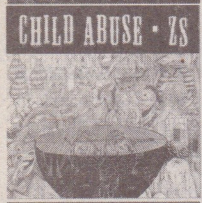

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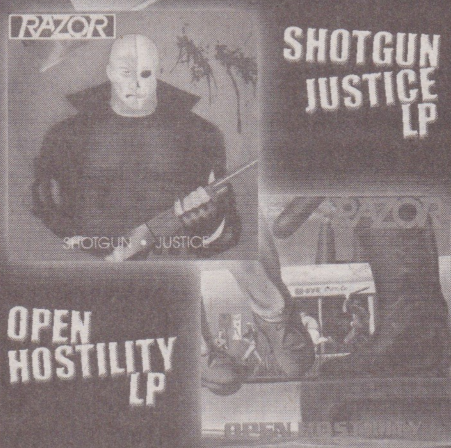

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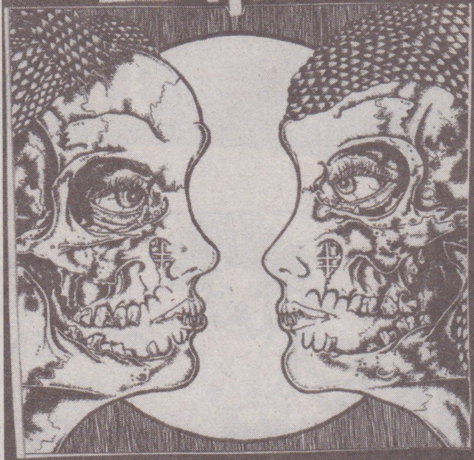

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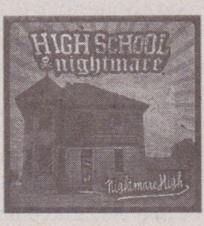

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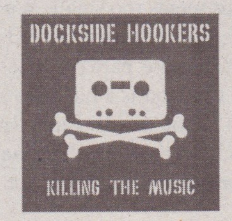

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MOVIES

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

It's the queer issue of MRR so fortunately I received one queer theme documentary. **Travel Queeries** explores what it is like to be queer in European countries. The filmmakers travel around different countries interviewing activists and artists about their sexual identity and their relationship to the international queer scene. It is interesting and informative. I am glad people are out or coming out and letting the world know it.

Travel Queeries warns at the beginning that there will be scenes of violence against queers in the film. However, I was still appalled to see a man getting beaten by a group of fifteen men at Serbia's first pride march. People and the police are just standing around watching while the already bloodied man was repeatedly kicked while on the ground. It is very disturbing.

On the lighter side of **Travel Queeries**, I am surprised to learn that Berliners would claim to have no drag scene. I guess I naively just always assumed they did. Although the inquiring American eventually does come across one, it seems odd to me that it would be denied in the first place. That scene also opens up something new to me, women who perform as men performing in drag. The American woman begins performing with the German drag queens. (travelqueeries.com)

Punk In England is the follow up to Wolfgang Büld's previous punk documentary **Punk In London**. It begins with the death of Sid Vicious and explores how bands were developing in the aftermath of the first wave of punk. The Clash is featured first exploring their forays into reggae. Then the documentary goes on to explore mod, ska and The Pretenders presumably representing new wave. The majority of the film is live performances from the Clash, The Jam, Secret Affair, The Specials, The Selector, Madness, Ian Dury and The Pretenders interspersed with interviews with the bands.

Punk In England has the advantage that it was filmed in the late '70s so it managed to capture some of what was going on at the time. It is not a nostalgic trip back and there is no revisionism. However, unlike **Punk In London** the focus seems too small. We know there were tons of different bands playing and releasing records at the time, but the documentary focuses on a minute part of the scene and a few of the bands involved. **Punk In England** is a bit more serious as well. It lacks the funny interviews such as the one in **Punk In London** with Arturo Bassick of the Lurkers and his parents where he calls The Boomtown Rats and The Rolling Stones sellouts. Plus if you aren't a big fan of ska or mod you will be bored.

Also included on the **Punk In England** DVD is Büld's short film **Women In Rock**. Büld conducts interviews with the Slits, Siouxsie Sioux, Girlschool and Mania D about being women in music. Viv Albertine of the Slits puts it succinctly. Their music is the way it is because they are women. They got their inspiration from punk, but they wouldn't be able to make the same noise as the men so they don't. Siouxsie is a bit more sarcastic stating that she is sick of people calling her the best female singer. She is better than the male singers too. (mdvvisual.com)

It is hard to believe that Neil Hamburger managed to develop a comedy career out of a crank phone call. As far as intentionally bad, but often really funny comedians go Neil's the champ. When he decided to do a country record *Neil Hamburger Sings Country Winners* I didn't even think twice about buying it.

Western Music and Variety with Neil Hamburger has Hamburger and his band The Too-Good-For-Neil-Hamburger Band performing songs from the album at a July 4th 2009 party at Radio Recorders in LA. The famous recording studio where Bing Crosby recorded "White Christmas" had a week to go before being torn down to make way for a new restaurant. The show consists of the band playing a few instrumentals then Hamburger joining them for a few songs followed by a few jokes and so on. The band even attempts to tell some jokes too.

The **Western Music and Variety with Neil Hamburger** DVD also contains a bunch of extras. A short film titled *All Alone With Neil Hamburger* has Neil on a quest for ice in a hotel. There are a couple of music videos and a bizarre TV appearance on *Chic-A-Go-Go*. Neil lip-syncs "Three Piece Chicken Dinner" while a group of costumed people of all ages dance behind him like on a '60s music show. Truly odd, but appropriate. (www.dragcity.com)

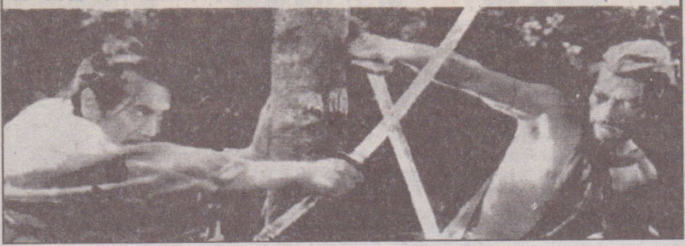
I finally got around to seeing **Cadillac Records** after a few people wrote to me telling me I should. **Cadillac Records** is the story of the Chicago Blues label Chess Records. Formed by Leonard and Phil Chess the label would introduce the world to the sound of the electric blues coming out of Chicago in the '50s and '60s. Artists such as Muddy Waters, Little Walter, Howlin' Wolf, Etta James and Chuck Berry all recorded for Chess.

Chess Records has an interesting story, but **Cadillac Records** suffers from the typical Hollywood nonsense. Each character gets boiled down to his/her one character flaw. Leonard Chess rips off his artists. Muddy Waters always needed money. Chuck Berry had a thing for young girls. Etta James abused drugs. There is not enough focus on the music except when it comes to Beyonce. Beyonce stars as Etta James and sings three complete songs in the film whereas none of the other singers featured even get to do a full one. Beyonce is also the executive producer.

The only one who comes off well in the **Cadillac Records** is Howlin' Wolf. He doesn't fall for Chess' tricks. He gets paid, stands up for himself, retains the loyalty of his band members and manages to do everything right. Therefore, he only gets a small part in the film.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area, let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



TRASH AND BURN

Mark Hartley, the director of **Not Quite Hollywood**, and his "color" interviewee Quentin Tarantino seem to found quite a few things in common while assembling this documentary. Just maybe, we discover, "trash" might have its own value—or even hold its own against stodgy, traditional fare. Tarantino had just finished putting out **Death-Proof**, which identified so deeply with the B-movie aesthetic that, in days gone by, it might have proudly played in a drive-in theater (at least for a few weeks). And the unrepentant film fan inside of him showed special affinity for product from Down Under, in the same way spaghetti Westerns eventually earned a special place in film appreciation societies.

Not Quite Hollywood is an enthusiastic tribute to the best and worst in the first renaissance of Aussie film. Mainly low-budget, with lots of skin, blood, and dizzy action, a small group of producers and directors realized that they might have their own unique voice – though the word "unique" was sometimes just about all some of the movies had going for them.

Most film fans were already familiar with Peter Weir whose **Picnic at Hanging Rock** won over critics with its sedate, stylish account of sexual repression and death among a group of schoolgirls. Subtle (and somewhat dull for long stretches), it was followed by Weir's equally atmospheric **The Last Wave**. We'd be hearing a lot from Weir in the future. But at the same time, Aussie filmmakers were discovering their own unsubtle dialect of the film language.

Mark Hartley begins his survey of Aussie film with "Ockers, Knockers, Pubes & Tubes" – launching into a discussion of a genre that would push community standards into the void. Tim Burstall directed **Alvin Purple**, perhaps the preeminent example of the Ocker sex farce; here, a homely man's life is enlivened by the fact that women just can't seem to keep their hands off of him, resulting in a collage of simulated sex and wacky reaction shots. **The Naked Bunyip** did a cunning twist on the same subject by shooting a not-quite-faux documentary on sex in Australia – project that would give a voice to sexual minorities (while having a few giggles along the way). Director Hartley offers eye-opening interviews with filmmakers and actors alike about the unapologetic inclusion of breasts for their own sake. It made for instant entertainment, and boosted the weekly grosses.

Hartley takes considerable care to focus our attention on the more engaging moments in the sexual subgenre – perhaps as subterfuge against the fact that, on balance, the films themselves could be rather hard to take.

The documentary's next segment, "Comatose Killers and Outback Chillers," captures the undeniable appeal of the horror film in all its variations. Director Richard Franklin would later win the attention of Hollywood, but his earliest success was with **Patrick**— his homage to Alfred Hitchcock's more twisted yarns. Patrick lives a squalid, tortured existence, but finds he is able to kill his adversaries by merely thinking about them. **Harlequin**, which was released maybe a year later, emerges as a modern-day update to the Rasputin story—lacking somewhat on the technical aspects of the plot, but chilling in its own way.

Other examples of early Aussie filmmaking may not be as ambitious, but Mark Hartley is willing to show both the good with the bad. **Roadgames** is another Richard Franklin-directed feature, here with acting help by future stars Stacy Keach and Jamie Lee Curtis. Franklin affectionately borrows from the Hitchcock playbook, but the delivery is considerably more taut and less typically "Aussie" than you might expect. On the other hand, 1983's **Razorback** enjoyed considerable popularity in both Australia and the US, though its novelty appeal probably played a big role. It's essentially the story of a monster pig with a voracious appetite and a fearless attitude toward humans—a glorified grindhouse feature designed for quick thrills and chills.

The final segment of the documentary, "High Octane Disasters and Kung Fu Masters," introduces some of the more widely known contributions to Australian film. Most film fans are familiar with the **Mad Max** approach to adventure and violence; in a post-apocalyptic world, there's strangely no shortage of gasoline and explosions, but appearance of a young Mel Gibson gave the film a manic intensity.

It should be noted that Tarantino's own **Death-Proof** owes its inspiration to the gas-powered Aussie road adventure, which often has been described as a kind of "ballet with steel." This genre was served well by the work of schlock-meister Anthony Ginnane; **Dead-End Drive-in** captures all the salient elements that make for high-octane escapist fare. As with **Mad Max**, **Dead-End Drive-in** occurs in an indeterminate near-future; a young kid is nabbed by the cops, only to be sent to a prison camp for undesirables, delinquents, criminals, and the like. The film combines all of the expected elements to make a blindly derivative action adventure high in energy, and low on originality.

Director Hartley places Brian Trenchard-Smith's **The Man From Hong Kong** in held in high regard, but I'll have to take his word for this one. This film combines gimmicks from the car chase adventure, adds a dose of kung-fu, shakes, but doesn't stir (after all, future Bond George Lazenby is in the house). Stunt direction and bit acting by Sammo Hung can't hurt. The short excerpt included in **Not Quite Hollywood** isn't entirely convincing, but it does reinforce the notion that the period in Aussie film from 1970 to 1985 represented an all-out, balls-to-the-wall competition for outrageousness.

Hartley helms his project with the kind of energy you'd except from the wildest Aussie action flick, but informed with an encyclopedic knowledge of the period. He also incorporates interviews with the main players, few of whom seem to take themselves very seriously.

However, it should be mentioned that the clear majority of the features here, even the best, are often little more than B-movies. Perhaps the most important contribution to the naïve viewer will be the chance to catch of seminal films without having to sit through the missed gags, limp horror, and overdone action. Even Quentin Tarantino implies the same, admitting that a given film might boast an immortal action sequence before falling back into mediocrity. But with **Not Quite Hollywood**, you'll have a chance to relive these solo moments (albeit divorced from their full context).

The good news is that escapist fare is back with a vengeance in a number of recent Aussie films, bolstered by improved technical details and the judicious use of CGI. Vampires, zombies, monsters, and other denizens of B-movie-dom have taken residence down-under, making occasional appearances in horror film festivals and on independently distributed DVDs. You can even find the older films without much difficulty, making Australian product easier to locate and enjoy than you might think possible. Director Mark Hartley may have played a larger role in making this happen than some might be willing to admit.

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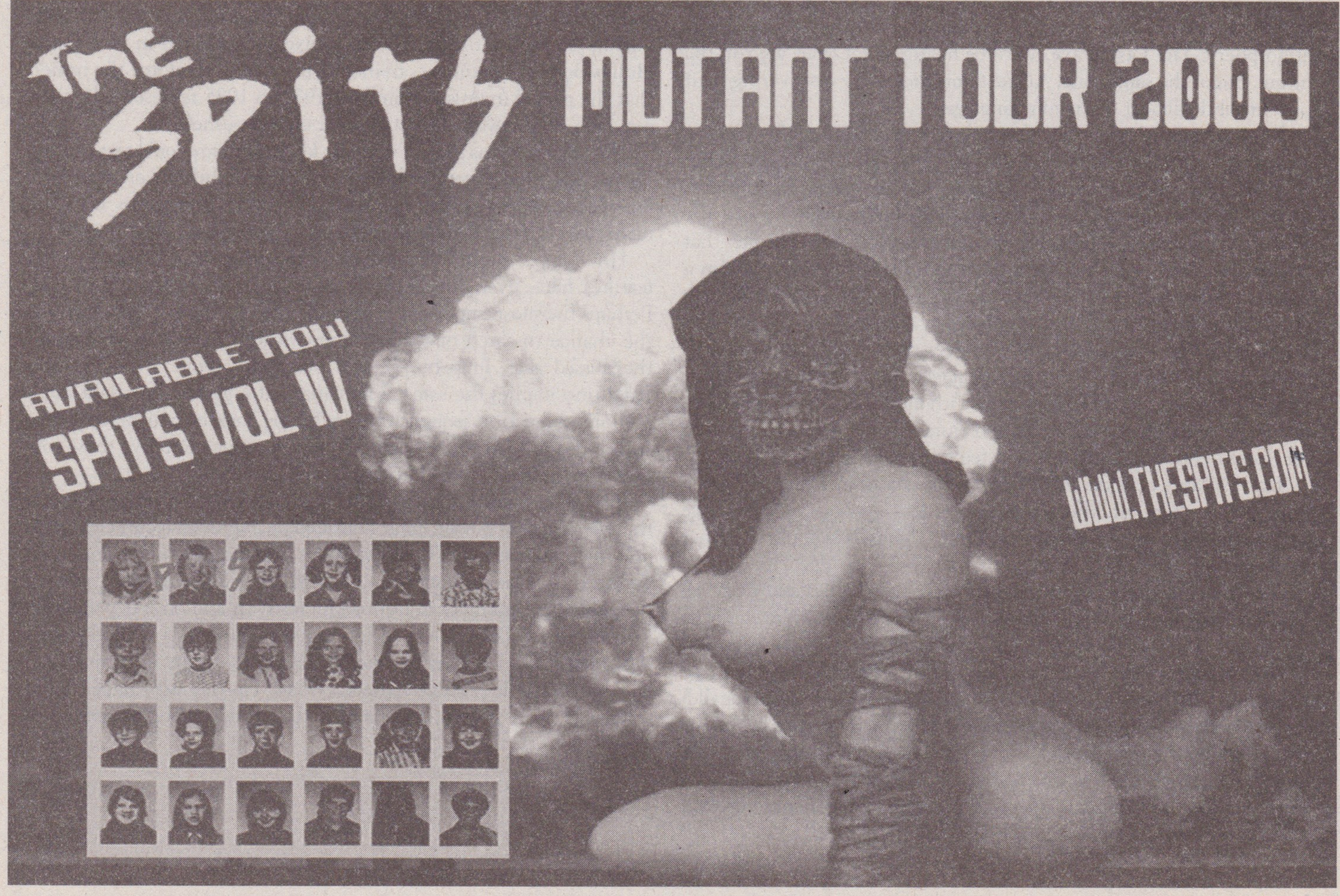

RECORDS

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We will review everything that falls within our area of coverage: punk, garage, hardcore, etc.—no major labels or labels distributed by major-affiliated distros. Please include postpaid price and contact information. Let us know where your band is from! *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.*

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(BB) Brace Belden
(JU) Justin Briggs
(TB) Tim Brooks
(DB) Dan Butler
(AD) Andy Darling
(DD) Dr. Dante
(BD) Brian Dooley
(SD) Sean Dougan
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(DG) Dan Goetz
(BG) Bob Goldie
(MH) Mike Howes
(CS) Chris Hubbard
(ML) Mike Josephson
(KK) Kenny Kaos
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(VL) Vinnie La Russa
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(FS) Fred Schrunk
(CI) Cissie Scurlock
(MS) Martin Sorrondeguy
(SS) Steve Spinali
(AU) Andrew Underwood
(XV) XYosefX

THE ACTION – "Complete Punk Recordings 1977-1978" CD
Fuck yes! Thank you Joey "Shithead" and Sudden Death for releasing this comprehensive CD of Canada's legendary '77 punk band the ACTION!! This discography is another one of those obscure gems of the original punk movement that most people would have only heard of if they were actually there *or* if someone took the time to track down audio masters, demo tapes, and (ideally) original band members in order to preserve this bit of musical history. This is killer KBD, '77-style punk rock that is easily of the quality of HOLLYWOOD BRATS or EATER. Unfortunately, the ACTION's star burned bright but brief, with a career that really only spanned a couple of years between 1977 and 1978, and then trickled on until 1981... In that time, the ACTION played numerous times in their hometown of Ottawa and made it to other venues in Ontario and Quebec, and they also recorded two EPs (the second of which was sadly unreleased). Both EPs are included, as well as some live recordings of other songs. Unfortunately, the quality of the live recordings is not all that good, but for the studio tracks alone and the extensive liner notes by founding member Paul Fenton, this CD is well worth it!! Had the ACTION received more attention at the time and survived longer, I'm confident that they would be held in the same esteem as fellow Canadian punks TEENAGE HEAD or the VILETONES!! (ML)
(Sudden Death)

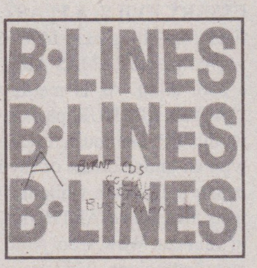
ALL DAY HELL – CD
Within the first minute of listening to this CD I was thinking HOMOMILITIA, and that is never a bad thing. Don't get me wrong, ALL DAY HELL definitely has their own sound, but the female / male vocal trade-offs and the quiet interludes definitely show an influence. I have to give them special credit for the incredibly well written English explanations of the lyrics included in the CD booklet. I have my reservations about anarchism as a political ideology, but the incredibly sincere and honest texts included make an excellent case for the positions they put forward. I also have to give them credit for making the often-tired epi-crust style sound totally fresh. This record combines some superlative songwriting and seriously impassioned vocals and playing. I l-o-v-e the almost MY BLOODY VALENTINE-ish guitar lead that features in the first part of "Msza Za Zmarlych," but don't let that reference fool you—when ALL DAY HELL gets heavy, they get *heavy*. This is so definitely worth tracking down. (AU)
(In Our Hands)

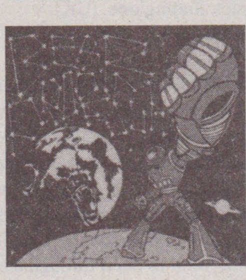
AMERICAN STEEL – "Dear Friends and Gentle Hearts" LP
AMERICAN STEEL was perhaps the most exciting band on the West Coast at the end of the last millennium, and their self-titled debut album and follow-up *Rogue's March* were both brilliant rough hybrids of East Bay pop and melodic street punk. Then they suddenly changed, went for a hip indie sound, and released a lackluster third album. They changed their name (I can't even remember the new name) and went for the emergent "dance punk" dollar, calling it quits when the New York music press didn't bite. I was surprised to see them reappear on Fat a year or so ago; I gave the record a listen and deleted it after half a listen—it just sounded weak. Now this. I'm trying to be impartial, I loved these guys, they really had it ten years ago, I know AMERICAN STEEL had to deal with something way more important than mere music, but I couldn't help but think that they blew it. So I'll give *Dear Friends and Gentle Hearts* a chance…to be honest it sounds great for what it is…COMMUNIQUE (I just remembered), that is very well played melodic punky pop with a ton of harmony, plenty of hooks, but essentially no substance. There's no "Rotting Inside" or "Every New Morning," but to be fair, ten years on there's no reason why there should be. So…*Dear Friends and Gentle Hearts* is very good—it is—but I probably won't listen to it again. Then again, I just might. (AD)
(Fat Wreck)

ANAL CUNT – "Old Stuff Part 3" LP
The economy must really be bouncing back if someone's got money to blow on pressing an ANAL CUNT record in 2009. (CS)
(Limited Appeal / Wicked Sick)

THE ANALS – "Total Anal" LP
Every jerk into hatred and organized chaos I've talked to for the past month or so has been raving about *Total Anal*, but I didn't put much thought into checking it out, unfortunately. Somehow it was one of those records that slips past for one reason or another. Was it in the band's name? Doubtful. The fact that it seemed like everyone was instantly into it? Extremely doubtful. Whatever the reason, it was the wrong move. *Total Anal* is completely fucked synth dirge, noise, glum, bad vibes from that weird French noise / art-punk set. This album, which includes tracks from a previous 7" plus almost a whole album's worth of other material, could sit alongside experimental projects dating about 25-30 years back. Pounding, throbbing, desperate screaming, punctuated by some actual songs that miraculously get your head bopping. Somehow in the abyss of repetitive, dark, almost soulless lyrics and pain-ridden apathy, actual, heart-swelling melodies are still grasping on for dear life. This complete anthology of the ANALS' recorded output is callous and disgustingly beautiful. (AL)
(Permanent)

ANIMALS & MEN – LP
This record sounds wrong on both 33 and 45, but the 45 sounds better, so we'll stick with that. It's still not good. Now there's some harmonica. Ugh. These lyrics are inane and they rhyme—a lot. It's like post-punk with out the herky-jerky-ness, without the





desperation or artsy aesthetic—you know, all the good parts. It's like if U2 or the CRANBERRIES were trying to be weird and punk. Boring. And I don't care that they are post-punk pioneers, this is dumb. And this is a new recording?!? Geez…I'm gonna go listen to the BAD THOUGHTS 45 again. (MM)
(Convulsive)

ANITA BABYFACE AND THE TASTY PONEYS – CD

I know it's very chic these days to suck French baguettes, but I'm not that keen on French bands except maybe for LES HATEPINKS who are funny. Everything's either generic or novelty. ANITA BABYFACE AND THE TASTY PONEYS is up-tempo, by-the-numbers girl-fronted melodic garagey punk with no real endearing attributes. It's not really that bad...it is speedy, and it is over quick. (AD)
(Dirty Witch)

APESHIT – "Pink Envy" EP

APESHIT makes me think of the whole Gravity Records scene of the early-to-mid '90s. They're trying to pull off an indie rock-lite version of that whole high-pitched screamo mess, but without the chops of CLIKITAT IKATOWI or the songwriting abilities of HEROIN. I remain unmoved and skeptical. (XV)
(Mother Chorizo)

ARSENE OBSCENE – "Partir a la Guerre" EP

Another garage record this month from France, except *Partir a la Guerre* is actually good and I like listening to it. This one-man band shit woulda been way better with a group behind him. *Les Punques du truncolupos. Ple du Truffaut.* France, French, Frank. Buy it if you have some Euros left over from all that brie or whatever the hell you people drink. (BB)
(Slovenly)

JAMES ARTHUR – "My Gawd!" EP

If you're like me, you love FIREWORKS, NECESSARY EVILS, A FEAST OF SNAKES, and practically anything else JAMES ARTHUR is / was involved in. So JAMES ARTHUR solo is pretty much a sure thing. As is messily scrawled on the cover "JAMES ARTHUR plays everything on all traxxx" on this EP. The music is disheveled, noisy, weird, but with an undercurrent of rhythm. The song trudges on below the surface while the science-fiction sound effects float above. ARTHUR's vocals buzz and murmur in your ear. Wow. Cool stuff. Pressing of 300, so good luck finding one. (CK)
(Goodbye Boozy)

ATENTADO – "Todo Esta Oscuro" EP

Agggggggggghhhhh, this is so fucking good I made it skip punching the desk on the first song and gouged the platter all up. Background music ATENTADO ain't. It's a full-volume, blow-the-speakers assault and I'm still on the first side. ATENTADO has got the rhythm, chops, conviction, and anger to make one want to burst through a brick wall. I keep playing the song "Odio" over and over (like more than fifteen times now)—the chorus is so catchy, I'll be singing "El odio es tu odio / Es su odio es mi odio" for days on end. Four songs of inept, raw, primitive D-beat beauty from Spain that is played from the heart with member(s) of SIBERIA and HORROR. Not to be redundant, but this is so fucking good it defies you to not go and start a band or zine. (RR)
(Discos Enfermos)

ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT – "Dead Serious Demo 1985" LP

Back in 1985 when the Bay Area supported both a thriving punk scene and the emerging and increasingly popular thrash metal scene, it was probably inevitable that some band would come along and bridge the gap. ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT was one of the first and best bands to make the attempt. While they (like pretty much every other crossover band) soon slid into irrelevance bordering on self-parody (question: which is worse, the third CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER album or the ANDY ANDERSON'S TRIBE LP?), this demo and 1987's *American Paranoia* LP are stone classics. From the proto-NYHC breakdown in "9 to 5 Religion" to the SEPTIC DEATH-like buzz of "Grey World" to the obligatory thrash instrumentals "Kristallnacht" and "Incredible End," this demo is a great representation of a young band working through their influences in search of a new sound. For my money, the best track is "In the Center It was Silent" where Andy Anderson drops his Kurt Brecht impression to channel Cal from DISCHARGE over a ripping hardcore track with a supremely discordant SLAYER-style solo. The record itself is pretty good for a bootleg. There's a little tape wobble at the beginning of the A-side, but overall the sound is strong, and you get a nice reproduction of the original demo cover as an insert. If you could only own one ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT record, it should be the LP, but this is a pretty solid runner-up. (AU)
(bootleg)

AUDACITY – "Power Drowning" LP

These dudes know how to party with some catchy tunes that range in style from SoCal surf to fast '80s LA punk interspersed with slow, cheesy love song snippets. It makes for a slightly confusing release, but one that actually flows perfectly despite the millions of genres represented. I feel like I'm the type of person who would typically be really annoyed by that, but these dudes make it work. The fast parts are totally wild and shred. I have no idea what to compare this to, which is probably a really good thing. Plus there's a DICKS cover. (DA)
(Burger)

BAD THOUGHTS – "Oh Jena! / Keep It Easy"

Whoa. This is really good. And the whole thing it keeps blowing my mind more and more. It's got clean vocals, and I actually like them. What the fuck? "Oh Jena" is like this weird sparse, repetitive, drums-saxophone-bass-vocals thing, and then weirdo guitar (almost bell-like) sounds come in super loud and unexpected, like I didn't think it was part of it *but it is*. "Keep It Easy" is a weird party clap-along-sing-along that really doesn't sound like the first side, but more like a conga line run by your weird, but kind of cool uncle in some dingy dive bar where it doesn't belong, and you are on acid. Both sides don't belong at all, but they're *so good*. (MM)
(M'Lady's)

BANGERS / BREAK THE HABIT – split LP

I guess this isn't really bad, it's just kinda meh. There isn't really anything here that makes it stand out as a record I'd want to listen to more than a few times. Two UK bands: BREAK THE HABIT is from Brighton and play Fat Wreck Chords-style melodic pop, and BANGERS are from Cornwall and have the same vibe going. Like I said, this isn't bad, it's just doesn't have any standout moments—well, maybe the Raymond Pettibon-inspired artwork, but who wants to judge a book by its cover? (BD)
(This One's for the Crew)

BEAR PROOF SUIT – "A Suit to Alter Fate 2005-2008" CD

This compiles BEAR PROOF SUIT's LP, two 7"s, and two unreleased songs. I'm impressed by what is my first exposure to this band. I hear a lot of the FIX at the base of BEAR PROOF SUIT's overall sound, especially with the main vocals, drumming, and guitar playing. These guys also carry on the Midwest tradition of wild, hard-hitting hardcore wrapped in keen melodic sensibilities with a refusal to be a slave to formula. That said, BEAR PROOF SUIT plays music that is fully their own. This would work perfectly on a mix tape between HOLY SHIT! and the FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS. (DG)
(Urban Pirate)

THE BEETS – "Don't Fit in My Head/It's Okay to Lose" LP

Droning, jangly art punk for skinny, mustachioed Williamsburg *Vice* "Don'ts" who think they're witnessing the second coming of the TELEVISION PERSONALITIES. It all sounds sufficiently vacant and detached, but the songs just don't go anywhere. I'd rather *eat* beets, and that's saying something. The artwork is terrific, however. (AM)
(Captured Tracks)

BILLY BAO – "May 08" LP

It is an odd combination—the sounds that come off this record and the words on record sleeve. The music is furious, manic, noisy drone, and damn loud. Electronic sounds with a thrashy drumbeat and pained vocals. It riles you up while listening to it and gives you a sort of catharsis from all the shit you endure day to day. Turn it up and tune out the world. I am tired after listening to *May 08*. However the record cover reads like a teenager's diary. It is political, but not cohesive or thought-out, like someone just starting to think about the actions of the world around him. Those are the lyrics for the first side of the album. I preferred it when I made I made up my own. (CK)
(Parts Unknown)

BIRDS OF A FEATHER – "The Past the Present" LP

I've been waiting to get my hands on this for a few months now and I'm fucking amped that *The Past the Present* is finally available. For those of you who don't know, BIRDS OF A FEATHER is a European straight edge super-group, with members from classic acts like CRIVITS, X-MEN, DEADSTOOLPIGEON, MAINSTRIKE, and the legendary MANLIFTINGBANNER, as well as the editor of *Value of Strength* zine. With Bigma of MANLIFITINGBANNER, et al. handling the lyrics and vocal duties, the songs don't shy away from attacks on capitalism, racism, and sexism, while also reaffirming their commitment to the edge and to hardcore. Musically, BIRDS OF A FEATHER is exactly what you'd expect: youth crew hardcore, played with passion by a bunch of straight edge dudes well into their 30s and still going strong. While nothing will ever touch the greatness of MANLIFTINGBANNER's seminal recordings, *The Past the Present* is still a killer album. It's definitely the best new youth crew I've heard in a while outside of the NO TOLERANCE and DRUG SHIT demo tapes, but the record is only half of what you get here. Instead of a traditional insert, this comes packaged with a monster, 100+ page book that's nearly the size of an

LP jacket in its height and length. The book is called *The Past the Present 1982-2007: A History of 25 Years of European Straight Edge*, and it is truly a labor of love, documenting history through interviews with nearly three dozen people from the scene, hundreds of photos, a timeline of Euro sXe bands and more. So, so fucking great. This book covers everyone from the originators like LÄRM and STATEMENT to modern bands like ANCHOR and EYE OF JUDGEMENT. *The Past the Present* is essential for anyone with an interest in European hardcore, youth crew, or straight edge. (XV)
(Refuse)

MAC BLACKOUT – "The Western Blue" LP
The second solo release for MAC BLACKOUT is a less angry, more listener-friendly journey into the music of the FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS / DAILY VOID songwriter. There are some BLANKDOGGIN' / REATARD sounds going on in these snippets of brainstorming, but no one can mistake BLACKOUT's brand of on-the-verge crazy. The style ranges from poppy and strangely upbeat to weird, noisy, purposefully out-of-tune and back again, but as we've become accustomed to in other projects, the vocals are a reverbed, sinister juxtaposition to any happy here. At times the demented takes you for a loop, but strangely it's extremely accessible. (AL)
(FDH)

BLACK RAINBOW / HIDDEN SPOTS – split EP
For all the fast, chaotic pop-punk-loving kids out there, this is the best record of the month, hands down. Both sides of the split are totally killer. The BLACK RAINBOW side features two songs from the same recording session as their two previous singles, and both songs are every bit as good as their other records, which were both mind-blowing. Ivy has got to be the most amazing living punk singing. Seriously, who's better? Anyway, highly recommended for anyone into '90s Bay Area DIY pop punk. On the other side of the split, HIDDEN SPOTS plays that gruff-male-voice pop-punk—the kind of music typically associated with the Gainesville scene. Of all the bands that rock this style, HIDDEN SPOTS is one of the most genuine. They are good in the same way that JACK PALANCE BAND was good. They do share some of the same members, and sound a bit similar, so the comparison is kind of unavoidable. But both their songs are solid. Just a great record all the way through. (FS)
(Starcleaner)

BLANK DOGS – "Anywhere / Slow Room!"
At the forefront of the late-'80s/'90s alternative / indie rock revival sweeping the, uh, "punk" scene these days. Droopy, mid-tempo, lo-fi crap, absolutely drenched in effects, making it all sound too much like a low-rent SWERVEDRIVER or, fuck, I don't know, some kid who spent too much time listening to the CURE and is now on a PIXIES jag or something. Uninspired/ing garbage. That, or my palette isn't sophisticated enough to "get it." (IS)
(Captured Tracks)

B-LINES – "Burnt CDs" EP
I've been keeping my eye on Nominal Records as everything I've heard from them has been great, and this new disc is no exception. Spazzed-out brat punk like early ANGRY SAMOANS or even first-EP-era DESCENDENTS. It's fast, snappy, and fun as shit...love it!!!! (TB)
(Nominal)

BOOZED – "One Mile" CD
I never got the HELLACOPTERS, for the same reasons that I'll never get this band. (SD)
(Chorus of One)

BOX ELDERS – "Alice and Friends" LP
All hooks, no room for dead weight, and the best live pop band of the year puts out the best pop record of the year. It's almost like the BOX ELDERS are cheating. I don't care if you don't *like* them, *listen* to them and learn how to write a good song with a good hook, then go *see* them and figure out what it is to be a good performer, then go *think* about them the next time you want to rip something off. I know a lot of people are doing this kinda pop shtick right now, but BOX ELDERS are the only guys who don't sound like wimps and can write a song that doesn't make me feel funny (in a bad way). Genuinely great record. (BB)
(Goner)

BOYS CLUB – LP
Fourteen tracks of bratty punk rock not unlike the bratty punk that filled our airwaves back in the most bratty year of all time—1977. It's rough and basic in the best possible way, sounding like the knife-wielding little cousin of HUBBLE BUBBLE and the KIDS. The songs are quicker than a 100-meter sprint, which suits the minimalist quality of the no-frills, no-spills, rough-and-tumble approach. I'm digging. (SD)
(Three-Dimensional)

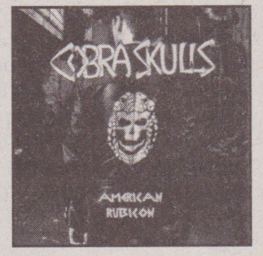
BRAIN KILLER – "Breaking Wheel" EP
Don't know if I can top Bruce's review of BRAIN KILLER's debut 7". Actually, I'm not even gonna try! There's been a considerable "buzz" around this band, so perhaps many people are by now familiar with them. For those who aren't, BRAIN KILLER is a top-notch fusion of DEVOID OF FAITH-style USHC and Japanese bands like BASTARD and FRAMTID. It's noisy and very powerful, and they manage to capture the same level of sonic power live. Definitely one of the better, if not best, records I've heard this year. (DB)
(Deranged)

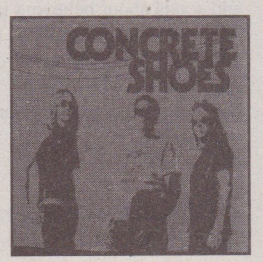
BRAND NEW HATE – "Guitar Junkies" CD
"The ultimate punk rock band from St. Etienne Rock City," proclaims the press release. This may well be the ultimate for / from St. Etienne, but let's face it, St. Etienne has never been known to the world at large as Rock City. Armament City, maybe Bicycle City (not a bad combo), but not Rock City. BRAND NEW HATE falls more under the punk rawk heading (note "guitar" in title—frequently a signifier of the rawk), and not a bad entry in that sweepstakes, with some rather DYLAN-ish songs thrown in for shits and giggles. (DD)
(Vitamin Bomb)

BROKEN NEEDLE – "Bring Our Your Dead" EP
What would LA be without BROKEN NEEDLE? This release doesn't stray too far from their LP on Lengua Armada and still provides the punks with a healthy dose of politics and relentless straightforward hardcore. I wish lyrics were included, because it seems like they usually have some good shit to say, but this printing of the record does come in a silk-screened sleeve. (DA)
(Schizophrenic)

BURNING ITCH – "Antisocial Paranoia" EP
Whether intentional or not—I'd bet not—this Knoxville trio sounds a helluva lot like SEIZURE (think "Cuties Wrong Now" off *Bloodstains Across California*) with maybe a touch of the GERMS. They have the kind of sound that wanders—no, stumbles around a bit, but manages to somehow totally keep it together. It works. Of all the hundreds of bands that tout their bullshit KBD sound or whatever, these dudes nail that wonderful middle-of-the-country punk sound born more out of listening to lotsa rock 'n' roll than having been nursed on the tit of *Killed by Bloodstains Across Your Mama's Ass*. This could totally pass for an unearthed '78 killer. (IS)
(self-released)

BUTTHOLE SURFERS – "Live PCPPEP" 12"
Green-vinyl repress of this acid-drenched Texas punk band's second EP. Seven songs; a good-quality live recording from 1984. In the echoes and reverberations, I can hear traces of SCRATCH ACID, the DICKS, the CRAMPS, the STOOGES. I won't cop to





being a huge B-HOLES fan, but this is pretty cool. "There's a time to live and a time to die, and I smoke Elvis Presley's toenails when I wanna get high!" (CS)
(Alternative Tentacles)

CAT PARTY – LP

They're successfully channeling the ghost of JOY DIVISION and rocking a sort of a dark but comfortable melancholia that comes from spinning the WIPERS *Over the Edge* hours on end. A gother, poppier WIPERS or CRISIS reference would suit the band. The vocals are a bit sluggish and could use a speck more edge or dynamics; the music is good and pretty enjoyable. Ultimately, in my experience of the record, the vocals render this only a little above mediocrity, when the music has the potential to be quite good. If you can't get enough JOY DIVISION…get your goth on. (P$)
(Flat Black)

CAUSTIC DEFIANCE / NEGATIVE ELEMENT – split CD

This CD compiles recordings from two early-'80s Illinois bands that shared members. Comprised of high-school-age suburbanites, NEGATIVE ELEMENT was among the younger crop of Chicago-area bands that followed in the wake of NAKED RAYGUN, the EFFIGIES, and ARTICLES OF FAITH; they played basic, lighthearted hardcore and released an EP on Version Sound Records back in '83. Their portion of the CD has an alternate mix of the EP plus a handful of demo tracks—overall, it's decent stuff but a bit underdeveloped and for the most part unremarkable. CAUSTIC DEFIANCE formed after two members of NEGATIVE ELEMENT moved out of Chicago to Peoria, IL. As the liner notes state, "The band's sound was always decidedly generic hardcore stop-and-go thrash and the members displayed a strong allegiance to the genre." Yup, that about covers CAUSTIC DEFIANCE. The sound quality on their tracks, which were recorded in '83 and released as a demo, is crisper with a nice buzzsaw guitar and anguished teenage vocals, but the material is so one-dimensional that I'm bored halfway through the second track. Barry Steppe from both bands later went on to play with NAKED HIPPY in the late '80s. This CD comes with a thick booklet featuring a good amount of writing on the groups plus lyrics and a ton of old pictures. (CS)
(Akashic)

CHAOTIX / MARUBULLMEN – split LP

Japanese split that'll pound the listener to a senseless mess. MARABULLMEN plays rapid-fire hardcore thrash with a metallic base. CHAOTIX does a similar style as MARABULLMEN but adds some melody in an almost DAG NASTY or early SNFU way to their rockin' thrash. Crazy. (MS)
(Ekitai, no info)

CHERNOBYL BABIES – "Punx Rules" EP

Simplistic snot-punk with plenty of studs, spikes, and songs about believing in punk and Oi!, which is fine by me. CHERNOBYL BABIES sorta sound like BLANKS 77 or the some of the Japanese bootboys like DISCOCKS—classic sing-along drunk punk. No prizes for originality, but originality is overrated, right?? (TB)
(Joe Pogo)

CHROME DOME – "Negative Vibes" EP

CHROME DOME is a synth and drums trio from Victoria, Australia. It's catchy, danceable, but also very generic. This would have been ahead of its time 30 years ago, but there isn't anything interesting enough happening with these songs to make it acceptable in 2009. (MU)
(Exss)

COBRA SKULLS – "American Rubicon" CD

I thought COBRA SKULLS' last album *Sitting Army* was maybe the best thing I'd heard in almost 20 years. I hadn't been so impressed by anything similarly since the likes of the DEAD KENNEDYS and the heyday of MDC. Devin Peralta's words are comparable to Jello Biafra's in intelligence, wit, and compassion, with the songwriting chops of a punk rock PROCLAIMERS or THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS. COBRA SKULLS is a band that draws upon a lot of influences, from any young punk's favorites BAD RELIGON, MISFITS, SOCIAL DISTORTION, to OPERATION IVY and AGAINST ME!, to the CLASH, to MANU CHAU, to JOHNNY CASH, and an apparent penchant for psychobilly...but the music doesn't sound scattered and disjointed like some bands (*American Rubicon* even has a ragtime-type piano jam and it doesn't sound out of place). Instead, the COBRA SKULLS have a solid backbone of rhythm over which a countrified song can stand next to a thrasher, all behind Peralta's strong singing about topics ranging from the war in Iraq, its effects on the troops, recession economics, overpopulation, scene politics, public transportation, and ecology. I think this band came into being (up in Reno) far enough away from a jaded, hip big city scene, so that they view punk as something that can actually affect change in people's lives, not just their closets. There's a real love for punk, for all music, and, for the time being anyway, a faith in their fellow humanity, albeit through a dark perspective. There's nothing overtly cynical about the message, there's no pandering to some generic lowest common denominator, and there's no reaching for fame that I can see, though the COBRA SKULLS are surely good enough to hit some perceived big-time. But they are so much better than that, than some reality show or merchandising at Hot Topic. This album, for me anyway, has some pretty big footsteps to follow in. I listened to the last one solidly for weeks, something I hadn't done since hearing the aforementioned DEAD KENNEDYS and the CLASH as a fourteen year old. *American Rubicon* sounds just as good on first listen—I'm very happy with it and I look forward to listening to it again and again. The same razor-sharp lyrics are there, the same eclectic range of sound, the same brilliant songwriting and great album structure—an art no one seems to perform anymore. This guy (Devin Peralta) is a huge talent, so get on the bandwagon now. Though the music for the most part is upbeat in nature, there is an underlying theme throughout of impending catastrophe, socially and enviromentally, and *American Rubicon* finishes off with the chilling line repeated, "Water is next..." (AD)
(Red Scare)

COMADRE – "A Wolf Ticket" 12"

COMADRE is one of those bands that I've seen dozens of times, been friends with and booked shows for, and bought records from for four or five years now, and yet I'm just now realizing that I can in no way describe the exact genre of hardcore that they play. They take elements from screamo (before that term was used to describe Top-40 shit) and mix it with the sing-along, stage-dive, let's-all-have-a-good-time style of bands like DANGERS, throw in some discordant guitar leads and oddball samples, and yet leaving me thinking of PAVEMENT. Weird. Well, an inability to be easily pigeonholed was never a bad thing, and COMADRE is a pretty awesome band, so you should probably just buy *A Wolf Ticket*. Oh, it's a one-sided 12" with an etched B-side, and it's on a great label that always presses far too few of their releases, so hop to it. (XV)
(Adagio 830)

THE COMMUNION / COMPOUND TERROR – split EP

The COMPOUND TERROR side starts out promisingly with an interesting noise piece, but the music itself is mediocre. I can appreciate bands that deconstruct their style to its basic elements, but this sounds like Grindcore 101 accompanied by a drummer who might be usefully replaced by a drum machine. I mean, the parts the drum machine wrote would be just as creative, and at least it would be able to keep proper time. I do like the ridiculously down-tuned guitar tone. The COMMUNION's first track starts strong, in a lo-fi black metal kinda way, but peters out with an ill-advised sludgy ending. Second track has a pretty good BUZZOV•EN thing going on for a minute, but gets too busy as well. I think it's kind of funny that the word "glossolalia" appears in the lyrics considering that they're just a bunch of free-associative words strung together à la PIG DESTROYER without the metaphorical significance. (AU)
(Midnight Sea)

CONCRETE SHOES – CD

I'm assuming this outfit is named after the PLASMATICS song, which is appropriate. The music is total "fuck you" three-piece garage slop heavily influence by alcohol and living in a swampy, godforsaken place called New Orleans. CONCRETE SHOES is sort of like a trashier OBLIVIANS with some female vocals backing up the choruses. This CD isn't too bad, but I'd probably dig the songs more at a show after a few drinks rather than listening to them here at my freakin' computer. (BG)
(self-released)

CONTAGIUM – "Cold Mind" EP

Ah, a breath of fresh air. This is some killer primitive crust, heavy on the DEVIATED INSTICT influence, tons of reverb on the vocals, muddy, raw bass, and drums just barely keeping up with it all. I especially like the tribal KILLING JOKE toms in "Remains." The recording isn't technically great, but it's perfect for this style. While a lot of newer crust bands are coming from the more metallic side, CONTAGIUM is definitely coming from the AMEBIX / punk side, and they're a very nice change of pace. (AU)
(Black Raven)

CONTROL / MARCHING ORDERS – Split EP

Fuck yes! Mr. Josephson's Longshot Music from San Francisco, California, USA in alliance with Contra Records from Wurzen, Germany have provided another brain-damaging split EP for you skins and punks! Side A features CONTROL, recorded in Sussex, England. CONTROL is Iain Kilgallon's new band. The two tunes that CONTROL supplies, "Stand Up and Fight" and "Be a Vigilante," harken back to the halcyon days of punk circa 1984 when one of Mr. Kilgallon's previous bands, INTENSIVE CARE, was turning heads with their Punishment Block Records EP containing the songs "Cowards," "Class of '84," and "Organised Crime." The sneering anger of "Class

of '84" traveled intact through Mr. Kilgallon's subsequent band, BEERZONE, and has gained a new punk momentum in CONTROL. Side B of this split has a raging two-song salvo issued by that rough-and-tumble Australian crew called MARCHING ORDERS. Longshot Music lavished you with a great ALTERNATE ACTION / MARCHING ORDERS split a couple of years ago as well as the *Last Train Home* 10" EP last year. This band kicks a whole fuck-load of skinhead ass! MARCHING ORDERS contribute two smashing good street-rock anthems for you hooligans. First up you get "Brothers in Arms"—this is a great song!! Next you get "Never Let You Down," another solid chunk of testosterone-fueled punk 'n' Oi! MARCHING ORDERS celebrated a triumphant appearance at the East Coast Oi! Fest in Pennsylvania last year and won over many new skinhead and punk fans there! Get on board with the smarter alcoholics in the punk and Oi! crowd! Get this fucking record! (BR)
(Longshot Music / Contra)

C.O.P. – "Dedicated Cop" EP

OK, I admit that I was approaching this EP with some reservation since I wasn't really into the sloppy, juvenile approach of C.O.P.'s first release, but holy crap have these guys improved! This eight-track disc fucking rips from beginning to end! Think DISSENSION and early NO COMMENT meets *Group Sex*-era CIRCLE JERKS. I'm stunned, seriously. The lyric sheet doesn't provide much, so I don't know what's up there (seemingly a vast improvement from their first EP…), but this record is totally worth tracking down either way. (BG)
(Flat Black)

THE COPYRIGHTS – "Learn the Hard Way" LP

Simply put, *Learn the Hard Way* is a great record. It's got everything I like about pop-punk, from the fast, melodic guitar parts and simple song structure to vocal parts that will have you singing along whether you want to or not. This is really catchy. Without trying too hard to find a comparison, I have a feeling that most people would compare the COPYRIGHTS to SCREECHING WEASEL, but I hear a bigger LILLINGTONS influence, even some MARKED MEN sounds here and there. Fuck! A quick web search for the label info reveals that these guys are playing here tonight and I'm broke and have to work at 5 A.M. Fuck! (BD)
(Red Scare)

CROOKED WAYS – "Crimes of Passion" EP

This is popcore for fans of COMEBACK KID, SET YOUR GOALS, CRIME IN STEREO, and other bands of that ilk. I'm not a fan of those bands. Mid-paced, clean, and boring—CROOKED WAYS sounds like it should be playing in the background on *Gilmore Girls*. (XV)
(Last Anthem)

DAGGERS – "Understatement of the Year" CD

Typically, I'm not real excited about metallic, mid-tempo tough-guy hardcore. On CD no less! The Belgian band DAGGERS is atypical in this regard. Their songs are tight and energetic, and the lyrics are pretty good, in a personal, almost poetic vein. Plus they had the sense to keep this release under 20 minutes, which every fucking (non-discography) punk release ought to be anyway. The packaging is a little artsy, but the tunes are aggressive and pummeling. If you're on this tip, I'd strongly recommend checkin' these guys out. (JM)
(I For Us)

DAMAGE – "Our World" LP

Existing somewhere in that ideal realm that lies just between pure hardcore and snotty punk rock, these Swedes belt out twelve mid-paced monsters of snarl that would make any *SU-2000* era SOCIAL UNREST or CAPITAL PUNISHMENT fan proud. I've listened to this record like four times already, and I've got the songs "Insomnia" and "Brain Damage" stuck in my head. The lyrics, some in English and some in Swedish, are mostly meaningful but never too serious or preachy. The album is a total DIY effort, and if you go on their MySpace page they list sites where you can either buy the vinyl or download the music for free. Buy the vinyl! (BG)
(self-released)

DAMIDOL – "William Shatner's Pecs" CD

From Madison, WI, DAMIDOL plays bumbling, grunged tunes with wacky lyrics. It seems they've been around for a good seven or eight years, and while I can appreciate a band that innocently plays around for fun and their friends' enjoyment, it can't slip by that DAMIDOL is just too wacky and bumbling. It's refreshing that a band that wants to sound so creative and original obviously walks to the beat of their own drum without being suffocatingly angry, but it's just too drama-club to get a pass. (AL)
(self-released)

DANCE FOR DESTRUCTION – "When Color Was Real" LP

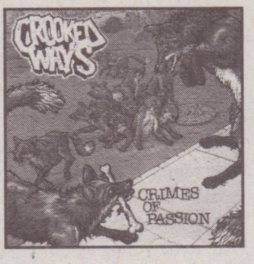
These kids are playing a modern "hardcore" sound that is ready for MTV2. The singer's ugly voice is about the only part that isn't commercially viable. The production is aiming for rough, but sounds pro and slick and by the third song we'd already gotten to the acoustic intro. Occasionally DANCE FOR DESTRUCTION does come together for a good, driving segment. At twelve songs, *When Color Was Real* goes on forever. If DANCE FOR DESTRUCTION was just mediocre, I wouldn't be as bilious, but these kids are talented and successful at what they're doing, and what they do fills me with hate. It's not that this release is so bad, but I think this band is corny and safe. (JM)
(Melotov)

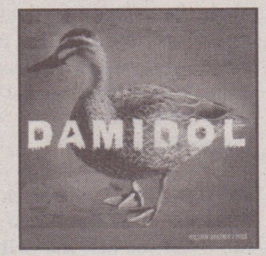
DAVILA 666 – "Primero Muerta/Sabes Que Quiero"

On this single, DAVILA 666 gives us two more mid-tempo '60s-garage-style tracks. Guitar-driven melodic jams here comparable to BLACK LIPS or the SONICS. These folks are natives of Puerto Rico, and thus all the lyrics are delivered in Spanish. It's catchy, it's dreamy, it's heavy on the tambourines—everything you want to hear if you're wanting to rock to some new garage. Recommended. (FS)
(HoZac)

D-CLONE / MÖRPHEME – split EP

D-CLONE is the current master of the DISCLOSE style of overdriven-to-the-max, wall-of-noise Japanese hardcore. It's like getting kicked in the wiener or nu-nu by a sasquatch-sized porcupine in steel-toe Doc's. With an endless cavalcade of wannabe crasher-crusters (mostly based out of God's blessed America) this style is beginning to suffer from overexposure to bozo, third-gen xerox, half-hearted suckitude. That is, until you hear the one, two, or three bands a year out of one hundred that get it right. You can add all the distortion, delay, and effects you want, but when the soul ain't there, it just ain't there. When "noise not music" is done correctly and for the right reasons, you can just feel it. It's not just noise, even when it is, in fact, just noise. The tunes need to be there. What I'm getting at with that semi long-winded rant is that with D-CLONE, it's all there—the pounding, blown-out tension, the melody in mess, and the beauty in anger add up to that perfect pressure in your ears that makes you feel the only way to be free and happy is to suffer. On the flip of this great split EP is the Bay Area's very own MÖRPHEME. Instead of rambling again in excess, I'd like to apply everything I said above about D-CLONE and go from there. I think of MÖRPHEME as taking that everything-at-eleven-and-overdrive-it-again sound and instead of applying it to DISCHARGE, giving the treatment to something like MELLAKKA or LAMA instead. Perhaps that's just Moto's vocal stylings, but I totally hear it. There is something decidedly Finnish about the sound. One of the best bands of the last few years for sure and I absolutely love them. Sadly, the release of this record coincides with Moto's return to Japan and the demise of one of our local musical treasures. On the other hand, I'm sure Daiki, Will, and Cyrous will grace us with something else great in the months to come. I'm sure of it. (JU)
(Mouse)





DEAD INFECTION – "Corpses of the Universe" LP

Classic grind / hardcore band from Poland still at it! The HC parts have cool riffs that separate this from most bands of the genre, and the production, which typically is something that turns me off this style, is refreshingly un-slick. It's clear and done well, but not overdone or fancy. I'm reminded of CARCASS, partly because of the music, but also because of the lyrical content (e.g., the description of fat cells in one's body). There's a bonus track of a MORTICIAN cover. Wish I got a reviewer's copy of this. (VL)
(Haunted Hotel)

DEAD MECHANICAL – "Binghampton Calling / Leave It Alone"

Very good mid-to-up-tempo melodic punk with a rough feel…reminds me of GUNNER, or a slower OFF WITH THEIR HEADS. Bands influenced by bands influenced by LEATHERFACE. (AD)
(self-released)

DEAR LANDLORD – "Dream Homes" LP

DEAR LANDLORD has quite the pedigree genealogy, having members off OFF WITH THEIR HEADS, RIVETHEAD, and the COPYRIGHTS, and what you get doesn't disappoint. They play fast, very catchy, punchy punk that's closer to the COPYRIGHTS than OFF WITH THEIR HEADS. Either way, you're getting some extremely good Midwestern punk. It's a great sound, perfect for drive-in movies, rumbles, or dragging your buddy around a beer-soaked dance floor. DEAR LANDLORD gets an honorary area set aside on my imaginary leather jacket. Ah, to be young again… (AD)
(No Idea)

DEATHCAGE – "Tomorrow We Die" EP

Third release from these Aussie fuckers. I don't remember much about the LP besides it being decent, but that's about all. The previous 7" on Schizophrenic was also pretty good, but this EP is miles ahead. DEATHCAGE has that rampaging, furious forward motion that you usually find in the Japanese riff-master "Burning Spirits" hardcore bands. Where others fail nailing this sound (that aren't actually from Japan), I feel DEATHCAGE is quite successful, on this record at least. They certainly have the chops and are serious riff-masters in their own right. The guitar work, especially on the track "Daggers Roll," is downright impressive. Me like. No matter what style these chaps are channeling, they have created a *killer* hardcore record with a million riff changes and bridges that keep it interesting—I've noticed new parts on every listen. Aces. (JU)
(Sniper Fucker)

DEATH CRISIS – "Broken Spirit" EP

Members of San Diego area bands LIFE CRISIS (I kid you not) and CHICKEN FARM carry the torch with six tracks of quick, basic, stripped-down hardcore. There's no metallic touches, but still some of the modern, well... post-'85-styled quirky breaks and rushes (think in the direction of RKL—stray, wailing four-second squealing guitar solos, but more garagey and lo-fi), which keeps this both high energy and freshly inventive as DEATH CRISIS seems to mix up their approach from track to track. Lyrics are sung in both a really great caustic-sounding Spanish and hoarse English and alternate between the pessimistic political from current events to the reflective personal downer lyrics, with bonus points for bringing the mood back up with the joke track "El Masturbador!" High school Spanish class probably didn't teach you that one, but I'm sure you can figure it out... *Que esta pasando?!!!* A quick, fun EP where the six tracks zing by fast enough and with an urgency that most bands seem to miss—by the time it ends, you're totally amped up to flip it back over and start again. Ripping! (KS)
(Too Old to Die, no info)

DEMOKHRATIA – "Bled El Petrole Takoul Lekhra" EP

Leave it to Tian An Men 89's Luk Haas to discover Algeria's punk scene!! DEMOKHRATIA plays fierce hardcore that brings the '90s best to mind (although the band is current). Thirteen songs on a 7", so I don't have to tell you that the music's fast, but I will say that I didn't get bored. Each song is distinct with lots of build-ups, quick changes, and brief breakdowns. There are a couple of different vocalists—one has a raspy tone and the other burly and gruff, both perfectly pissed to compliment the songs. The lyrics are in Arabic, and even though I was unable to understand them, the general feel is enraged and political—the name of the band roughly translates to "shit democracy." Playing extreme music and speaking against the government is a rebellion in itself in a country where politically outspoken people have been known to disappear or end up in jail. Algeria's hardcore discography starts off with a bang—I recommend any fans of international and / or '90s hardcore punk to start tracking down a copy of *Bled El Petrole Takoul Lekhra*. (CI)
(6 Euros from Darbouka / Tian An Men 89)

DESTRUCTORS 666 – "Quisnam Vigilo Vigilo" CD

This is the current incarnation of the original DESTRUCTORS from the late-'70s / early-'80s UK scene. They still play similarly styled UK82 Oi! and punk, but have put a poppy, painfully over-produced spin on it. I guess the redeeming factor is the politics that seep through the generic Oi! tunes. They seem to be obsessed with government spies and the farce that is UK state protection, which are typical topics of the genre. Personally, I'd stick with the old records. (DA)
(Rowdy Farrago)

DETONIZE – "Rat Dogs of War" 12"

Okay, first the music here is really great and recommends this record on its strength alone. It's *super killer* metallic crust. *Awesome*. Really hammering and requires several repeat listens in one sitting. But what's always hard for me to take about the mid-to-late-'00s crust-core is that in aping, copying, and fetishizing the bands of a quarter of a century ago, the war imagery that was largely plastered on covers to repulse and alarm people has been picked up by a generation wishing to pay homage. But either the images have completely lost any ability to shock or offend, or the point has been missed entirely and the images are just taken as part of the culture without emphasizing the negative connotations that they were meant to inspire. With that, they become what the culture is "for"—military association, bullet belts, and ancient pictures of Nazis in gas masks and World War II ruins. This Seattle band's tagline in a couple spots is "nuclear noise," anarcho punk is *anti*-nuclear weapons, *anti*-nuclear power. Why the fuck would you want to be associated with that bullshit? Old bands have radioactive symbols, mushroom clouds, and coolant towers on their records, so they must like them?! No! Fuck nukes! Fuck the nuclear waste, fuck nuclear weapons, fuck Chernobyl, fuck everything about it. By refusing to think through, modernize, or at least clearly delineate the meaning of the imagery and ideas, it is robbed of its power, because the people who created this culture 25 years ago were pretty dead fucking serious, and that's why it still resonates and is important 25 years later. If it's just a soundtrack for drinking or taken for granted, then just sing about goblins and wizards because that's more *fun* anyway. But back to the music, because like I said it's pretty hot, and my broader point about modern crust isn't just specifically about DETONIZE or their possibly muddled actual intent, but symptomatic of the culture as a whole. *These eight tracks are awesome*! Really well played meaty, heavy 'n' crusty, metal-singed hardcore à la mid-period ANTI-CIMEX with blown-out, gruff vocals mastered way loud to make a thick slab of brutal riffs that largely ferociously rampage, especially when cranked up!!! The lyrics are not quite Discharge haikus, but carry the same blunt, to-the-point attack of raw vision of war and life. Beyond brutal, limited to 500 copies, move fast. (KS)
(self-released)

DISTRUST – "A Dream of Peace" EP

Another bootleg of an obscure hardcore band out of Europe. This here is DISTRUST from Sweden and the recording is from 1983. Most the stuff is live, but the quality is not as bad as I would have thought. Not the best from this era, but if you are one of many who just needs to hear it all, check DISTRUST out. Oh, I can't help out on tracking one down 'cuz there is no information, too bad. (MS)
(bootleg)

DOBERMANN CULT / FREDAG DEN 13:E – split EP

All the Masonic / Illuminati imagery on this record makes me afraid to write a bad review. Before I go on, let me apologize in advance to any and all movers and shakers in world politics who might crush me like a bug lest the review be less than stellar. That being said, FREDAG DEN 13:E is pretty good modern Swedish hardcore. Sounds like a less-frantic DÖDS-DÖMD, though the epic shout-alongs in the mid-tempo "Levande Begravd" raise it up a notch. DOBERMANN CULT is modern old-school hardcore, like the not-as-good records by bands that used to be cool. Sounds like WARZONE with second-rate MINOR THREAT riffs and a subscription to *Vice* magazine. (AU)
(Kranium)

DOCKSIDE HOOKERS – "Killing the Music" EP

Man, Longshot sure knows how to pick the good street punk and skinhead bands! The DOCKSIDE HOOKERS hail from Quebec and play super catchy working class anthems full of excellent guitar licks and melodic choruses that will have you flipping this four-song EP over and over again. A couple of tracks are geared towards blue collar dignity, and one is an obligatory "you pushed your luck and will now get beat down" declaration, but my favorite track is "Pride," about punk being a way of life. The first band that comes to mind for some sort of comparison or reference would be the amazing SUBWAY THUGS. *Killing the Music* is on cool splattered vinyl for the collector nerds, but worth seeking out just for the music alone. (BG)
(Longshot)

DONALD THOMPSON – "Bite My Ass" EP

Who is DONALD THOMPSON? I'm always a little puzzled by bands named after an individual unless they have reached a point of notoriety like, oh, let's say JAY REATARD. Maybe they couldn't think of a catchy band name, or maybe the guy is just really into himself?? Either way, DONALD THOMPSON plays some seriously good rock 'n' roll! Drawing on all sorts of influences from the '90s, like the HELLACOPTERS and a fistful of other bands of that ilk, means that there is nothing too groundbreaking here, unfortunately…but I'm a sucker for that stuff, so I like it! (ML)
(Surfin' Ki / Tornado Ride)

DRY ROT – "Hairless" EP

Aaaaahh DRY ROT, the band everyone loves to *hatehatehate*. I too have a hard time with the God-ROT dilemma—does one buy the records, go to the shows, and in turn support the Christ-loving, church-going crazies in this band? Or do I totally write them off—give them no mind and no endorsement based on a (pretty fucking big) theological and ideological chasm? By even bringing the topic to the typewriter I've complicated things. Ultimately, the choice becomes yours to address as you flip through the record bin. To my recollection DRY ROT has yet to explicitly promote their personal weakness and need for the crutch of religion in their records, but it is certainly a flame they like to fan. That said, it holds little value to discuss such an inane organization like Christianity in a record review when there is music to discuss! And the music here is superb. The A-side has two dark numbers brilliantly growled out and bulled through. Teeth grit and eyes clinched, the first track gave me the goddamn shivers. Their guitars are almost willed to sound as agonized as the vocals and both songs flow incredibly well despite the unpredictability of the guitar. On the flip-side, "There Are Seven Levels" revisits the terrain previously explored on their Deer Healer release last year (an appallingly good 45). Unfortunately, it falls far short of that effort here. (RM)
(Home Invasion)

DUN2DEF – "Riot Torn City" CD

I love this CD!! I mean, as much as this vinyl snob can love a CD, that is… Maybe I'm just a little jaded in my old(er) age, but whenever I see a CD from a band with a bunch of middle-aged punks rocking mohawks in the artwork, I am skeptical. But dammit, DUN2DEF has smashed that ill-conceived perception into a million pieces! By now I've listened to it at least five or six times in the last 48 hours and I want to fucking pogo all over the office on my headphones while I'm supposed to be working!!! This stuff isn't overly original as it borrows heavily from many '70s and '80s punk influences, but the bands that I hear in DUN2DEF's music are an excellent inspiration, so that is all good!! DUN2DEF puts a fresh spin on an older style of punk rock that reminds me of the RAMONES at times, as well as one of my personal favorites, MORAL CRUX... Definitely check these guys out and hopefully we'll hear more from them soon!!! (ML)
(Rowdy Farrago, no info)

DYS – "Brotherhood" LP

The facts: A decent-quality bootleg of DYS's classic first LP that also (wisely) includes the track "Wolfpack" and (wisely) omits the silly cover-song / joke medley that both appeared on Taang Records' *Wolfpack* reissue. There's also a twelve-track live set from 1983 recorded at CBGB's on the B-side that I'm pretty sure was pressed at the wrong speed (tune your pitch adjuster to approximately +6, otherwise Smalley sounds like a scary old man) and is missing four extra songs listed on the insert. My opinion: While the bootlegger who assembled this LP is typically sloppy, there's no denying that DYS fucking rips and *Brotherhood* was the best record that X-Claim ever released. (CS)
(bootleg)

EARTHMEN AND THE STRANGERS – LP

I love it when bands bridge the gap between punk and indie without losing or getting lost in any of the above genre's charm. These Arizona boys come off as a lost treasure on Flying Nun Records whilst taking in some of its neighbor's (RADIO BIRDMAN and the SCIENTISTS) hook-driven pull. I'd almost put my imaginary house on it that these boys rock the CLEAN and the VERLAINES every second day whilst blasting the WIPERS in between. Not a single duffer; every track becoming an instant new fad, sounding old in the warmest sort of way, a beautiful tonic to the worst Monday blues I've ever had. Now I'm off to spread the word: We have found this year's best record. (SD)
(FDH)

E-COLI – "Judas Cradle" EP

Best thing I'm reviewing this month. E-COLI's first 7" was great, and this one isn't too sonically dissimilar, but the addition on bass of Max from WARKRIME, who was (I think) that band's primary songwriter, might explain this record's more dynamic yet seemingly unstructured and almost stream-of-consciousness approach to riffing. There's an almost willful disregard for song structure, which is something that characterized WARKRIME's songs past the first 7". There is a genuine unpredictability, though E-COLI has a firm grasp on how songs, and this record as a whole, should flow, and there is an order to the chaos which happens to begin and end perfectly for what it is. If I had to make a brushstroke comparison, I'd say this record brings to mind an updated, harsher *Hassibah Gets the Martian Brain Squeeze*-era NEOS, both in terms of sheer speed and tightness, vocal quality, and aforementioned approach to songwriting. I can see how *Judas Cradle* might be considered less accessible to fans that are looking for a more straightforward sound akin to E-COLI's first record or the other bands with whom E-COLI shares members, but I think it's goddamn great. (DG)
(Stress Domain)

EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING – CD

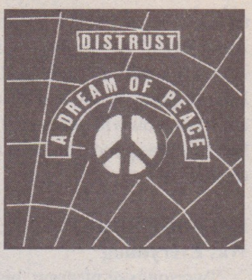
Ah, finally the first EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING LP gets a re-release. The band that justified their hype when every shitty band that sounded like a late-'80s AmRep clone were getting hailed as the second coming. EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING has all those ingredients that make a band so special and the ability to sound like a million of your favorite bands whilst still sounding unique—not an easy task. More direct than their highly acclaimed second LP, but still a classic in its own right. It's got the FALL's working-class mantra whilst holding on to its punk-going-garage groove. It's psych-punk without the '60s drug clichés; it's Krautrock without the art degrees and funny hair cuts. EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING is all this and more whilst still firmly remaining a punk rock band. Now just forget about all those who falsely charmed their way on to the covers of this magazine and get the real thing. (SD)
(Goner)

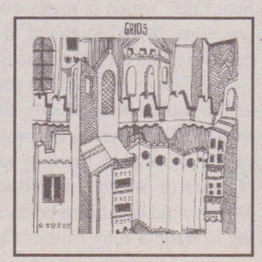
ROKY ERICKSON – "Gremlins Have Pictures" LP

So what we got here is a boot of oddities spanning from '75-'82, originally released in '86 on Enigma, and then again on CD in the '90s. Three studio tracks recorded with Jack Johnson, and nine live tracks that are either solo or with the EXPLOSIVES, the ALIENS, or pre-ALIENS band BLIEB ALIEN. As one can expect, it varies in both sound and song quality, and I would skip this release if it weren't for the cover of VELVET UNDERGROUND's "Heroin," which makes this a mandatory have. ROKY's spin on this tune with his signature blown-out, soulful, almost eerie vocals will send chills down one's spine. (RR)
(bootleg)

ROKY ERICKSON AND THE ALIENS – "Weird Tales" LP

I am a ROKY ERICKSON fanatic, from his time in the 13TH FLOOR ELEVATORS through all his solo records; I can't get enough. The man is a troubled genius, with a knack for songwriting. This appears to be a boot of a radio show in 1979 with fantastic quality and the band and ROKY in top form. All of the classics are done, as always slightly differently than the other fifteen versions you already have. As far as I'm concerned I could listen





to "Cold Night For Alligators" or "Creature With The Atom Brain" (a nice bass heavy mellow version here is great) a million times and still never tire of them. I'm not going to try and describe the sound… if you are a fan, you will get this, if you have never heard of him this is as good a place as any to start. Love it. (TB)
(bootleg)

ESTROGEN HIGHS – "Echo / They Told Me I Was Everything"
Two songs of pleasant, high-toned, inspired garage pop that keep in tradition with that clean / dirty sound. Straight-ahead songwriting and miles of hooks, with some not over-the-top but snotty-enough-for-good-measure vocals. The A-side gets you wound up with "Echo"; turn over for the cool-down "They Told Me I Was Everything" on the flip. Only complaint? It's a bit short and thus a little disappointing. Worthy of repeat listens though since it's all we get from this little guy. (AL)
(self-released)

FATO / TAKE ONE FOR THE TEAM – split EP
TAKE ONE FOR THE TEAM do fast hardcore that thrashes away. Multiple vocalists you can almost understand. I guess you could call this thrash revival with fast hardcore sound and all the screams of "Go!". Sadly the band no longer exists. Good stuff. FATO made me laugh. Gindcore and powervoilence leanings with funny but also social lyrics. A song about a "Segway Circle Pit"? Songs surrounded by some old video game electronic silliness. (MH)
(Sir Punkley)

FINALLY PUNK – "Casual Goths" LP
I didn't really like *Coffee, Tea, and Misery*, so I wasn't really looking forward to this, but it's actually really rad. *Casual Goth*s is like a compilation of everything (pretty much everything?) that FINALLY PUNK's done since 2005, including tracks from the first CD-R, which is exciting, and on top of that, these recordings are better. This is basically the sound of an up-all-night slumber party, lots of shit being knocked over, totally broken. Like everything is constantly falling apart. This is one of my favorite types of music—girls sounding like they have no idea what's going on or what's right, but just banging the shit out of everything and freaking out. It's kind of off-time, kind of out of tune, total thrill. Plus a NIRVANA cover. *Casual Goths* is basically the FINALLY PUNK record I've been waiting for. I'd say it's worth your time. (MM)
(M'lady's)

FISTIFUCKS – "2000 Years" LP
Welcome to the 1990s! Specifically, the doldrums of the early/mid-'90s when B-list bands like NAKED AGGRESSION could draw way more props than they necessarily deserved. I dunno, FISTIFUCKS is just kinda sub-par in virtually every way. Not explicitly terrible, but definitely never achieving much worth hearing twice. The one vocalist sounds kind of like Jake Filth, which is pretty cool, I guess. Most of the lyrics are "meh"-inducing at best. Musically, "Freedom Fries" is a cringe-inducing rock 'n' roll number while "Grapes of Wrath" is actually a pretty good mid-tempo hardcore number sounding a little like AUS ROTTEN. If there were way less "whoah-oh"s and spoken word parts and way more hardcore tracks like "Grapes of Wrath" and "Blasphemy of Man," *2000 Years* would be a much better record. P.S. If you're going to write a song called "Gonorrhea Queen" (worst track on the record, by the way), at least have the balls to include the lyrics. Or better yet, just defer to your better instincts and don't do it, dumbasses. (AU)
(FYBS)

FLERE DØDE PANSERE / RAZOR BLADES – "Forhadt Ungdom" split EP
This is a welcome reissue of one of the rawest split 45s from the early punk era. Hailing from a small Danish island, the RAZOR BLADES were brothers who alienated everyone else they tried to play with… The music is fast, pummeling, raw-as-shit hardcore punk. FLERE DØDE PANSERE means "More Dead Cops." I think they shared a few members with the RAZOR BLADES, and they feature perhaps the raddest lady punker vocals I've heard since KALASHNIKOV or RUTTO. Bente has this killer snotty / cool style that isn't piercing at all, and the music is fucking raging collapse-in-on-itself hardcore, in the tradition of other classic Euro bands from the same era. There are incredible pictures inside of police with snarling dogs up against a row of defiant punks, from when the kids squatted a building and had an all-night show as a last stand before they were evicted… (LG)
(Arg!)

FOREIGN OBJECTS – "Leave Me" EP
Boston has got it going on! This record is seriously so so so so rad, pleasantly reeking of an Umeå punk sound in the vein of REGULATIONS and MASSHYSTERI, but slowed down a bit and with a tinge of post-punk added in. For some reason, I wasn't that into the demo that precedes this 7", but this record rips from start to finish. It's easy to burn out on punk these days, but if you're going in that direction, this record will probably save you. (DA)
(Loud Punk / Shock to the System)

FUBAR / SYLVESTER STALINE – split CD
This is grind with a lot of moshy breakdowns; silly, bright, bad cartoon art; and party-mosh lyrics that are mostly about weed. I suppose grind freaks might love this, but it seems like a pretty pointless piece of plastic to me. The whole thing seems overproduced, from the artwork to the music. SYLVESTER STALINE, hailing from France, boasts on their MySpace page, "If you want a good band, listen to another one." Don't bother with this when you could be listening to a good, raw, grind band whose brutality feels more authentic. Weak. (DB)
(Bones Brigade)

FUNERAL DRESS – "Global Warning" LP
Holy crap! I'm getting old…I remember hearing FUNERAL DRESS for the first time as a young punk and apparently they are approaching their 25th anniversary as a band in 2010, according to the inner-sleeve of this brand new album recorded in 2008!! Well, at least these punks from Belgium haven't slowed down—they are not just getting older, but better as well! This is edgy and aggressive yet melodic, leaning towards a hardcore-influenced punk sound like the CASUALTIES or A GLOBAL THREAT and similar bands that you would expect to find on labels like Charged Records or Punkcore. All in all, another stellar release from the finest new label to emerge in the past year—I personally appreciate when a label is so passionate about their releases that they pay attention to the quality of the packaging as much as the bands! (ML)
(Joe Pogo)

GAN – "Do That Again. Again!?!" CD
Light English pop-punk from the early '90s. GAN sounds a lot like SNUFF and a bit like ALL. A lot of nerdy English guys were into ALL in those days...I didn't get it. It's fun, up-tempo stuff and I have a soft spot for '90s British pop punk. It was such a hopeless genre; with everyone in England taking E and going to raves, no one really paid much attention, so it had this whimsical loser appeal. It's almost romantic. The disc collects GAN's three EPs and the album that appeared on Meantime / SNR. This is a release that will be good for people that had these records and lost them in a fire, or their mothers gave all their records to Oxfam when they went to Holland to work in a bulb factory one summer and got into heroin and didn't call home for a year. (AD)
(Boss Tuneage)

GERM ATTAK – "They Live, We Sleep" LP
They Live, We Sleep is the second LP from these Canadian punks. It's in a similar vein as GERM ATTAK's other recordings, essentially sounding like something that could have appeared on Rock-O-Rama, Propaganda, Riot City, etc. Though the influence of a band like DISORDER can be heard, there's nothing too fucked up or noisy about it—it's some pretty straightforward stuff and less noisy than previous GERM ATTAK releases. The guitar tone brings CHRON GEN to mind. Sometimes *They Live, We Sleep* felt a little long, but I still found it to be a pretty fun listen with some memorable songs! Good stuff! (DB)
(Yellow Dog)

GLASSES – "HYSM" 12"
This record starts off with a long, dragging intro that eventually explodes into a cacophony of screamed vocals and occasional metal-esque riffs played over fast drumbeats. GLASSES is from Germany and a lot of the lyrics seem to be loosely based around interpersonal relationships, regret, and narcissism. I've heard comparisons to GRAF ORLOCK, which makes sense. (DA)
(Vendetta)

THE GOLDEN AGE – "Unlock Yourself" CD
Man, I had some really high hopes upon seeing the Mike Mignola-esque cover artwork of a Lovecraftian entity descending on an occult ritual. No metal here though, and sadly no sweet *Hellboy* or *BPRD* references either. Nope, this is melodic, new-school straight edge hardcore—very passionate and full of the hope that I seem to have lost at some point in the last decade. I just can't get worked up over songs about unity and the edge the way I used to, although if you cover PROJECT X or TRIAL I'll be up front screaming along. But I digress. If you're into current hardcore along the lines of CHAMPION, MODERN LIFE IS WAR, or FINAL FIGHT then the GOLDEN AGE will be right up your alley. I'm just a bitter old edge-man, I'm going to go listen to some VON and think about how life is shit—which, by the way, it is. Sorry, posi kids. (XV)
(Panic)

ALEX GOMEZ – "Love Sex & Drugs" CD
Texan bluesy one-man rock. It is simply vocals and guitar, yet sleazy and filled with attitude. I am actually surprised he included "love" in the title of this CD. It doesn't seem like he has it in him. (CK)
(self-released)

GONZALES – "Checkmate" CD

Italian hard rock. Over-produced and slick. Way too straight-ahead for my tastes, but the singer has a nice accent and sounds a bit like Lemmy on helium at times. Includes a cover of "Ring of Fire." Ugh. (CK)
(Chorus Of One)

GOODBYE GADGET – "Because I'm Not Myself, You See" CD

Slick, commercial pop in the KELLY CLARKSON and NO DOUBT vein. A little piano and keyboard-heavy sound gives GOODBYE GADGET a MOTELS feel at times. Not bad for what it is. I believe this is my third review (first favorable?) of this local gal-heavy combo who must be blessed in the *MRR* world. (RL)
(self-released)

GOVERNMENT FLU – "Demo 2008" EP

Yes! Pure hardcore the way it should be—short and fast with meaningful lyrics. This nine-track demo EP comes out simultaneously with GOVERNMENT FLU's first official EP, and even though they're both pretty goddamn amazing, this one takes the cake. Each song here is killer straight-up punk thrash, much in the same realm as DIRECT CONTROL or CITIZEN'S PATROL. The USHC influence is strong, but there's also a touch of the classic Japanese hardcore sound mixed in. These guys are keeping Poland on the map! Recommended. (BG)
(Scream)

GRAF ORLOCK – "Destination Time Today" LP

If you are unfamiliar with the cinema-grind darlings known as GRAF ORLOCK, wake the fuck up and buy this album! *Destination Time Today* is the third (last?) installment of the failed screenplay turned record trilogy that easily stands up to their previous efforts and undoubtedly is a force to be fucked with! In their ever-present destruction mode, GRAF ORLOCK burns through thirteen tracks of surreal sci-fi grind-violence, pausing only to snap off some disturbing, hilarious, and insightful (if you follow the plot line) sound clips from their favorite ultra-violent cinema. *Destination Time Today* also introduces a new half of the one-two vocal attack employed by the band, replacing vet screamer Kalvin with new guy Karl. No real noticeable difference on record, but worth noting that the new guy is *not* the low-end vocalist, which could dramatically change the dynamic and sound. Musically, *Destination Time Today* tears through these songs with brutally technical structure and execution. Each element punishing and *tight*! Years ago, GRAF ORLOCK was a real trailblazer, incorporating the best elements of grind, hardcore, and fucking sound clips! Each respective release has been more impressive than the last, although there are strong arguments in my circle that the GREYSKULL split may have been their best outing. Either way, *Destination Time Today* is musically better and more interesting than most records out right now. The only downside is that GRAF ORLOCK has continued their dominance on this release by following the previously established (I hate to say it) formula I've come to recognize from them. As always, the artwork is staggering! (RM)
(Adagio 830 / Vitriol)

GRAND MACHINE – CD

When I first heard the SEWERGROOVES LP a few years back, it unexpectedly became my favorite album of the year and I played it at the record store I worked at to the point of ridicule from my fellow wage slaves. It was surprising because I'm not really into '70s-style stadium rock, but I do love the Detroit style of old KISS and the MC5, and the 'GROOVES sure captured the magic of those groups perfectly. The GRAND MACHINE comes along in 2009 with a similar form, playing high-energy rock like it's nobody's business. If I had long hair and was freakin' speeding around in a muscle car with the windows down, a joint in hand, and an open bottle of gin tucked between my legs, I'd crank this shit real loud while trying to outrun the cops. At least that's the image that plays through my head while listening to this. (BG)
(Zero Budget)

GRIDS – "Suits" EP

Three songs from this newer North Carolinian band of dirgey-punk that brings to mind SWANS, JESUS LIZARD, and contemporaries PISSED JEANS and WALLS. The singer sounds more like a HC guy singing for a band of weirdos rather than a weirdo singing for a band of weirdos, and he does it well, which keeps this more punk then say, weird. Cool stuff. (VL)
($5.00 ppd from Lunchbox)

GUILTY FACES – "Domestic Bliss" LP

GUILTY FACES' sound comes close to an amalgam of the REPLACEMENTS' songwriting and the rhythmic punch of the WIPERS—and, of course, ADOLESCENTS in the insistent vocals. This debut LP contains ten songs in a medium-fast speed, but with a definite hardcore energy, which gives a sharper edge to nearly every song. Not every tune is distinctive, but the rockin' sound is insistent and convincing. A nice follow-up to GUILTY FACES' 7", and definitely above the norm. (SS)
(Deranged)

HALF GORILLA / MUDLARK – split EP

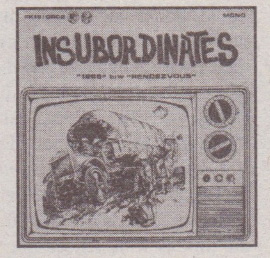
Milwaukee's HALF GORILLA is better every time I listen to them (so, if you're keeping track of their releases, these dudes are getting pretty fucking good). Grinding hardcore delivered at a blistering pace with the emphasis on the *punk* instead of just grinding for the sake of grind (which honestly gets really fucking old). Four songs on their side of this split, and they don't slow down the pace until the tail end of the last tune, but even then the tempo is a steady mosh, and they go out like a fucking cannon. MUDLARK offers up four tracks as well—more distorted grind-crust from these Canadians. No lyrics, but "Dickhead" was over before I could even open the sleeve to look for the words (we'll assume they were profound), and with the double-kick assault of "Leg Incineration" who really needs lyrics? Blasting mayhem, screeching vocals, and total grinding brutality and stuff. The plodding pace of the last tune will win you over if you are on the fence like I was, and now I am converted. (WN)
(Killbomb)

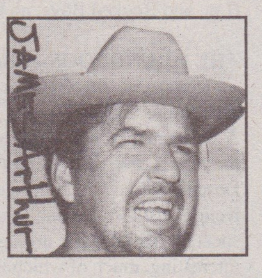
THEE HEADLINERS – "Rain & Blood" CD

This record has more twists and turns that a dang rat maze. Holy smokes, so check this out—first song on the record kicks off with a dark-country song called "Howlin' at the Moon." It's OK, kind of generic musically and cliché lyrically. Thinking this isn't good be that good, right? Wrong. Second song kicks in and it's a fast and dirty rock 'n' roll song. Totally catchy. Third song has that "traveling country song" thing to it, but with a bite. Fourth song has a '50s greaser rock 'n' roll vibe. And it goes on like that, throughout the whole album. THEE HEADLINERS play like a band trying to cover a mix tape someone gave them in the late '60s (if tapes were around back then). *Rain & Blood* is good and if you're into country-influenced DIY rock (can't really call it punk, but that's OK) you should pick it up. (FS)
(Starcleaner)

HEX DISPENSERS – "Winchester Mystery House" LP

I feel kinda dumb because the first reference I wanna make is to MARKED MEN. The HEX DISPENSERS don't really sound like the MARKED MEN, although both bands are from Texas and have shared many bills. I just hear a vague similarity in the catchiness of the songs and some of the vocal patterns, and the solid, simple drumming. I guess I'm not all that off-base since a little investigating yields that Mark from the MARKED MEN recorded and mixed *Winchester Mystery House*. The HEX DISPENSERS distinguish themselves with a very steady mid-tempo rhythm and decidedly moody, dark guitar work. I think I like *Winchester Mystery House* even better than the HEX DISPENSERS' first LP. The songs are a bit more realized and varied—they don't blend together as much as they did on the first one. I'm a big fan of the garage-sound-gone-to-the-dark-side thing that HEX DISPENSERS has going on. It's perfect headphone music. (CI)
(Douchemaster)





HIGH CASTLE – "You're on Your Own Way" LP

Frantic deconstructions that bring to mind the EX, MINUTEMEN, and even CIRCUS LUPUS and the MONORCHID in places. It's rocking and aggressive but has that angular guitar-shard sound of early '80s bands that were influenced by GANG OF FOUR *and* BLACK FLAG. *Soma Holiday* anyone? This is a really great record and it makes me irritated that I have yet to catch them live… Shaggy's drumming style is charged and frenzied, and the yowled male / female vocals and destructive guitar make for a compelling combination. The male singer actually has a Justin Trosper / UNWOUND style to his vocalizations, that snotty / passive duality; *The Future of What* would actually be a good reference point for this band. The kind of sound that's best in a basement… (LG)
(Zum)

HOLDEN AVENUE – CD

Wow! What a great month for international melodic hardcore! This CD is a reminder for me to not judge something with my preconceived notions before exploring it. From this band's name I was expecting some type of standard metal-core emo band, but got this disc full of high-energy melodic punk. Lots of catchy hooks and punchy rhythms by these guys out of Poland. Unfortunately, only one song is sung in their native language, and the rest are in English but still totally rock. How can I say this without putting anyone off? Their sound has a strong Southern California influence, especially Epitaph-era OFFSPRING. But wait—they are *way better* than that! HOLDEN AVENUE's intensity is higher and their hooks are stronger. There is a little of CALABRESE thrown into the mix as well. Check out "Easy," "Biegnie Czas," and "Cut the Rope" to see for yourself. Recommended. (RK)
(Lou and Rocked Boys, no info)

THE HOUNDDOGS – "Respect" LP

Reissue of '60s German beat band. Ten or so covers (dunno about "Try and Love Again," credited to A. Kuehn, but it's a pretty undistinguished stab at the *blooz*) and an original instro, "Chicken Doodle." Despite the covers being generally standard soul selections for a rock band to cover ("I Feel Good," Respect," "Shake") the arrangements tend to be pretty interesting, much of which is thanks to the lead guitar. Standout track is probably their version of "Shotgun," in which the guitarist has to work extra hard to make up for the lack of organ and sax. (DD)
(Pro, no info)

HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH – "Show Us the Meaning of Haste" LP

Complete fucking fastcore assault from Idaho. While it might be easy for some to dismiss yet another blasting grinding offering, I am not that man. HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH is thrashing fucking madness delivered to near perfection. Their lyrics to "Not for Babies" pretty much sum up their attack: "Fuck off if you can't hang / Stick with something safe / Go back to your textbook breakdowns, mid-tempo double bass, chugga chug bullshit / We'll play hardcore our own way / If you think the brutality and intensity of hardcore ends with THROWDOWN, better think again / Listen to *No Man's Slave* and tell me EVERY TIME I DIE isn't fucking weak." Total fucking fast hardcore—a manic onslaught in its finest form. Only the outro to "Carnies" slows the pace at all…a complete killer. (WN)
(To Live A Lie)

IDLE HANDS – "Volatile Matters" EP

Four tracks, four winners. These songs bounce and jump and you'd have a better chance in beating King Kong in an arm-wrestle than not to be bouncing and jumping as well. A touch of the good ol' power-pop mixed with some of that '79 clean-guitars-by-clean-punks sound (think the JAM, the BUZZCOCKS, and the CIRCLES). For a more up-to-date reference, I'd stick these boys right up beside the STATUES and the TRANZMITORS. The energy pushes but never shoves, the songs quick without being to brief, and a ton of pop without turning to a sugary mush. I'll be singing these ones for years. Great. (SD)
(Rockstar)

IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS / XWALRUSX – split 10"

IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS from California plays the fastcore / thrash / powerviolence thing in wonderful irreverence, fucking shit up. Their tracks are raw, sloppy, and chaotic. XWALRUSX plays even faster grindcore and powerviolence. Multiple vocalists, big low-end with lots of bass, a sense of humor, and a little weed. I love this. Vegan powerviolence from Tuscon, AZ. Think SPAZZ. I really like their tracks and am bummed they are already broken up. There are somewhere around 30 tracks on this 10". (MH)
(G.A.S.)

IN DEFENCE – "Into the Sewer" CD

I've liked IN DEFENCE for a while now, with their no-frills thrashcore mixed with some straight edge hardcore, kind of like an American VITAMIN X. They sing about seixsm, the virtues of DIY, government surveillance, how to spell their name (British-style with a "c" for some reason), and of course the superiority of tacos to pizza—I have to say that I'm in the middle on that last one. Good shit, play it loud! I'd rather have it on vinyl, though… (XV)
(Learning Curve)

INFERNAL STRONGHOLD – "Godless Noise" LP

Hell yes. I recently had the privilege of seeing these guys play at Burnt Ramen with VOETSEK, IN DISGUST, COKE BUST, SICK FIX, and a couple of other bands. I had never heard of INFERNAL STRONGHOLD before that night, but they absolutely stole the show with their killer thrashing black metal. I hear influences from HELLHAMMER, CELTIC FROST, SODOM, and the early Scandinavian and Brazilian black metal scenes. This Pennsylvania five-piece plays perfect, noisy metal that pays tribute to their elders without seeming derivative at all. This is original, deeply anti-religious black metal played with ferocity. If you like any of the abovementioned bands, or metal-punk in the vein of SYPHILITIC VAGINAS, then you owe it to yourself to hear this LP. (VX)
(Forcefield)

INSUBORDINATES – "1968 / Rendezvous"

The A-side is a perfect minute-and-a-half of classic snotty OC beach punk. The flip is a surf-punk instrumental, but I've played "1968" four times in a row already. The INSUBORDINATES nail the sound of early AGENT ORANGE to a T, right down to the backing vocals. I can't get enough of this 7", it's a must-buy. (AM)
(Feral Kid)

INSUICIETY – "The Cure for the Truth" CD

I fear that INSUICIETY is virtually unknown in the US, and that fucking saddens me. INSUICIETY has been crushing punks in Europe for years, even though *The Cure for the Truth* is their first proper full-length…ultra heavy, but never (not fucking once) stepping into anything that even approaches the "typical" or the "average" dark punk bands that might come to mind. INSUICIETY is completely unique, both live and recorded. The tempo is never slow, but it also never moves too fast. It lulls you into submission instead of punishing you…like the dark interlude in "Left for Dead," which is just so beautifully simplistic and perfectly executed. The guitar tone borders other-worldly status (heavy bands everywhere need to take this disc to recording engineers to give them something to strive for…this is absolute perfection), and the entire presentation of the band is fucking flawless—you truly feel that this is exactly the record that INSUICIETY would want you to hear. "Simple Song" is the only part of *The Cure for the Truth* that speeds up, and even then it is only for a moment—soon you are thrust back into a mid-tempo monotony that is inescapable. Then comes "Dark Clouds" and its first line "Hunt for happiness / Look for a destination" set to the darkest riffs of the entire record, and I know that I must spend so many more hours with this release before I can truly appreciate its brilliance. *The Cure for the Truth* is the best heavy record I have heard this year, and INSUICIETY is as close to untouchable as I can even try to describe in words…you need to look at me, to see me waving my hands and yelling, to listen to me go on for what seems like ages, to understand how much I fucking love this record. (WN)
(Trujaca Fala / Vendetta)

IRON BUTTER / MESRINE – split EP

I get the feeling that this is one of those splits that took forever to come out. The MESRINE tracks were recorded in 2002, for example. MESRINE plays death metal / grindcore with a slight goregrind sound. IRON BUTTON is goofy, silly, and sick. Samples, super short grinding death metal tracks, and songtitles like "Michael Phelps Bong" and "Appliance Attack." There are some noisecore leanings, but don't get put off thinking this is not a goregrind band. (MH)
(Haunted Hotel)

IRON CROSS / KEYSIDE STRIKE – split EP

Well…IRON CROSS should need absolutely no introduction at all! For anyone that does not know this band, here's a clue: "Crucified" by AGNOSTIC FRONT is actually "Crucified" by IRON CROSS!! Enough with the history lesson though. That was then (circa 1980!) and this is now and these are two new songs by IRON CROSS and overall, not bad. It's always *so* hard for a band with such a legendary status to create new songs that will ever stand up to the past, but I think that these are as good as it's gonna get and I give them a thumbs up! On the flipside we have two songs from KEYSIDE STRIKE. I think this a relatively newer band from England comprised of older guys that have been in previous bands. They definitely play more of a hardcore style that would appeal to fans of East Coast American hardcore… (ML)
(Koi)

JEFF THE BROTHERHOOD / SCREAMING FEMALES – split EP

This is one of the most solid splits I've heard in a long time. If you haven't already heard SCREAMING FEMALES, put this down and go to your local record store and find everything they have released and buy it. In my Top Ten last year, I described them as punk

kids playing what sounds like Nintendo music. I got a lot of shit for that. That was in reference to their last LP (not the new one), but I still stand by that. More to the point, these folks play heavily grunge-influenced rock very much like DINOSAUR JR. Marissa not only has a very unique voice, but her guitar skills are nothing short of amazing. Go see them live to really see what I'm talking about. JEFF THE BROTHERHOOD has a similar guitar tone, but is a little poppier in the grand scheme of things. They are a perfect compliment to round out this solid-as-a-rock split. Hand-numbered and limited to 300 copies—get it while you can! (BD)
(Infinity Cat)

JERK WARD – "Too Young to Thrash" LP
JERK WARD may have been a bunch of kids (ages 14-17), but they definitely were not too young to thrash. This limited-to-300 reissue of Vancouver Island's *other* warp-speed early-'80s hardcore band is proof of that fact. JERK WARD was friends of the NEOS, and you can hear their influence in the music, but the 'WARD was less "political," as evidenced by songs titles like "UFO" and "Millions of Dead BMXers." They shred just the same, though, and this LP sounds *great* considering it's comprised of demo recordings from '82-'84. The fast stuff gives DRI, YOUTH KORPS, and STARK RAVING MAD a run for their money in the speed department, but far from being monochrome thrash, JERK WARD varies the tempos and also throws in weird guitar work to keep you on your toes. I'm not a fan of fold-over LP sleeves, but this is packaged with a bunch of cool photos, flyers, and artwork, plus a wealth of writing on the band. Lovingly compiled and well worth tracking down. (CS)
(Supreme Echo)

JUNGLE FEVER – LP
Attention garage turkeys: here's a record. It's very long. I got bored halfway through the first side. It's French. That's it. (BB)
(Nova Express)

KABU KI BUDDAH – "Life Is a Picnic" CD
I don't like "Why Be Normal?"-type weird records. I don't like goofy-funny-weirdo inside joke records. I don't like this. It's like if FRANK ZAPPA got more banally irritating and less amusingly clever and then started a band with NUCLEAR RABBIT and GOGOL BORDELLO. No. (MM)
(Rock'n'Roll Masturbation)

KALASHNIKOV – "The Best of K" CD
These Italians produce a sort of folky fantasy punk with heavy piano and melodic guitar that compliment abrasive female vocals. Though I can't understand any of the lyrics, they seem to be very politically focused, judging from the artwork on the insert that is reminiscent of anarchist collective imagery of the past. Aside from the politics, they sound a bit like LIFE… BUT HOW TO LIVE IT or even the WORLD INFERNO FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY. This CD is a compilation of fifteen tracks from their previous four records and their latest EP. (DA)
(SP)

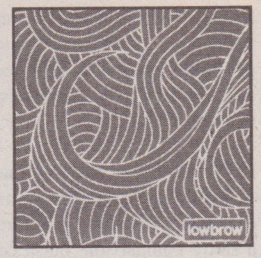
KILSLUG – "Bringing Back the Dead" LP
Former Boston HC / dirge band reunites for their first show after 20 years. Recorded at the Church during Halloween weekend of 2007. KILSLUG originally featured members of GROINOIDS and the MORGUE. Hand-numbered and limited to 306 copies and the sound quality is decent. I don't know what else the band has in the chute, but I'd like to see reissues of their classic older records before any more of these limited live recordings. (VL)
(Limited Appeal)

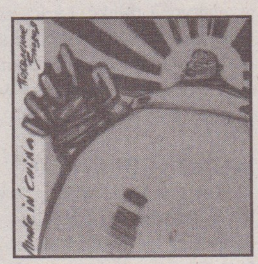
KREAMY 'LECTRIC SANTA – "Operation Spacetime Cynderblock" LP
Yes, this is the same KREAMY 'LECTRIC SANTA that originated in Miami in the '80s. They have since moved to the Bay Area and have been playing shows consistently, with a revolving line-up of band-mates. Their music is totally all over the place, not just from song to song, but show to show. It can be pop-punk, it can be grunge, it can be experimental / noise, it can be borderline metal, and everything in between. This is a band that is honestly un-equitable to any other band on the planet—one of the most original bands I've ever heard. It's music that could only come from the demented mind of a musical genius. And Robert is kind of a mad-scientist figure. Apparently this is their first LP in nearly thirteen years, and I think it's gotta be nearly thirteen years since a band thanked the EAT in their liner notes. Seriously, buy this album, drop some acid, and crank the stereo. This record rules! (FS)
(Starcleaner)

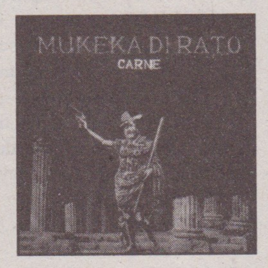
KRUSH – "37 Bullets: Complete Discography 1996-2006" CD
37-track discography CD from this Dutch crust band that has done splits with DISTROY, BLOOD I BLEED, and SPINEBENDER. KRUSH sticks mostly to the crust basics with dual vocalists, political lyrics, and "that sound" as a friend puts it. They do speed up and border on grindcore, but only on a couple tracks, and a female vocalist shows up on a few tracks as well. (MH)
(Terrotten)

LITANY FOR THE WHALE – "Dolores" LP
After reading the absolutely fucking asinine "press release" for this record (a serious note to labels: at *MRR* we just make fun of your prophetic genius, it would suit you well to leave the "this band is the second coming of God and they are touring heavily this summer" bullshit out of the copies you send to us, as we are punks, and we only laugh at of your silly words), I was all prepared to give LITANY FOR THE WHALE a Grade-A thrashing. Shitty press release, terrible band name, what better fodder for my drunken wisdom, right? But after a long and appropriately creepy noise / sound intro, LITANY FOR THE WHALE pummeled me with a dark, heavy attack that had me preparing to eat my thoughts (in other words, I think to myself, "this is kinda good"). Second song in and I'm wondering if I'm going to hear anything new… basically these kids mix the PG. 99 screamo side of heavy music with the KYLESA polished side of heavy music, but I wouldn't really say that they are doing it better than either of those bands. They've got long, quiet parts that are better than their songs (and sound just fucking like ISIS, who I tend to think are pretty boring, but thousands of people seem to like them). Now it's on to side two, and LITANY FOR THE WHALE is heavy as shit, but still with a blown-out total punk sound, which I like, but the delivery rubs me just enough the wrong way that I can't quite get behind it. After the first song, they switch to acoustic guitar and xylophone for the "interlude" music instead of creepy noise and they are losing me fast (seriously dudes…*xylophone*? Totally not OK). Actually, they are losing me even faster because me and Randy start talking about SACRILEGE, who are really, really good, and the next song just sounds like typical mid-tempo modern emocore stuff, and it even has a generic clean-guitar spoken vocal middle part and I find myself wondering if I can make it through this record. But this is the last song, and even though the guitars are swimming through an ocean of bad ideas, I know I can make it. I can do it. I can listen to the whole record. It's still heavy, the bass is still pulsing through my chest—it can't be *all* bad, right? Synopsis: if you like the three bands that I dropped references to in this review, or if you like crushing emotional epic "the sky is falling" metallic stuff, then LITANY FOR THE WHALE is very likely your jam (although I like two of those three bands, and LITANY FOR THE WHALE is not my jam at all). Me? Well, at least I made it to the end. (WN)
(Molsook / The Perpetual Motion Machine)

LITTLE GIRLS – "Venom/Youth Tunes"
It's tiresome to me that people are producing dire, shambolic gothgaze dirge such as this. It makes me think of dudes in shitty, faded black mom-jeans and snakeskin cowboy boots slobbering their way out of past-it waver '90s goth dives like the Slimelight. I hate this garbage—bogus, naval-gazing, self-important indie bro-







hymns churning out some more tuneless "dark" woe for fashion interns to listen to while they write their per-blogs. Keep it in your bedrooms, boys. *Dull dull dull*. "Venom"? "Youth Tunes"? Where??! (LG)
(Captured Tracks)

LOWBROW – "Broken Speech" EP
Wow, here's a surprise—modern, mid-tempo hardcore that's actually good. Catchy, too. This might be a shitty comparison, but a couple of the songs here sound to me like a slower LEFT FOR DEAD, or maybe LEWD ACTS or if TRASH TALK was as good as everyone thinks. Lyrics are in the more personal vein, but strongly written, and deal with child abuse, the crushing weight of existence, and the plague of human civilization. Definitely worth your money. (XV)
(Self Aware)

MADE IN CHINA – CD
There is some writing that might be the title, but it's in Russian, so I couldn't say for sure. The Cyrillic writing on the enclosed mini-poster also keeps me from knowing if there are song titles here or not. This feeling of confusion does extend to the music, a little bit. MADE IN CHINA has a pretty heavy sound—sometimes reminiscent of CATHARSIS, sometimes more like the heavier European emo-hardcore bands of the mid-'90s. Their long-ass songs are broken up into various parts, including layering horns over the metal, or breaking into a relaxing lounge style, with some scat-type vocals. To my amazement, these transitions flow much better than I would expect. Sometimes I liked the lounge parts better than the metal! This disc is for the more eclectic-minded heavy music fan. The CD comes in a cleverly folded cardboard sleeve with some fucked up artwork. (JM)
(Old Skool Kids)

MCRACKINS / LOS DI MAGGIOS – split CD
A ten-song split with five songs by each band. The MCRACKINS deliver more of their power-pop-punk that isn't quite up to par with their last great full-length. Still decent compared to others in this crowded genre. LOS DI MAGGIOS sound like early MCRACKINS meets SCREECHING WEASEL. So similar sounding, I had to verify this French combo wasn't the MCRACKINS incognito. (RL)
(Dirty Witch)

MERRIMAC – "The Mess the Madness" EP
MERRIMAC resides in the higher echelons of horrible. Think of a concoction of rock-dude vocals, metallic, sped-up, wanna-be SABBATH riffs, lyrics about robbing graves (wow, you guys are so *wild*—what do your parents think of you?), triggered drums… Blah, I guess I needed someone to reinforce my hatred for humanity today and I can thank MERRIMAC for that. (CI)
(Barrett)

MIDDLE CLASS TRASH – "Side Effects" EP
Angst-ridden punk played by four dudes from Kentucky who (based on the cover art—there's no lyric sheet) address the reality of the Middle American herd mentality. They offer three songs on two sides of one record, none of which really kept my attention. The cover art is a crude and tired jab at American culture and patriotism, while the songs themselves retain the same exhausted attributes. I'm assuming this is self-released (which is cool) because of the fact that it is the first release on a label that has the bands info listed under it. That said, I wish maybe this were a demo—a building block. For it has been said by punks with bigger mohawks than mine "not everything deserves to be pressed to vinyl" and for good reason! *Side Effects* EP, case in point. (RM)
(Broadcast Interrupted Media)

MOMMY SEZ NO – "Hotwaterburnbaby" CD
Horror-themed punk-ish rock 'n' roll; songs include "Cannibal Girl" and "Zombie Bukkake." The lyrics sometimes produce a chuckle. The music is mid-paced, repetitive, and even more boring than the MISFITS. Pass. (XV)
(self-released)

MONOTONIX – "Where Were You When It Happened" CD
Infamous Israeli maniacs come out swinging with their crazed garage sound. Kinda like the HOSPITALS or the HUNCHES mixed with the SONICS. The music is just too fuckin' chaotic for me…. But judging by the pics and reviews of their live shows, this band is a force. They tour continuously and wreak havoc wherever they go, and that is something I can get behind. Not for the faint of heart. (TB)
(Drag City)

MUCKY PUP – "A Boy in a Man's World/Now" CD
Wow, here's a band I had not thought about in a long time. Many years ago, a friend put "Batman" on a mix-tape…and that was my introduction to the band. Anyhow, MUCKY PUP was from New Jersey and played mid-tempo thrash very indicative of the late '80s. The music isn't the best, but it's decent for the period. (Think WARLOCK PINCHERS, BIOHAZARD, a thrash-version of NOFX.) The lyrics range from un-PC nonsense to… well, other concepts (e.g., Reagan and Oliver North, cholesterol, and the song "Whasky Wabbit"). (VL)
(I Scream)

MUKEKA DI RATO – "Carne" CD
A Japanese issue of the MUKEKA DI RATO's killer CD, released by Deck Disc in Brazil last year, with two bonus tracks—otherwise virtually identical. The same expertly recorded, expertly played, ultra-high-energy thrashing balanced with melody, and tempered with bridges and choruses. Almost akin at times to something that would float by on "modern rock" radio, but most often thrust out with great raw, shouted vocals and absolutely *blinding* speed—if anyone took the 625 Thrash mantra to heart, refined it and made it an art, it's these legions of now-venerable Brazilian bands that just blast in a way that everyone else in the world almost seems to have forgotten. The track "Animal" is just as jaw-dropping as when I heard it last year, as insane as that wild GUDON "Burst Your Head" song that just rampages forever. The bonus of this Japanese edition is that there are translations from the Portuguese lyrics into Japanese as well as into English, which they were not in the original edition. They are interestingly poetic, personal, and political and given the same serious and original thought as the music. Excellent! (KS)
(MCR)

MYSTIC KNIGHTS OF THE COBRA – "There Is No End" CD
Fucking hipster punk. Most of the record is boring party-punk, with a couple of dance numbers mixed in there. All the songs are about having sex and getting wasted. The song "Text Messaging Slut" with the drum-machine was a low point for me. Go back to working on your tan or getting a manicure or whatever you do for fun, and leave our zine alone. (FS)
(self-released)

NAPALM DEATH – "Hatred Surge/From Enslavement to Obliteration Demos" LP
This is a pretty cool bootleg. These demos are absolutely killer! I own and love early Napalm Death LP's, but had never heard the *Hatred Surge* demo till now and it's an amazing, seemingly overlooked gem of anarcho-punk metal history! Songs like "Instinct of Survival" and "Caught in a Dream" sound like CRASS covering CELTIC FROST, while songs like "Private Death" show the influence of bands like SIEGE and SSD cropping up. The *From Enslavement to Obliteration* demo became side one of *Scum* and has re-recordings of some of the aforementioned songs. And while I love *Scum*, I have to say the *Hatred Surge* demo is a more engaging listen. It reminds me of a band like GENERIC, with the sometimes-melodic / sometimes-heavy guitars, an anarcho-punk aesthetic, and harsh vocals. Also, as much as I love Barney, Nik Bullen (a.k.a. Nik Napalm) might be the best singer ever in Napalm Death. If you get a chance, pick this up for the *Hatred Surge* demo alone. (DB)
(bootleg)

THE NEW ENEMY – "Outsourced" CD
"Melodic hardcore" with youth crew roots that's somewhere between LEFTOVER CRACK and KID DYNAMITE (whom they cover), characterized by melodramatic guitar leads and even weaker than expected drumming. (DG)
(self-released)

NO COMPLY – "It's Getting Hot" EP
This is the NO COMPLY from Memphis, not the thrashy Florida one. At times, these songs make me think of a tempered DEATHREAT or a male-fronted APHASIA, with riffs that are interesting (or at least effective) and work well together, but don't quite fit with the lyrics, which get a bit too stupid for me at times (not in the contrived hip sketchier-than-thou way, more like "I'm gonna start a fight / I need a painkiller tonight"). This record is a few steps above middle-of-the-road: it's better than it'll probably get credit for, but is missing the ingredients that would warrant repeat listens, though I could see myself enjoying this band live under the right circumstances. (DG)
(Goner)

THE NO NO NO HOPES – "Turn It Off" EP
The ACTION SWINGERS are far enough in the past to be getting covered? Jeez, I feel old. At any rate, said cover ("Kicked in the Head") turns out to be the highlight here, as the N.N.N. HOPES attack it with admirable abandon, while the five originals sound rather restrained, but not too bad (in a COYOTEMEN fashion) by comparison. Get some more treble in the guitars and pick up the tempo next time would be my advice. (DD)
(Twistworthy)

NUNSLAUGHTER / RABID – split EP
One-sided picture disc featuring the two bands covering CORROSION OF CONFORMITY ("Holier") and the ADICTS ("Get Addicted"), respectively. B-side is an etching with the information. Cool packaging, it exceeds the content. (VL)
(Hell's Headbangers)

OBLITERATION – "This Is Tomorrow" EP

OBLITERATION is a project band from members of MIND ERASER and KNIFE FIGHT and they pay homage to the DISCHARGE-bred sounds of ANTI-CIMEX, CRUCIFIX, etc. In all honesty, the band that OBLITERATION reminds me of the most is Portland's RELIGIOUS WAR and the delayed vocals and adept guitar handiwork hammer that point home. The production on *This Is Tomorrow* is big and spacious with a sturdy barricade of sound that is impossible not to mention. After all, Boston folks make up the bulk of the band and they have Lou Giordano's engineering legacy to contend with…and although it's unlikely that anyone will ever make a recording as impenetrable as those X-Claim! classics, OBLITERATION does a decent job paying respect to both Lou's knob-twiddlin' skills and the institution of D-beat. Knowing that this is a project band of dudes that don't traditionally play in this style, OBLITERATION may come off as a lame tribute or maybe even contrived, but these songs are punishingly great, so naysayers lose out. (CI)
(NITA / Disposable)

JACK OBLIVIAN – "Saturday Night Part 2" 10"

While I really liked JACK OBLIVIAN's recent *Sweet Thang* 7", this 10" blows that outta the water, despite its somewhat lackluster unevenness. Don't let this scare you, but it's a mature-sounding batch of songs. On "Cigarillo," Jack takes a stab at a Spaghetti Western-style instrumental that works far better than any of the '90s garage bands that tried that number. The B-side opens with a nicely drawn-out cover of the OBLIVIANS' classic "Milkshake Baby," that, seeing live, especially after a buncha beers on a hot Southern summer night, must have had the crowd writhing on the floor, speaking in tongues. On this record, Jack has a full band behind him on all but two songs, with HARLAN T. BOBO and KING KHAN & BBQ making guest appearances. Sharing the same record as songs with a full band, the songs where Jack plays everything himself just don't hold up. They sound like thin demos that probably would've made a nice 45…or killer songs if recorded with a proper band, especially "Against the Wall – Part II," a tough '70s rocker. (IS)
(Big Legal Mess)

ORDINATION OF AARON – "Discography" 2xLP

I have never before seen or heard this band, although their name was familiar. They existed for two years in the mid '90s in Kalamazoo, MI. The music is "intense" loud / quiet post-hardcore with earnest, strained vocals. There will be people out there who are excited that ORDINATION OF AARON's discography has been released, but I'm not really the demographic, although the record is not unlistenable. It's a lot to take in of a band that I'd previously had no interest in hearing. Mercifully, it's not actually a double-album—one side of one of the discs is a laser etching. The packaging and booklet are attractive and appropriately deluxe. You already know if you want this, so prime your PayPal account and navigate your browser. (AM)
(Adagio 830)

OUTRAGE – "Broken" CD

This album comes from a relatively young band making a name for themselves in the thriving New England straight edge scene. This is my first exposure to OUTRAGE, and although I found this release one that I probably won't be crankin' too often, I dug enough tracks to listen a second and third time for the review. On the first spin, I immediately identified them with the "chug" of '90s upstate NY bands like SNAPECASE, ONE KING DOWN, and EARTH CRISIS. They certainly have a healthy grasp of that sound and play with it a bit, incorporating contemporary nuances that keep the record distinct. Lyrically, I found the content dry and unimpressive. It meanders along an introspective and (horribly) poetic cliff that it quickly falls off. Not the caliber of hardcore we see in their peers HAVE HEART or SOUL CONTROL (members of which contribute on the album), but a solid outing. (RM)
(Panic)

PARANOID VISIONS – "Beware of the God" LP

PARANOID VISIONS were perhaps the best punk band in the '80s who you haven't heard. Hailing from Dublin, Ireland, they released a couple of amazing records around 1985-'87—*The Robot Is Running Amok* EP and the *Schizophrenia* LP—not to mention having one of the maddest, intense front-men around in Deko. I remember him brawling with the Belfast skins (who weren't like the nice skinheads you have these days, kids) outside the Old Museum building after they trashed the show. It's good to see PARANOID VISIONS back. They were one of a handful of groups at the time to successfully blend politics *and* melody, and I'm happy to report that they're still like that. Song topics include the recession myth, the sex trade, and prison, and the songs are mid-tempo and catchy, as well as having that essentially strange, slightly menacing feel to them that characterized PARANOID VISIONS back in the day, not to mention a thick slice of dirty Dublin charm. I think this is great; sometimes bands get back together and their releases are garbage but this is worthwhile. Recommended. (AD)
(BBP)

PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS – "Brass Knuckles" EP

If the SPITS where the imaginary house band on *Happy Days*, they would sound like this…I think that means they are good? (SD)
(Bubble Dumb)

THE PERVERTS – "I Saw It All" EP

I recognized the voice the minute I put the needle on the record. I could have just looked at the cover. For whatever reason I never do that first. It is TY SEGALL appearing with Charlie of CHARLIE AND THE MOONHEARTS and another guy named Jigmae whom I have deduced is probably in the BATHS and the PERVERTS. As is expected, it is catchy, lo-fi garage punk. Noisy and covered in reverb. Just what I like. Fantastic. (CK)
(HBSP-2X)

THE PG-13S – "Get Back" EP

Catchy, well played poppy punk songs... The wheel is not reinvented but it's spinning functionally and if "Point A" is a desire to hear mutant pop style jams and "Point B" is actually listening to mutant pop style jams, this record will get you successfully from Point A to Point B. No molds are broken, templates aren't tossed aside, but it's catchy and for those of you whose holy grail is formed from a warped copy of your favorite SCREECHING WEASEL record (and if you also appreciate WEEZER-style melodies) you should give this a shot. (P$)
(Merman)

PIGEON RELIGION – "Deadboss" EP

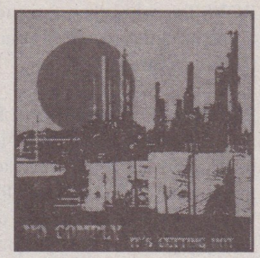
This is great stuff from Arizona. It's sloppy, simple, scratchy, catchy, noisy, weird, rockin' stuff with angry, indecipherable vocals. Three songs and all are pretty cool. The sleeve and insert are xeroxed and although it says "Tour '09" on the cover, I really hope it isn't a tour release and just part of the design. (MU)
(Gilgongo / Jarson International)

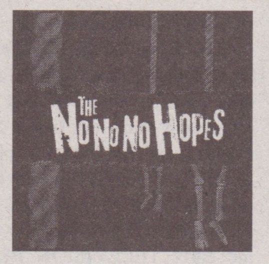
PIGEON RELIGION – "Scorpion Milk" EP

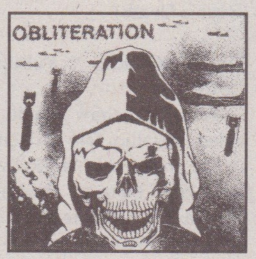
I listened to this on 45 and it sounded like DRIVE LIKE JEHU on poppers. At the right speed, it's got a muscled-up BIRTHDAY PARTY feel, like one of those post-VSS bands. With some '90s dude-rock AmRep touches. It's dirgy and sludgy, noise with a driving rock edge; you can imagine them supporting some Steve Albini band ten years ago… (LG)
(Parts Unknown)

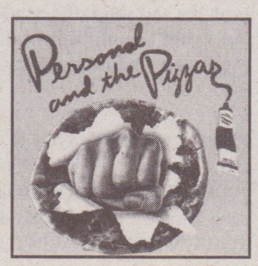
PINKO AND THE ACTION BOYS – "Louder Than Everything" LP

On the *Louder Than Everything* LP, PINKO AND THE ACTION BOYS are showcasing their material from 2007. The music is a combination of fast scum-rock and more straightforward hard punk. PINKO AND THE ACTION BOYS have more in common with the MENTORS than the BRUISERS, though. The gruff,









shouted vocals have the support of superior guitar, bass, and drum skills. The lyrics are leaning to the right with a refreshing sense of humor. The *Louder Than Everything* LP has elaborate enclosures featuring a full-fledged manifesto taken from the 1965 Department of the Army Field *Manual for Unconventional Warfare Tactics and Techniques*. This amusing package must have cost a bundle! In the *Louder Than Everything* value-pack, you also get a CD version of the LP for you modern fucks that no longer maintain a working turntable. Drink major quantities of cheap beer and then go see PINKO AND THE ACTION BOYS live when they come to your town. *You* decide if you need this record in your home. (BR)
(self-released)

POPPETS – "Utmarken" LP
Eight tracks of squeaky, lo-fi new wave-inspired punk rock. It's brief, it's catchy, it's got the hooks, the charm, and that dancefloor-filler appeal. DIGITAL LEATHER without the digital, hints of BOBBY UBANGI with a heavy helping of the nerds-without-diplomas polish of the NODZZZ. (SD)
(FDH / Potash)

POPPETS – "Trouble" EP
This is maybe the third or fourth record I've been able to get my hands on by this band. A duo from Sweden, these guys are just rock fucking solid. If you're into catchy punk rock that is delivered with a sense of urgency, and raw but well played, this is absolutely for you. Oh, and it's got the male/female vocal trade off that I like. Fans of THE DIALTONES and THE PLASTIQUES will recognize half of the duo. Imagine early TELEVISION PERSONALITIES mixed with some BUZZCOCKS and thrown into a garage blender. Yeah. (KK)
(Bubble Dumb)

THE PROCESS " Vultures of Human Decay" CDEP
Weaving the raw assault of FROM ASHES RISE-styled metallic fast-to-doomy crust-core with the sheen, rock, and breakdowns of post-REFUSED "hardcore," there are solid riffs and a sturdy-enough, fast-blasting hardcore attack in these five tracks (plus intro) in seventeen minutes. Sometimes the grimy, molten nature of the first sound finds itself at odds with the latter that's usually delivered with a more crisp, defined recording—for their respective impacts, one usually relies on being distorted and out of control, the other on being precisely controlled. So here, this delivers kind of a muddled impression, as it's not blown-out noisy enough on one hand, or massively recorded and obsessively mixed enough on the other. FROM ASHES RISE (Brad-side) garbled, screaming vocals don't help the situation, as their range—even though they are sung in both Swedish and English—doesn't extend beyond garbled and screaming, so they can't accentuate, punctuate, and create inflection to pull the songs one way or the other. Despite these audio quibbles, this Swedish band does blast good brutal hardcore and solid riffs here, replete with super bleak lyrics, but hoping their next recording will push the envelope even further! (KS)
(I for Us)

PURE COUNTRY GOLD – "Positive Vibrations" CD
PURE COUNTRY GOLD is a Portland, Oregon garage / punk / R&B duo. Think the SONICS, ROCK'N'ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS, the GORIES, the KING KHAN & BBQ SHOW, or even REVEREND HORTON HEAT. This CD compiles the tracks from an assortment of 7"ers released on Dirtnap, Shake Appeal, and Big Legal Mess over the last couple of years. The songs are short, sharp, and catchy and the sound's got all the spit and grit any scum-dribbling, message-board-trawling garage nerd could want. Crunchy, yowling blues-punk, with barely a hint of any country at all. (AM)
(PCG)

RAD COMPANY / SOK – "Thrashpop" split EP
Thrashpop is a perfect title for this split EP. RAD COMPANY from Dayton, OH squeezed five songs of GRIMPLE-influenced thrashy pop on their side of this split. The vocals range from the standard yelling / screaming to growling, then some youth crew thrown in for good measure. SOK, while also from Dayton, is a bit different—more along the lines of early LAGWAGON, but not as bad. This EP is totally worth checking out. Hand-numbered out of 500. (BD)
(Teamhuman)

RAMMING SPEED – "Always Disgusted, Never Surprised" EP
On one side this is thrash metal with occasional blast-beats and guttural vocals. Sometimes the vocalist sounds like a hardcore singer. This kind of crossover reminds me of a band like BLOODCUM, incorporating blast-beats and hardcore vocals into what's basically thrash metal. Although I must say these riffs, the production, and the musicianship are a little too polished for some bonehead thrash band like BLOODCUM. These dudes are too talented! On the other side, we get a more HC / punk number, but it's basically more of the same style. *Always Disgusted, Never Surprised* is a record for people interested in crossover that's more on the thrash metal tip. (DB)
(Punks Before Profits)

RANDOM CUTS – "Make Damage/Pigeon Park"
This is the third 7" from RANDOM CUTS in a series of three that Nominal put out this summer featuring Justin Gradin of MUTATORS and the Emergency Room. Though not entirely sure about the other 7"s (I'll be sure to pick them up) this one features slow-paced, damaged, simple, sing-song-y art rock tunes. The B-side "Pigeon Park" is a plodding, monotone (both in mood and in actuality), tense push-pull endurance test. It sounds a tiny bit unfinished at times, but that seems to be part of the charm of this record. (AL)
(Nominal)

RANDOM CUTS – "Rat Capacity/Destroyed"
This is post-punk, but not in an angular, early '80s UK way—much more in the vein of later Washington, DC bands. Maybe part CIRCUS LUPUS, part BLACK EYES. I loved both those bands for the most part, but these two songs don't really give me enough to go on; they are fairly one-dimensional and not particularly catchy, but the overall sound is there. Not bad, but I need to hear more before I can decide if I'm into the band or not. Luckily, there are two more RANDOM CUTS records in the bin six feet from me so it won't be too hard to find out. (AM)
(Nominal)

RANDOM CUTS – "Sleep/Jail Stripes"
Arty, aggressive alternative rock that wouldn't be ill-equated with a random jam sesh between the WHITE STRIPES and the YEAH YEAH YEAHS. It's not bad, but it's not at all that stimulating. While there is certainly no nausea of the ears happening, I fear the record might be relegated to a future of dusty-jacketed dollar-bin habitation. (P$)
(Nominal)

RAT DAMAGE – "Ongkingco" EP
Man!! I wish that people would make more of a habit of putting the rotation speed on the center labels of their records! It's unreal how many times a record sounds better at the wrong speed until the vocals kick in!! I was enjoying this record at 45 rpm until the chipmunk vocals disrupted it… So I started again at the correct speed of 33 rpm and unfortunately found myself bored by the long, slow intro that seemed to drag on. And then came the slow, sludgy vocals. Bah. I should just tolerate the chipmunk vocals and listen to this at 45 again! In all fairness though, RAT DAMAGE plays pretty down-and-dirty, sleazy-sounding rock 'n' roll with low production quality that gives it a bit of a COS sound that makes me feel like they're channeling the spirit of GG ALLIN or something… (ML)
(FYBS)

RAW NERVES – "Murderers Among Us" EP
Heavy Portland hardcore that absolutely does *not* fit any of the preconceptions that the words "Portland hardcore" bring to mind. RAW NERVES fall more in line with bands like BURY THE LIVING or ASS END OFFEND—bare-bones but still beefy and totally in-your-face and fucking pissed. The start of the title track is dark and (slightly) melodic, but the rest of the record is just hard-hitting punk that owes as much to '80s Midwest / Southern punk as it does to modern hardcore (perhaps this is an accident, but it's what my ears are telling me). I know RAW NERVES just hit the States this past summer, and reports I heard were all positive…certainly the ingredients on this EP could easily equal a fucking killer live show. Especially in a basement. Especially if it was really hot. And especially if there was beer. (WN)
(Poioned Candy)

RAW NOISE – "Scum Will Rise to the Top" EP
UK stench-crust. You know the drill, and if you like the shit, then this kills. Dean from EXTREME NOISE TERROR is handling the vocals on this bad boy, and the attack is really just a dumbed-down version of EXTREME NOISE TERROR, which means super simple, blown-out D-beat at its finest. Based on my description, you either are already running out to get this, or have moved on to the next review; either way, it means I can stop writing now. (WN)
(MCR)

RAZOR BLADES – "Hateful Youth 1982-84" LP
Denmark's RAZOR BLADES had a rough and raw manner in which they played their HC / punk. They had various tapes, a 7" record, and a split release. This release is a comp of all of the band's material. I was very excited to hear the stuff from the tapes because it is pretty damn awesome / vicious. I have never noticed this before but the vocals remind me a bit of early SOCIAL UNREST. If you like old Euro trashy hardcore punk, you will love this. Sound quality is not bad at all; this is worth picking up. (MS)
(Arg!)

REACHING HAND – "Threshold" CD
I wasn't really taken aback by the music on this record, and the vocals were a bit of a turn-off too.

The album cover *screams* "enthusiastic Euro crew-core," and to no surprise this is a Portuguese band released by Italy's Chorus of One Records. The band plays a super-hyper style of hardcore, along the lines of BETRAYED maybe, but are tons better than any European band of this specific type I've heard in a long time. They keep things fast and tight, mixing it up with impressive drum fills and melodic guitar parts, all in step with posi-core records of the last five years. (RM)
(Chorus of One)

REGRES – "Ta Iskra Wciaz Plonie" LP
I'm on my third go-around with this and I'm still not quite sure what to make of it. Poland's REGRES plays in that gray area around youth crew hardcore with not an ounce of steroids. It has a very "heart-on-sleeve" feel. There are some breakdown parts and some gang vocals, but REGRES relies more on quality musicianship and warm guitar parts rather than just brute force to relay their message. The music here is well written and well played, but it's not really something I'd pull out very often. One thing I can totally relate to is this quote from the liners: "Not that I care, but I never knew how to be pushy and brilliant and this is what the contemporary world demands from me today. Fuck it—I'll always be of the opinion that it is better to try to be a good person." (JU)
(In Our Hands)

RELIGIOUS SS DISORDER – "Prey" EP
Dumpstered (I suspect) packaging, spray paint, and stencils make for a good-looking EP. RELIGIOUS SS DISORDER plays hardcore with a distinctive sound. The production is favorable for them—pretty blown-out with the vocals almost buried. There are a few fast songs and a few in a more tribal / pounding style, but through it all there is a lost, forlorn vibe, like the gloomier anarcho material. But this doesn't sound like that at all; it's a decent hardcore 7". Only 500 were pressed, and there are different colors of vinyl for those of you whose self-esteem is tied up in such things. (JM)
(Punks Before Profits)

RENO DIVORCE – "Tears Before Breakfast" CD
Like if SOCIAL DISTORTION and BAD RELIGION swapped members and jammed with Mike Ness fronting the band. If the idea of a BAD RELIGION-SOCIAL DISTORTION hybrid appeals to you, then check definitely this out. (P$)
(I Scream)

REPUBLICORPSE – "To the Dome" EP
Grindcore meets powerviolence from Florida. Sometimes, just sometimes, a band's description of themselves is spot-on—and this is one of those cases. The bands says of themselves: "We're a five-piece progressive grindcore band heavily influenced by marijuana. We don't eat animal products, we don't litter, and we don't vote." They remind me a bit of SUPERBAD and PLUTOCRACY. Side B has more of a progressive grind sound that's more metal. Give this one a listen. (MH)
(self-released)

RF7 – "Hatred on the Rise" LP
RF7 have been around seemingly for ages, but here the So-Cal outfit offers 19 incendiary tunes in an assured style combining material from their original line-up on one side, and still more tracks on the flip, representing their most recent personnel. Side A is more anthemic, with more of an LA feel, and even a tinge of surf in some of the guitar riffing—not dissimilar to very early BLACK FLAG. Side B is uniformly less melodic, placing the emphasis on tunes that veer closer to HC, especially on ones like "Old Enough to Die" and "No Rest of the Addicted." All in all, this LP offers strikingly different sides of RF7, and both have more than their share of compelling moments—though I prefer the first side. (SS)
(FYBS)

THE ROBIN – "Thunder and Speedumb" CD
This is a strange CD. I've never listened to psychobilly. Don't want to start. This is a psychobilly punk band that, according to online sources, has become quite a sensation in their homeland of Japan. It's a really clean, radio-friendly production with anthemic choruses and seemingly well-played upright bass. Apparently, it will appeal to fans of MAD SIN, TIGER ARMY, and HORROR POPS. (DB)
(Nickel and Dime)

ROMAN SOLDIERS – "Warmer" EP
GARY WAR merges with the BLANK DOGS and calls it ROMAN SOLDIERS. These two songs are pretty rad. It sounds like a rock band behind GARY WAR or just ARIEL PINK after drinking a bottle of cough syrup to cure the munchies after taking too many massive bong hits. (MU)
(Captured Tracks)

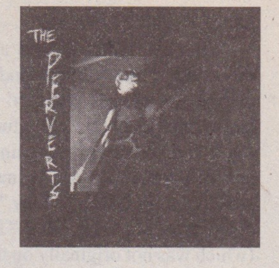
ROZPOR – "Su Uchylni Zidobolseviki Fetaci" CD
Hard-edged, mid-tempo punk from Slovakia that sounds street-punkish at times, and other moments, especially because of the background vocals, reminds me of horror punk à la the MISFITS or TURBONEGRO. Lyrics are sung in Slovak, and are printed in Slovak and English. All around the lyrics are great, but those to "Skinhead O'Connor" (about Sinead never truly being a skin) are truly priceless. (VL)
(Ziadna Znacka)

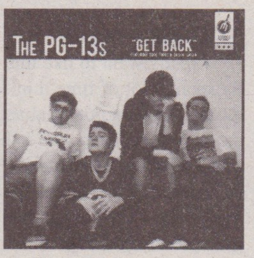
SACRILEGE – "Early Demos" LP
Fuck yeah! I'd hope that everyone who's into crust or "stench-core" or any form of even semi-metallic hardcore has at least *heard* SACRILEGE's *Behind the Realms of Madness* LP. If not, it's one of the greatest records *ever* and you need to seek it out. For a reference, look to any HELLSHOCK song and you're pretty much guaranteed to find a SACRILEGE riff or two. Here we have a boot of two demos that precede that classic LP—neither of which I'd heard before. The first, from November of '84, is sick. They definitely show what would become their "sound" found on that first LP. There's also quite a bit of that UK82 influence (that would fade in less than three months' time) and it's considerably less metal. Fuck are these tracks rad. On the B-side of this platter is the February '85 demo. This stuff ups the metal some, and two of these four songs, "A Violation of Something Sacred" (my fave SACRILEGE song), and "Out of Sight, Out of Mind," would find their way onto *Behind the Realms of Madness* later in the year, while the other two just as easily could have been. The sound quality here is of demo quality, for sure, but isn't really a hindrance. I guess if it takes a boot (is it?) for these tracks to be out there for consumption, so be it. It's required listening. (JU)
(bootleg)

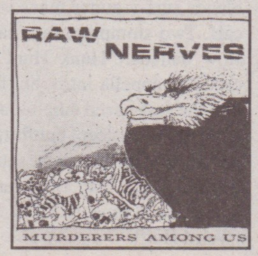
SAKES ALIVE – "Presents Act I" EP
This is bad. I wish I'd never listened to this. I'm over it and I don't have the patience to give this band the terrible review they deserve. (RM)
(Barrett)

SANDBOX REBELLION / THIS ROUTINE IS HELL – split CD
THIS ROUTINE IS HELL starts this disc off with some well produced, faster hardcore with gang vocals and breakdowns. SANDBOX REBELLION follows in a similar trajectory with vocals that are a tinge burlier than that other band and they occasionally throw in some rock-ish solos. Totally over it. (JU)
(Akashic)

SCHOOL JERKS – "Nothing Else" EP
This band plays snotty, mid-paced hardcore with a killer clean-ish buzzsaw guitar tone and vocals that are somewhere between Darby Crash and Jerry A. This took a couple of listens to warm up, but I am now fully into it. Please do more than three songs for the next record. (DG)
(Riff Raff)







SCREECHING WEASEL – "Wiggle" LP
What can really be said about this record? I saw this band so many times and even took most of the pictures on several releases. I can still listen to this and honestly say it is really fucking good. I am glad to see it is made available again for younger kids to get into it. Standout tracks for me are still "Like a Parasite," "Joanie Loves Johnny," "It's All in My Head," "Crying in My Beer," and "Teenage Slumber Party" (which was not originally on this LP), plus a few other bits that will surely be appreciated by fans. (MS)
(Recess)

SEASICK – "Ennui" EP
I really want to like this band. They have obviously spent a lot of time thinking about everything from punk rock as a potential vehicle for social change (or not), to veganism and other political issues, while most hardcore bands today seem content to have music devoid of message or purpose. Unfortunately, their lyrics are obtuse and overly wordy, and the music mixes elements of youth crew and '90s hardcore with power-metal influences in a way that leaves me cold. I hate giving a bad review to good people, but this one just did not do it for me. Sorry guys. (XV)
(Headcount / Refuse)

TY SEGALL – "Universal Momma/86'd"
One thing that must be said for wunderkind TY SEGALL is that he doesn't let any grass grow under his tootsies nor is he afeared of embarking in whatever direction he feels like. OK, that's two things. At any rate—"Universal Momma"? Obviously, this man does not give a fuck, and good for him. It sounds kind of like something RANDY HOLDEN might have come up with during his stint in BLUE CHEER if he'd been more aggro at the time. Flip is a very cool atmospheric stomper that sounds like something from a pornographic European cartoon, which is fine by me. (DD)
(True Panther Sounds)

SEMI EVOLVED SIMIANS – "End Holocene" LP
It was a bit of a surprise to get this for review, as I normally don't listen to this kind of thing. This band somehow manages to create a sound that brings to mind bands that I absolutely hate (and some that I don't), but is something that I'm surprised how much I like. I'm not sure exactly how to describe this, but SEMI EVOLVED SIMIANS sounds like they're influenced by SAVES THE DAY, AGAINST ME!, DILLINGER FOUR, the PIXIES, and maybe the BANANAS, with lyrics that point to all of these, and there's this sort of eclectic gypsy vibe that transcends these influences as well. Side A is the more dynamic and explosive side, while side B is more subdued, straightforward, and morose, but objectively speaking, this LP is still pretty consistent quality-wise, and flows well as an album. (DG)
(FYBS)

SHANNON & THE CLAMS – "Hunk Hunt" EP
Oakland, CA's SHANNON AND THE CLAMS blends surf-y guitar tunes with '60s-style female vocals. Two stomping, fun, party-down tracks and two slow ballads. "Hunk Hunt" starts with a QUEEN-esque a cappella intro, but fortunately quickly jumps into the fast-paced sing-along tune. Slow ballads usually put me to sleep, but fortunately SHANNON has a good voice for the style, sounding very similar to the ANGELS (of "My Boyfriend's Back" fame). A rollicking good time. (CK)
(Weird Hug)

THE SHORTCUTS – "30 Pack" CDEP
Well, I'm not sure just what it is about this five-song CDEP that puts me off, but it does. I actually listened to it four or five times to figure out what my problem was, and I still couldn't put my finger on it. They are poppy punk (I usually like that), all-female (no problems there), have that quavering style of girl vocals like the CAPRICORNS or DISCOUNT (I like both of them), and they incorporate some uncommon elements into their songs like xylophone or celesta and cowbell (not necessarily averse to that either). So what's the problem? I don't know. The songs maybe come off a little too whimsical at times. I guess I'm just a dick. But if you aren't one then maybe you'll like this CD better than me. Check them out and see what you think. (RK)
(self-released)

SICK SICK BIRDS – "Heavy Manners" LP
SICK SICK BIRDS plays the East Coast indie-pop very well. You could say these guys are cut from the same fabric as the MEASURE [S.A.] or LITTLE LUNGS—the kind of sounds typically associated with Salinas Records. Emotional music made by musicians with soft hearts. It seems this album is a post-coming-of-age record, compared to their split with VENA CAVA, which had more of a youthful exuberance. This record feels like music created by adults. If that's a good or bad thing is all the listener's discretion. They have kind of a '90s college radio thing going on. (FS)
(Toxic Pop)

THE SKUDS – "The Same Whore" EP
This EP is the latest offering from this Atlanta-based crust band. Their style is definitely more metal-leaning, immediately bringing the thrash of HELLBASTARD to mind. But at other times they play a sort of crust / street-punk hybrid ("For No Reason at All"). I personally prefer the more straight-up crusty thrash. The vocals switch from deeper and guttural to a more Blaine / ACCÜSED style pitch. (DB)
(Midnight Sea / Bacon Towne / Vex)

SLICES – "His Presence Lingers Long After He's Gone" EP
Dark, heavy, oppressive hardcore—that makes it seem like it's gonna be TRADGE-core, but it isn't at all. SLICES reminded me of COLD SWEAT but slowed down. Anyway, this fucking rules; the songs are really original and compelling, but steeped in the tradition of maladjusted weirdo hardcore from UNITED MUTATION onwards. I believe this band features former *MRR* scribe Mantooth and some other Pittsburgh mutants. (LG)
(Home Invasion)

SMITH WESTERNS – LP
Where did this record get pulled from? This is not the SMITH WESTERNS we've all come to know based off previous 7"s. This is a new kind of sound. Well, a new kind of sound for this band, that is. The debut full-length is retro-glammed, dream pop with walls of sweetly produced sound. The quiet / loud / quiet / is-this-even-mastered? production is starting to wear thin in this scene, but on tracks like "Be My Girl" the trick romances the listener into feeling drunk on love. The over-the-top and impossibly hard to ignore MARC BOLAN vocals don't do much to hide the fact that some of these songs could be T. REX singles. While it's true that a good number of the tunes have that definitive glam-pop sound, some of them fit right in with THEE OH SEES of now and FRESH & ONLYS. The Chicagoan SMITH WESTERNS have created a power-pop jam that will no doubt pull out both crowds of fans and of detractors. This is the fuzz without the scuzz. (AL)
(Hozac)

THE SODA POP KIDS – "Stomp & Shout! / Santa Monica Pearls"
The SODA POP KIDS. On clear vinyl, with red, blue, and yellow speckles. This could be really good or very possibly too sticky and over the top. Let's find out. You've got four minutes to wow me, kids. Wait a second; is this the CLASH? This isn't the sticky-sweet bubblegum punk I was expecting. It's the CLASH. Right? Couldn't be, Joe Strummer is dead. Wow. Track A could be an outtake from the *Crush on You* sessions. Seriously. Still, I'll take a CLASH wannabe band over some lame-ass CLASH live bootleg and old day of the week. I'll take it. (KK)
(Meaty Beaty / No Front Teeth)

SONGS FOR MOMS – "I Used To Believe In The West" LP
I'm hearing something along the lines of THIS BIKE IS A PIPEBOMB weaned on 50 MILLION or HICKEY instead of WOODY GUTHRIE. Female-fronted—it sounds like the band is comprised of at least three women all singing harmonies. It has that sort of Plan-It-X poppy folky vibe but without the cheesy, all-too-earnest vocal inflection that characterizes many Plan-It-X releases and makes them unlistenable. Inadvertent Plan-It-X shit talk aside, this is devoid of the some of the more ill-fated folk punk trappings and instead carries the charms of Bay Area bands like 50 MILLION or SHELLSHAG. Clean guitar that's not jangly, the vocal lines are full of hooks and melodies. They're talented musicians, so it's pleasurable to take in their easy handling of epic riffs. Good stuff. (P$)
(Thrillhouse)

SONS OF BUDDHA – "Buddah Hates Us All" CD
This one reaffirms my narrow-minded view that CD-only releases are generally going to be on the not-so-awesome side of things. Some by-the-numbers melodic pop punk. It's bland to say the least. I don't have much to say about this other than it's not for me. (BD)
(Dirty Witch)

SOUTHPORT – "Armchair Supporter" CD
I can't believe it's been nine years since their last LP. Nine years! SOUTHPORT were me and the missus' fave band when we lived in London; we still dig out their debut and their tracks still make it onto mix tapes. I don't want to go through the ex-members charade, but when the primary songwriter and singer is Simon from SNUFF, you know that you are in for good things. With the addition of Lloyd from BLOCKO on bass, this record picks up pretty much where the last album left off. It sorta sounds like the music of LEATHERFACE with the bloke from SNUFF singing. It's a very British sound, kinda '90s / early '00s, but that's cool—dunno if the new kids around will totally dig it, but the old farts who know what's up will be all over this. Heartfelt, honest and just really fucking good. I downloaded it, got the CD, and have bought the limited vinyl; a bit much maybe, but this band are *that* good. Epic. (TB)
(Boss Tuneage)

SPITS – "Album IV" LP

It must have been late '06 or early '07 when I thought this Canadian girl was cute so I lurked her MySpace and heard the SPITS song "Tonight" for the first time, as it was her profile song. My wig was officially flipped—the song was so infectious I forgot all about the girl and desperately wrote the band like a rabid freak needing to know where one can acquire such an aural delight, as it was on no release known to me at the time. Someone wrote back and said maybe the next record, and it's been a torturous wait for what is the SPITS most realized effort to date, *Album IV*. After having dragged the needle back to the begging of "Tonight" for what must have been twenty listens in a row, I ventured onto the other nine songs and I'm convinced this is my favorite SPITS record. It's so retarded in the only the way they can pull off—melding RAMONES with a touch of SCREAMERS and, say, some TESTORS and maybe REMO VOOR, and a dash of MISFITS (or not), all the while succeeding in making their own sound and being the ultimate party punk band. So many great songs for all us hoppin' cretins to jerk out a rhythm along to or smash up the bedroom spilling beer all over, from "Eyesore City," "Life of Crime," "Wouldn't Wanna Be Ya," "Live in a Van," and "School's Out" with the killer line "Don't wanna work but I wanna be rich." This is the Party Platter of the Year. I mean, fuck, I'll be playing this and be digging it so hard. I start it from the beginning over and over often enough that I'm going to need a second copy before long. Play my party? Hell, play my funeral, please. Everyone should buy this record for themselves and a copy for a friend. (RR)
(Recess / Thriftstore)

THE SPLINTS – "Love Letters and Broken Bones" CDEP

Sometimes not even having a big name like Steve Albini recording your band can justify putting out a CD. Thankfully, this is only a five-song EP, so not a total waste of time. However, I hate being a prick in my reviews, so to at least do some justice to this boring and generic EP, let me say that if you like straight-ahead '90s rock 'n' roll with some fuzzed-out guitars and a hint of that grunge sound, then you might wanna check these guys out... (ML)
(Lightning Rock)

SPOOKS – "Death From Beyond the Grave" LP

I am reviewing this because someone put the BILLY BAO and SPOOKS LPs back in the wrong LP sleeves, so *MRR*'s beloved Dougie reviewed BILLY BAO thinking it was SPOOKS. I was wondering why he kept talking about WHITEHOUSE whilst he was over here doing his reviews... At any rate, SPOOKS play slinky garage pop, with a cartoon-ish junk store vibe. Lots of swirling organ yowls and thrift store horror sound-effect platters—it sounds like it should be the band that the kids from *Scooby Doo* would be in... It's snotty, goofy, like a basement dance party on Halloween. In short, nothing like WHITEHOUSE or BILLY BAO. (LG)
(Die Slaughterhaus)

SPEED FREAKS – "Underwater" LP

New record by some heads who were around in the mid-'80s... and they haven't strayed too far from where they started. Metallic hardcore not unlike mid-period SUCIDAL TENDENCIES or some of the less stellar Venice Beach metal bands. It has a touch of MOTÖRHEAD (which could just be the cover art!). Nothing bad about this, but it's petty ho-hum. (TB)
(self-released)

SPRAWL OUT – "Smash Spot" EP

Not bad at all—there are some really enjoyable moments on here that evoke an interestingly odd mixture of LIBYAN HIT SQUAD, DEVO, and the RETAINERS... Surfy SST-type stuff with some rad DEVO style leads, though they don't ascend to the lofty musical peaks reached by the aforementioned bands. There are some other moments that are less enjoyable. The lyrics are a little misguided. On "Tom Cruise Missile" they actually seem to echo Tom Cruise's anti-psychotic-med scientology hype. There's no luminous glow that alights the contours of all that's crucial, mostly because of how stereotypical and oddly misinformed the lyrics are, but I'm still really enjoying the music. If my overall enjoyment weren't constrained by the lyrics, I'd be all about this, and if you aren't as particular about lyrical content as I am, then give this a listen. (P$)
(Sun Fight)

STELLAR CORPSES – "Welcome to the Nightmare" CD

I don't know, man, all this psychobilly / horror pop-punk just seems to be kinda wimpy shit to me... But I ain't gonna lie—I like this!! I'm a sucker for anything that is catchy, especially when played really well and with good production, and STELLAR CORPSES hit the mark dead on all around! From the limited stuff I've heard by TIGER ARMY and AFI, that is what STELLAR CORPSES reminds me of. This band falls into my "guilty pleasures" category for sure!! (ML)
(Fiend Force)

SUBURBAN NOISE – "El Sonido del Suburbio" CD

I believe this is the complete discography, including a few live tracks recorded at their recent reunion, from this mid-'90s Italian melodic hardcore band. Listening to this, it really does sound like it was from the '90s! Their style brings to mind bands like LIFETIME, SAMIAM, FACE TO FACE, and SLUDGEWORTH. Definite emo leanings with this band, but this is "emo" before all the black eyeliner and screamo style vocals came into play. Not bad. (RK)
(SP)

TEENAGE PANZERKORPS – "Arc De Triomphe" EP

As a fan, knowing that the German TEENAGE PANZERKORPS / DER TPK singer, Bunker Wolf, is an awesome punker makes the GRAUZONE-influenced dark vibes project that much more satisfying. Connected to the Jeweled Antler collective, featuring members Boy True, Edmund Xavier, C. Pat, and of course Bunk, TEENAGE PANZERKORPS have a frenzied, evil storm of muggy wave sound. They are a good fit on the label that showcases BLANK DOGS and GARY WAR, but TEENAGE PANZERKORPS includes a depth and are more grounded, if a bit blatant in regards to their reference points, which edges their label-mates out. This single contains three songs of appreciated melodic apathy. (AL)
(Captured Tracks)

TELEVISION PERSONALITIES – "And Don't The Kids Just Love It" LP

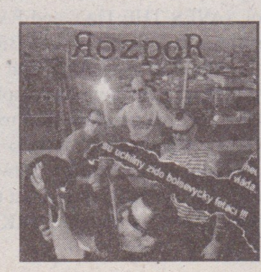
A reissue of the TELEVISION PERSONALITIES' 1981 debut LP. So good that it initially left me slack-jawed, catatonic, and stupefied, staring at my reflection on the computer screen. Classic lo-fi British DIY '60s-influenced bedroom jams, as chronicled by the *Messthetics* series. Great lyrics, hooks, melodies; this is compelling, crucial, and totally compulsory, and should grace multiple monthly *MRR* top tens (the litmus test of cruciality). (P$)
(Fire)

TELEVISION PERSONALITIES – "Mummy Your Not Watching Me" LP

Tremendous second LP by these UK legends that originally came out in 1982. This band (that is still active today) is the musical vehicle for singer Dan Treacy with a revolving door of other members. The sound is an eccentric mix of post-punk, psychedelia, and '60s pop with a dry sense of humor throughout. The band has always been out on the margins and this LP shows why. Genius. (TB)
(Fire)

THIS DRAMA – "San Diego XIII" CD

Hard rock from the Canary Islands. Slick and overproduced. The singer has a nice accent, but he is a bit too breathy. I can just see him pouting and posing. On the first song they sound a bit like



MUDHONEY, but then it becomes more like HELLACOPTERS. Yawn. (CK)
(KTC Domestic)

THIS IS HELL – "Warbirds" EP

It's so good to see poignant social and political lyrics in modern hardcore, where tiresome "my soul fire burns" shit is the norm. And it's also great to see a modern hardcore band that doesn't sacrifice their rage for Warped Tour accessibility. THIS IS HELL has been tearing it up for a few years now and this new EP is on par with their previous releases—slightly metal-tinged screaming-with-conviction hardcore along the lines of early RISE AGAINST (who have since sacrificed *their* rage) or BANE. "Worship Syndrome" is my personal favorite on this five-track slab, and the other two originals are killer in their own right. The two covers on the flipside, a WARZONE track and an INXS one, are pretty unnecessary, but fun. (BG)
(Think Fast)

THRILLKILLERS – "Yard Shark/Wurdulak"

Fuck all of you pansy fucks! Australian rules rock and roll is the currency here! THRILLKILLERS carry on the fine Aussie tradition of destroying all that casts a shadow on their domain. These metal-laced street rockers from Melbourne, Australia have delivered a vicious blow to your cerebellum! Most of the safe, by-the-numbers PC punks that hear this aggressive bile will not be able to wrap their milquetoast brains around it! THRILLKILLERS have taken up the MOTÖRHEAD banner and displayed it with pride! Listen to "Yard Shark" on side A and you will have your fist in the air and your beer will have to be replaced! THRILLKILLERS give no quarter. THRILLKILLERS take no prisoners. This "Yard Shark" 45 is for adult males of the species that live and breath rock and roll without fear of metal underpinnings. This is highly recommended to fans of ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE! (BR)
(Haunted Hotel)

TILE – "Sit and Relax" EP

I took to this record immediately—it's loud, noisy, discontent, and a bit disoriented. You get a feeling of power and uneasiness right away—the sounds come right out at you and tie together with some goddamn feeling. The vocals absolutely draw my mind to EX-IGNOTA; the resonance and tone of the record may fall into the GHOST ECHOS or DRUNKDRIVER zone cuzza the chaos of it all. Killer production, everything is well represented. The vocals are relatively low in the massive mix of smashing drums and wild guitars, each which give the songs an earned appeal. This is gold. A three-piece powerhouse of heavy, bass-driven riffs complimented by squeaky guitars and blown-out screams. Get lost in the beat-down or get lost. (RM)
(Limited Appeal)

TITLE FIGHT – "The Last Thing You Forget" CD

This Pennsylvania quartet plays a contemporary style of emo / melodic hardcore bringing to mind bits of SAVES THE DAY and FACE TO FACE. Not to mention a little bit of JAWBREAKER in the vocals from time to time. The band is tight and the music well played, but nothing completely grabbed me here. Don't get me wrong, if you're into emo and contemporary melodic hardcore you should find this enjoyable enough. I listened to it two or three times all the way through and the standout tracks were "Anaconda Sniper" and "Goldwaite." (RK)
(Run for Cover)

TONGAN DEATH GRIP – "Werewolf" EP

Wow! Can we say the BRIEFS 2.0 here? I know that the BRIEFS were the best thing since sliced bread when they hit the scene, but this is outta control! Unless I'm just totally missing something here, all I can hear when I listen to TONGAN DEATH GRIP is the BRIEFS. So overall, not a bad thing I suppose, if you like the BRIEFS!! (ML)
(House Party)

TORCHBEARER – "Worst Is Yet to Come" EP

These dudes get the shovin' started with burly, mid-tempo hardcore. Small people or the infirm should not be up front. The B-side is kind of an epic, even a bit droning, but still like BREAKDOWN with better production. The rough sound is captured well here, with raw vocals and a sharp snare, though sometimes the toms get lost. The A-side sounds better to my ears. The first track is one crushing mosh part, and the second is a blaze of more traditional fast hardcore with a drawn-out part to build the tension. This copy is one pretty purple vinyl and comes with a secret code so you can download the songs. (JM)
(Soul Rebel)

TOURNAMENT – "Years Old" LP

Starts off a little too ethereal and jammy for my tastes—I wasn't impressed with the opener and felt that the flow hadn't been established quite yet for a track like "Walking Negative Man." Maybe they were just trying to get it out of the way? Maybe not, as the record builds only a bit of promise throughout and never really pays off. The tracks show the limited potential of the intellectual spacecraft / post-punk rock they attempt to produce. From time to time we get a truly interesting sound or lead to carry the song on, but usually this just yields another unfulfilling end. On the second or third time around, though, that aspect almost began to play into their favor. It seemed apparent to me that one of the objectives of the album was to create a unique atmosphere for the listener, which they do, but unfortunately they fail to create an engaging or even appealing album. The one glaring exception is the song "Big Box Opportunity," which blew me (and every other track on the record) away! A killer song that grabs you immediately and perks the ears with vigor and the charge of a true blistering anthem. From the first hint of the hyper guitar chug into the tribal pounding of the drums, it's apparent that this is a bona fide winner. The vocals add a whole 'nother fucking dimension to this ripper! Channeling *Kill'em All*-era Hetfield, TOUNAMENT pounds out a beefy, Southern-tinged rocker of (semi) epic proportions. My advice: run with this, a stellar track and really a saving grace for an otherwise forgettable full-length. (RM)
(Forcefield)

TRUE COLORS – "Rush of Hope" CD

Seriously, all things aside... Cappo vocals with a *thick* Belgian accent! There is even a part in the song "Up to Us" where the dude screams "*Disengage*!" *Love it!!* Ex-JUSTICE; this is really good. (RM)
(Powered)

TV WATCHERS – "Carl in the Sky with Diamonds Split CD" EP

This is a vinyl release, a record, wax...but the title is: *Carl in the Sky with Diamonds Split CD*, so confusion is avoided and cleared up with clarification. OK, this record is a pile of shit. Glorious, brilliant, wonderful shit. TV WATCHERS come from the same mold that brought the world geniuses like SOCKEYE, ASS, HORNS, BOY IN LOVE (and the list goes on for hours), and if retard noise punk is your jam, then you have just found the altar at which you are to worship for all eternity. The only "instrument" on this record is a keyboard that sounds like it was rescued from the '80s, (there is a bass guitar on the final song, but it's played very, very poorly). The only vocalist just talks in a weird Crusty The Clown voice, and he makes something less than what we call sense. Side one features "Transparent Leech Beyond the Hamburger Realm," which endorses Intelligent Design being taught in our public schools because (and I quote) "Science is scary." Side two tackles the important issue of the 2008 writer's strike in Hollywood, which affected television viewers all over the USA, and then there is a song about how the news sucks and we should all watch remakes of Hollywood movies and read about Intelligent Design. This record is fucking stupid. But there is an art to the stupid record. Anyone can suck—I'm sure I have managed to pull it off more than a few times in my career as a punk—but there is an art to sucking. And if you can suck while simultaneously making me truly believe that you know something that I don't know....that you are smarter than me...that by simply being shitty, you are somehow pulling one over on me? Well then, my friend, you have transcended suck-ness and achieved total brilliance. TV WATCHERS just made me laugh for two hours, and made me try to convince everyone else in the room (much to everyone's annoyance) that TV WATCHERS are the best "band" on the planet, even though they suck....and therefore, even though there is a total of one keyboard and one idiot featured on this record....TV WATCHERS are the punkest band ever, and I love them. You need this record. (WN)
(My Mind's Eye)

TWIN KILLING – "...If This Could Last Forever" CD

This is some pretty good youth crew from Pennsylvania, with some harder mosh parts than you'd expect, making me think of BATTERY mixed with KILLING THE DREAM. Most youth crew hardcore isn't really my thing, so I can't really judge this too well, but I enjoyed it OK. I do wish the drums had been better recorded and that the guitar sound wasn't so polished in that modern hardcore way. I doubt I'll listen to this again, but if you're a youth crew fanatic then by all means pick this up and give it a shot. (XV)
(Akashic)

UNIDAD 4 – "Fuerza Para Seguir" CD

From Cajamarca, Peru comes this quartet playing tight and catchy punk and melodic hardcore with lyrics sung in Spanish. Their sound is a combination of Fat Wreck / Epitaph style bands such as FACE TO FACE and PENNYWISE with the harder edge of bands like LOS FASTIDIOS and LA PLEBE. Strong backing vocals and hooky choruses will have you singing along (if only in phonetic gibberish syllables like me). The band is strong all the way through this CD, which was a great surprise for me, although "Verdad," "El Tiempo," and the hidden bonus track were exceptional. It appears that this band has been around since 1997! So, if you're a trifle behind the times like me, hurry up and get on board now! Recommended. (RK)
(SP / Identidad)

USELESS WOODEN TOYS – "Chris 'Magic' Johnson" EP

A fifteen-song 2x7" skate thrash attack from Min-

neapolis. For those who don't know, USELESS WOODEN TOYS are best viewed (or listened to) in a damp, sweaty basement or skatepark, and though I cannot review in that environment, I can certainly tip back my PBR and close my eyes while the chorus of "Dark Basement" fills the headphones. USELESS WOODEN TOYS are a kick-ass dual-vocal thrash attack with songs about friends and drinking and skating and touring. (Really, what else is there? They left out work, but I have a feeling that might have been an intentional omission.) All go, no slow, total fucking good-time punks. This release celebrates Chris "Magic" Johnson, one of the two USELESS WOODEN TOYS vocalists who was killed last June by a piece of shit at a show in Indiana; I've seen them several times, partied with them more than a few, and Chris's death makes listening to this record more than a little bitter sweet... No filler to be found, just killer all around. (WN)
(Learning Curve)

THE UV RACE – "Baw Baw Blues" EP
Five tracks of weirdo punk slop from these Aussie miscreants. Somewhere between the OOGA BOOGAS and EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING, but not as realized or direct as either of those. I thought this record was sold out. Maybe this is a repress? If you've been paying attention to the Melbourne avant-garage scene of late, you'll probably want to check this out, but it's not as essentially raging as some of the stuff... (AM)
(Aarght!)

UV RACE – "Malaria" EP
Striking out in a noisier, if not just louder direction than their debut 7" and comp appearances, UV RACE takes a page from the early/mid-'80s Aussie / New Zealand bands (Flying Nun stuff and beyond), while forging a sound distinctly their own. They have a smart suck-you-in repetitiveness that provides a perfect foundation for everything to build on, layer after noisy layer. The vocals and guitars play off each other until the songs are a breathless tangle of sound; but not so dense that you're suffocated. A great record. (IS)
(S-S)

VICE CITY ROCKERS – "Code C" EP
A seemingly innocuous band that I would have probably ignored since their name is kind of lame, even though they humorously abbreviate it as VCR. The music is pretty rockin' and reminds me of the BASEBALL FURIES—interesting songwriting with catchy melodies. The singer screeches and howls while he sounds very agitated and annoyed. A great combination for some cool songs. The record showed up sleeveless due to the band not wanting to hand the sleeves over, and the label getting sick of waiting for them. Hahahaha. Punks can still be funny. (CK)
(Die Slaughterhaus)

LOS WAKAMONOS – "4 Fancy Eleki Hits" EP
That enterprising seahorse nation of Japan again shows how to adapt some musical genre of days gone by (in this case surf instros) to the modern day without sounding wimpy or self-conscious. Noisy and primitive, kind of like the TRADITIONAL FOOLS when they're in surf mode. "We can only play our originals," LOS WAKAMONOS proclaim, and I'm thankful for that. "Raw, primitive, and damaged," says Tim Warren, should you need extra convincing. (DD)
(Go Ape)

THE WALKING TOXINS – "Infant Envy" CD
These five dudes out of Hemet, California play in-your-face punk rock and old-style hardcore that is often humorous. And even funny. Their sound falls somewhere along the lines of the NOBODYS and LIMECELL as well as early West Coast punk à la CIRCLE JERKS and ANGRY SAMOANS. Intentionally juvenile lyrics dealing with idiots, dissatisfaction, and crapping on people. Best song of the disc was "Danny Bonaduce" which felt like it could have been from a classic '80s hardcore punk band. (RK)
(Local Punks and Dum Dog)

WAR TRASH / WHAT SHAME – split EP
Reminding me to get out more, San Francisco's WAR TRASH (with members of STORMCROW and POPULATION REDUCTION) kicks out four songs of energetic and surprisingly killer '90s Japanese style Dis-core—think SDS, BATTLE OF DISARM, etc. The vaguely DISCHARGE / UK crust chassis gets a "pimp my ride treatment," with longer compositions of metallic riffs, galloping drums, and DOOM-style hoarse, barked vocals. I could play you this, tell you it's off of *Hamigaki City Hardcore, Vol. 3* on MCR from 1995, and you'd totally shake your head in agreement and ask if these guys had anything else out, as there's the same Japanese pro-delivery and verve. Outside of the yawn-worthy graphics, it's a killer with lyrics about the Middle Eastern wars, nuclear war, depression, and booze... Kampai! The three heavier songs by Southern California's WHAT SHAME (with ex-members of BLOODY PHOENIX) on the flip are a distorted, fuzzy gnarl of high-energy throttling drums, piercing a mix of rampaging crust with screeched and growled vocals. While the charged and longer compositions also carry that '90s Tokyo crust feel, the mangled attack always seems just about set to bust into grind that it brings to mind DISRUPT, DEFORMED CONSCIENCE, and the regurgitated EXTREME NOISE TERROR-influenced style of Connecticut crust bands of the early '90s. No lyrics, but do you even need them for a song called "Pissed Off"?? Cool split!! (KS)
(Injustice of Humanity)

WASTED TIME – "Futility" LP
It's an unassailable fact that WATED TIME wrote the best post-'80s hardcore song ("Hostage"), so allow me a quick, if predictable, caveat: there's not a song on this record as good as "Hostage," obviously, because there isn't a song that's been written in the past 20-odd years that can even scratch it. But forget what I just wrote. Get up, remove your sunglasses, and slam your head into nearest concrete slab with as much force as you can muster. That comes close to understanding what it's like to listen to this record; it makes shit like the ADOLESCENTS sound like GOOD RIDDANCE, makes MINOR THREAT sound like FUGAZI. This isn't '80s hardcore revival, it's '80s hardcore removal. If you don't buy this, I hope someone invades your home. WASTED TIME is the best hardcore band around. (BB)
(Grave Mistake)

THE WET DREAMS – "Here Come the Wet Dreams" EP
Coming from the Atlanta scene circa 2000, these cats no longer exist as a band. Maybe they were inspiration for the current happenings down South, influencing the likes of GENTLEMAN JESSE, the CARBONAS, BLACK LIPS, and others. Or maybe not. This one is very garagey and raw, but also very catchy. I love music that can be both catchy and raw. It also happens to be a little dark. And I never mind female vocals. The picture sleeve is a little weak, but don't hold that against them. (KK)
(Die Slaughterhouse)

WHITE LOAD – "Talk" EP
Fuzzed-out hardcore that's reminiscent of a cross between STREET TRASH and the GRABBIES. With three songs on one side of an unlabeled 7", I'm not sure if this band is broke, self-consciously trying to be cryptic, or were smart enough to only commit their three best songs to vinyl (maybe all three). This is perhaps the musical equivalent of a dish that could use a little more salt, but still better than a lot of similar bands. (DG)
(Leather Bar)

WILD THING – "You're a Punk" EP
I'll spare you the semi-witty review I had planned for this EP and play it straight: when Brace Belden goes off on his "Last Punk" schtick that some in the Bay Area consider one of the best comedy routines going, he at least puts his money where his mouth is on this record. WILD THING is no joke. While far, far too many bands are headed off on some kind of bullshit '90s indie rock revival or something, WILD THING keeps it real. This is a fucking *punk* record. No frills, but not skimping on the details

either. "You're a Punk" gets in and out with a totally catchy refrain and riffs, little solo in there, wrap it up and get on to the next song. "Out of Touch" hits harder, a little trashcan hardcore, snarling, snotty, perfect. They wrap it up with a touching power-popish number, "Can't Stand You," one of those songs where the off-key singing totally makes it work. (IS)
(Clown College)

WILD ZEROS – "Tight, Tight Pants" 10"

Damn! The WILD ZEROS are a seriously rockin' band! Something tells me that the garage scene in France kicks ass, cuz both this band and label are from there and I like what I hear! My biggest complaint about most "garage punk" is that it is too lo-fi and therefore sounds like crap, which is a shame cuz a lot of it is great! This WILD ZEROS 10" is a perfect example of how much some good production can go a long way—every guitar lick, bass run, snare roll, and howling scream comes through as a result!! Add some cool keyboard / organ and a killer cover version of "I'm Rowed Out" by '60s icons the EYES, and you have an essential record for your collection. Buy it now! (ML)
(Frantic City)

WOLVES & THIEVES – CD

These guys come from the East Bay and that comes across pretty clearly: they wear the melodic hardcore influence of early AFI pretty clearly to me. A lot of my friends are all about this band and this sound, but I guess I still haven't gotten it. To me this sounds a lot more like poppy rock than it does anything I think of as hardcore. Plus, a cover image that's just a photo of a female model doesn't exactly endear me. Honestly, I don't think I'm even equipped with enough knowledge of the genre these guys are playing in to comment more, this is just worlds away from anything I listen to. (XV)
(Swagger City / Lorelei)

X – "Hate City" EP

Released for X's Australian summer tour with FLIPPER, these are the same four songs on the *Home Is Where the Floor Is* 7" that came out in the early '00s (that I put out). I'm unashamedly biased towards X. One of my all-time favorite bands, ever. For the uninitiated, this EP is as good a place to start as any. The songs here—"TV Cabaret Roll," "Hate City," "Home Is Where the Floor Is," and "Good on Ya Baby"—were recorded in the early days of X (pre-*Aspirations*) when the band was a four-piece. Killer, stripped down, thuggish, punk songs. All four winners. The mastering on this record differs from the *Home Is Where*… 7" though, to the point where the B-side sounds significantly different even to these non-audiophile ears. It's got a much higher low-end—the bass dominates this record, to the point of being overpowering on "Home Is Where the Floor Is." The A-side retains most of the sound you might have come to know and love from the *Why March When You Can Riot?* LP (where some of these first appeared) or the *Home Is Where*… EP. A must-have, if you can find this. Limited to 500. Doubt many made it out of Australia. (IS)
(Zenith)

V/A – "Børne Punk" LP

From what I understand, this is a compilation of six Danish bands comprised of adolescent punks. To some, this may be cute and kitschy, but I'll give the youth the benefit of the doubt. Aside from having summers off of school, growing up was awful and people treat kids like shit, so I'll take their squelches and screeches of anger as genuine. PSYKISK HART starts this off right with the song "Danmark" and it's a smash-up snotty fist-in-the-face of a jammer; their next song is more of a bouncy, angry lil' runt of a song. HOJSPAENDING's "Traet" starts off like a slowed-down / sped-up MISSBRUKARNA kind of track with some weird noise thing-a-ma-jig punched in for the chorus, and I dig it. The next song expands upon this into its own territory and is followed by another original-sounding number. SKRALD starts off with a DEAD KENNEDYS kinda rip-off and it's OK for the next three songs. Flip it over and we have REAKTION, and one's instantly dancing. They gradually take the tempo to full pogo mood after toying around and it's a dance-a-riffic. The third song "Forurening" is great, with the rhythm section shining brightly. GODMORGEN DANMARK, whose name I want to believe is "Goodmorning Denmark," sounds a few years older than the other bands on the comp, but some kids hit puberty early these days. UNODERNE has this dirgy, FLIPPER-esque thing going on and it's cool. All songs in Danish and no lyric sheet so I have no idea what these rugrats are saying, but I can hope HOJSPAENDING's song "DSB" is about Japan's DEFIANCE OF SHIT BASTARDS. (RR)
(self-released)

V/A – "Bridge Nine Summer Compilation 2009" LP

If you've been paying attention to my past reviews of bands in this genre / label / scene / sound, you already know that I usually end up diggin' this stuff, even if it's thoroughly consumed and enjoyed with extreme reluctance. I definitely feel that since *Exit English* (which, for all intents and purposes should have been a junk record, but I wholly enjoyed), STRIKE ANYWHERE has been phoning it in. On this "sampler" they drop a song from an upcoming LP that packs the punch of all their previous efforts but lacks the hooks present on their classics like *Change Is a Sound*. Maybe it's not fair to compare a band's current offering to the ones from their heyday, but you can buy this shit at the mall, so fuck off. Fact. I traded in a shirt my mom bought me at Hot Topic for an *Exit English* CD. DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR follows with exactly what they're known for; hard-hitting thug-y hardcore that reminds of *Scratch the Surface*-era SICK OF IT ALL. Next, POLAR BEAR CLUB does kind of a GET UP KIDS thing—accessible stuff for the ladies. Fourth up are the (hopefully former) Roehrs faves, RUINER, and this track is almost as accessible as that last one! From what I remember, they brought it pretty hard on their other records (am I way off?) but this has a HOT WATER MUSIC feel. Time to flip it. DEAD SWANS are surprisingly kinda ripping. I say "surprisingly" cause of their swept-to-the-side supermodel hair. SOUL CONTROL follows, and I've always appreciated their BURN / QUICKSAND sound, but it's lost here. CRIME IN STEREO…zzzzzzz. They've gone from decent Doghouse Records-style emo to bland-as-can-be Doghouse Records-style emo with an acoustic outro. The PAINT IT BLACK track that follows sounds like a PAINT IT BLACK song. And as embarrassing as most *MRR* readers would feel the band is, HAVE HEART closes out this comp with its best track. (JU)
(Bridge Nine)

V/A – "Open 24 Hours" CD

This should really be called *Welcome to 1993!* because this sounds just like the heyday of Lookout Records and Mutant Pop. Same bands too: QUEERS, DARLINGTON, PEABODYS, and so on. I'm not sure how much of this is exclusive, but I'm guessing not too much. Highlights include the LAST CHUCKS, who are new to me but have apparently been around since 1998, and the TRAVOLTAS, who are still unfortunately broken up. Not as effective in this age of MySpace, but still a good sampler for those who were literally born yesterday. (RL)
(Diner Junkie)

V/A – "July 7, 2009" EP

The concept and design of this compilation are pretty cool. Some dude named Matt turned 30 on July 7, 2009, and celebrated it by releasing a compilation of what is presumably his friends' bands. The design for the poster included is just the logos of bands Matt digs, separated into the categories based on his age. I would prefer to review his taste in music growing up (ABBA in high school and ANGST in 2009) rather than the music on this record. RELIGIOUS SS DISORDER, CAINS & ABELS, 4D, and PARTY FAVORITES are the four bands on the EP. The A-side is punk bands and the B-side starts with a vocals-only track and ends with a noise song. It's a nice mix of sounds but none of the songs really stand out as keepers. Matt writes that he hopes to see this record in a used bin at a record store someday, and I think he will. (MU)
(77)

V/A – "Sea Creatures" EP

This looks like split EP number one on Merman Records, and features four bands, each offering a single track. FEAR OF LIPSTICK starts things off nicely with a faster-paced pop-punk sing-along that takes me back to the mid-to-late-'80s. Very catchy. The ROMAN LINE cut is catchy as well, but a little more intense and hardcore, in a PEGBOY sort of way. I could do without the ending, which is both cheesy and annoying. REGAL BEAGLE delivers another catchy one, this one in the sing-along style. It's short, catchy and to the point. It was also recorded over ten years ago, which is just a bit curious (and is the band name a reference to the local tavern in *Three's Company?*). The NEUTRON BOMBS finish things off with a number that's more street-punk, if that means anything anymore. It, too, is solid, making the record four for four in my mind. Look for this one. If it's an indication of overall label quality, keep an eye out for other records on Merman. Good shit. (KK)
(Merman)

V/A – "To Hell with Cleveland" EP

Metal from Cleveland. Cleveland was one of the most metal towns I went to in the '80s—24 hour metal radio stations and all—so it's with honor that I review this comp 7". DECREPIT starts out with pure death metal and the song seems to be a tribute to a dead friend. I love the different sounds of the multiple vocalists. Are those two vocalists or the same guy? Great death metal breakdown where I can imagine the crowd starts moving. NUNSLAUGHTER do their dark metal with nods to '80s black metal bands. This track thrashes! DANA SIXTY AND THE PISTOL GRIPS surprised me. Garage-y punk rock with a slight ANGRY SAMOANS sound. Surf drums, vocals you can understand, and catchy. Yeah! DOKTOR BITCH. Huh? Simple, sick-sounding hard rock? Not really metal or punk or hardcore or garage rock—someplace in between. (MH)
(Hell's Headbangers)

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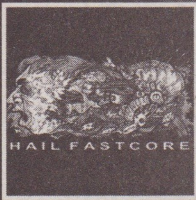

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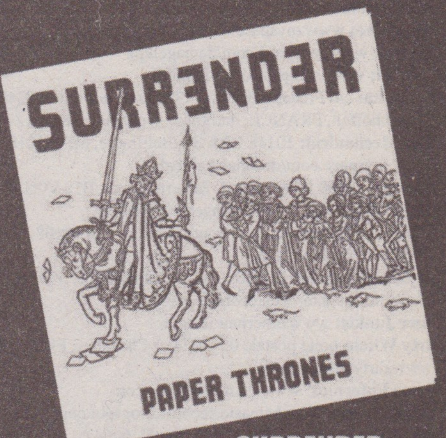

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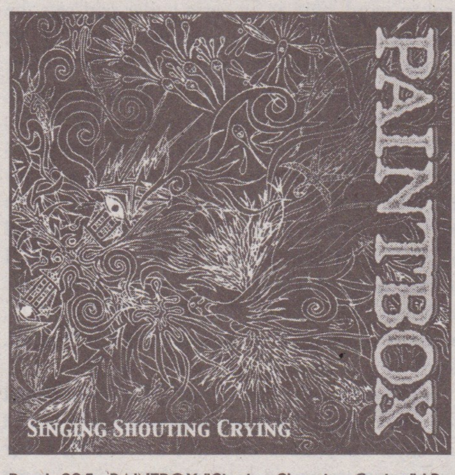

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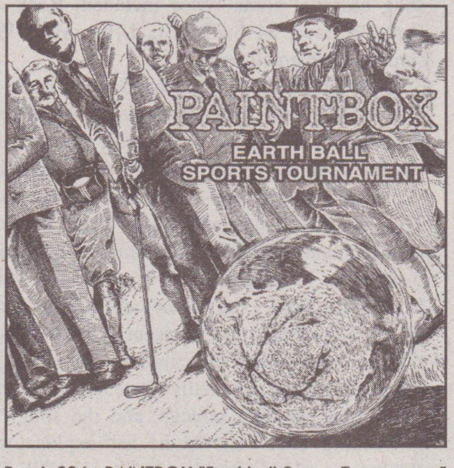

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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Justin Briggs, Dan Goetz, Andrew Underwood and xYosefx.

ARGENTINUM ASTRUM – I had a CD from these Tennessee doom-mongers and enjoyed it thoroughly. Apparently they had released another CD since then, and this tape collects them both. I love tapes and hate CDs, so I'm happy with this turn of events. This band is kind of all over the place, as far as doom goes, switching it up between more funeral-paced material, some experimental shit, some black metal influenced pieces and some "faster" (for doom, that is) parts, more in the vein of classic acts like PENTAGRAM. This is very good; I'd definitely recommend it. Limited to 100 hand-numbered copies, so I'd e-mail first to check availability. (xYosefx) (?-song cassette, no lyrics included, $5 ppd US, $7ppd international to Tony Levi, 6211 Ramsey Rd., Harrison, TN 37341, failedrecordings.blogspot.com, dontwakeup@gmail.com)

BATTLE RUINS – What we have here is an *interesting* listen, indeed. First time through I was kinda, "Duh? Um? Whaaa?" And here, on my fourth, I'm all, "This is fucking awesome!" I'll say it now that this is *absolutely not for everyone*! And I mean that. What I'm hearing here is reminiscent of that transition period when the unmentionable Rock Against Communism bands started to experiment with metal and rock'n'roll but still had that punk/Oi! edge. It didn't work then, but here in 2009, it sounds really fresh and different. Fuck, those backups are great! The average listener might find it kinda shocking that this band contains members of MIND ERASER. Regardless, I love it in all of it's rock'n'roll/Oi! glory! (Justin) (5-song cassette, some lyrics included, Rock And Roll Disgrace, 24 Sadler St., Lynn, MA 01905, rnrdisgrace@gmail.com)

BLOODTYPE – This band plays in a late '80s NYHC style that sides more with the bands that weren't on *The Way It Is*, with a dense guitar sound, strained vocals and the familiar triplet vocal phrasing, intro-verse-chorus-verse-mosh-verse song structure, and a nice rough recording to accentuate everything. The tempo is a bit slower than might be expected, but it works for what it is, and this band writes some cool riffs to back it all up. Their lyrics take on scene climbers, people that don't realize that fun exists outside of partying (something I can personally relate to), the promise of a good job after college, and the song "Get A Fucking Clue" should be self-explanatory. I think a lot of kids into bands like ALONE IN A CROWD, STRAIGHT AHEAD, THE ABUSED, early AGNOSTIC FRONT, and the early Rev stuff would be really into this, and though it's a bit too generic to warrant repeat listens on my part, I'm interested to see what they do next. (Dan) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, myspace.com/bloodtypexxx)

CONFIDENCE MEN – Interesting and different hardcore here. Kinda reminds me of a less-honed BRAIN HANDLE, especially in the occasional off-kilter wank or two. They mostly play fast but often bring the speedometer down to a mid-paced thumping and attempt some Ginn-style thangs. Pretty ok, not great. (Justin) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, confidencemenband@gmail.com)

THE CREDENTIALS – Pop punk that's a bit too influenced by bands like NEW FOUND GLORY, though the roughness of the recording keeps it from getting too saccharine. Definitely not my thing, but fans of more DIY pop punk might be into this, though I wish these bands wouldn't resort to the exact same recycled riffs as every other pop-punk band. (Dan) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, 90 Easton St. Apt 1, Amherst, MA 02134, myspace.com/thecredentialssuck.

DEATH FIRST – I wish this review could include me typing out the full lyrics to some of these songs, as they're probably the most pointed, honest, opposite of cliché ones I've read in forever. For instance, the song "Social Work Blues" is about how the singer's job that is supposed to help people instead reduces them to numbers while rewarding the bureaucracy, while "Tested" has her in the role of number, as she recounts her experience getting tested for an STD, and contrasts the sterility of the clinic to her own internal turmoil, in a semi-spoken word style as an eerie guitar part sets the tone for everything. Musically, this band plays in a style reminiscent of a less crusty, slightly more east coast hardcore DETESTATION, with hints of NAUSEA and a stripped down ANTIPRODUCT, with a lot of single-note riffs and, if it even needs to be said at this point, an urgency in the vocals that I think I'd be able to feel, even if I didn't have the lyrics at hand. Even if you don't like this kind of stuff, and I don't listen to a ton of it myself, I still recommend this. (Dan) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, 199 Green St. #2L, Brooklyn, NY 11222, myspace.com/deathfirstbk, deathfirstbk@gmail.com)

FINS – This band plays some great instrumental surf punk songs that have been stuck in my head for days. They make inventive use of twelve bar blues progressions in a lot of these songs, some of which are more happy-go-lucky while others are more moody, and they strike an interesting balance between a punk energy (which is also pretty well conveyed in the production, actually) and an overall mellow vibe that work really well here. My only complaint is that I don't think they needed to include the live set on this tape, as they already picked their best songs to record, but this is easily ignored. (Dan) (15-song cassette, no lyrics included, c/o Lasagnacide Tapes, 1142 Illini Dr., O'Fallon, IL 62269)

FUCKED FOR LIFE – Fuck, Ohio's on a roll right now. Just as DEATHCAGE is chasing the DEATH SIDE sound, FUCKED FOR LIFE is going for the BASTARD style. The results are mixed, but when you aim high you're definitely going to miss occasionally. I love the almost out-of-tune desperation of the guitar leads, and everything gels near perfectly on title track. The vocals lack urgency at times, but that may be in part due to the recording that highlights the vocals at the expense of the drums. I think I like this band at least in part because they remind me so much of Philly's criminally underrated LOST CAUSE. I'd probably advise them to ditch the MOTÖRHEAD worshipping style they adopt for "Down the Hatch" and stick to the ripping Japanese hardcore style of the first three songs. Still, this is a killer release and I hope to see some vinyl from this band soon. I'm sure the FUCKED FOR LIFE/ NUKKEHAMMER gigs are ripping. (Andrew)(4 song-CD, lyrics included, 7746 Whitehall Cir. E, West Chester OH, 45069)

GARBAGE STRIKE – OK, I'm assuming you all read Al Quint's column as religiously as I do. You do, right? OK, good. Then you already read what he had to say about this demo last issue, that it's "good 'n' snotty punk rock with a hardcore edge". That pretty well sums it up, although I might say it's more hardcore with a snotty punk rock edge, but why quibble? He also mentioned the nice packaging, with a retardedly awesome oversize booklet, a badge and a CDR (for all you haters of analog goodness and children of the digital age) included within. Songs about conspiracy theories, fighting the cops and other good shit. The point is, this is fucking solid, Al Quint liked it, you should buy it. Case closed. Oh, the singer was in POISON CONTROL and the drummer manned the skins in TERMINAL YOUTH, now are you sold? Did I mention it's titled *United and Slam Against the System*? Just get one, stupid. (xYosefx) (CD, $5 ppd to MFS Dist., 42 Claymoss Rd., Brighton, MA 02135)

HAMMER & THE NAILS –The sounds of this new Boston band are those of classic, tried and true American Oi! Think of the earliest records by ANTI-HEROES, PATRIOT, OXBLOOD, or STORMWATCH and you'd be in the ballpark. It's

that slow plodding mean-sounding Oi! with super rock'n'roll styled solos, not that faster, catchy/melodic street punk stuff being passed around these days. Fans of Bruce Roehrs' column take extra special note. (Justin) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, Rock And Roll Disgrace, 24 Sadler St., Lynn, MA 01905, rnrdisgrace@gmail.com)

INSERVIBLES – An absolutely killer demo here from a band out of Mexico City. The recording is super raw and wild and really highlights the music in the same way the recordings did the same for a lot of the early Italian hardcore shit. It's certainly hardcore with occasional bits of 'FLAG-style guitar, and the vocals are off-the-hook-snotty and nasty, but this occasionally veers off into a sound similar to FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS or THE GRABBIES. This shit is fucking *crazy* sounding and I will play it into the ground! Wild *wild* stuff. (Justin) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.myspace.com/inservibles)

KOLUMBINE – This tape is titled *All Go No Slow*, and it doesn't lie or disappoint. Eight straightforward fast hardcore ragers here from a band that constantly sound like they're on the verge of falling apart, just pushing themselves as hard as they can. Lyrics are in the pro-skateboard, anti-capitalist vein, "political" without being earnest or trite. Good shit, I'd buy it. Limited to 100 copies. (xYosefx) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, $3 ppd to Frankenjew Records, 1776 Chestnut Ave., Glenview, IL 60025, www.myspace.com/frankenjewshows, frankenjew@sbcglobal.net, myspace.com/ kolumbineband)

NIGHT BIRDS – These four songs exist in the place where angst meets pop and punk meets hardcore. Although they don't really sound like DEEP SLEEP, I feel like they're coming from a similar angle as far as drawing from bands such as the DESCENDENTS and ADOLESCENTS and imposing their own paranoid vision on their inherently catchy songs, and NIGHT BIRDS also add a bit of an AGENT ORANGE-ish OC doom touch, which is most evident on this demo's final song. This is a great start, and hopefully their next step will turn heads. (Dan) (4-song CD, lyrics not included, myspace.com/nghtbrds)

PEACE CREEPS – This band features 3/5 of the now-long-defunct (and great) LAST IN LINE, a couple of whom are current members of OUT COLD. There are so many elements present on this one, and there doesn't seem to be a concise "PEACE CREEPS sound." Some songs are like slower-paced hardcore punk (but not heavy or mosh-y, just slower) while other songs are complete MISFITS/SAMHAIN worship. And predictably, others have elements of both. Tinges of surf and '60s guitar work rear their heads at moments too. It sounds more like a split with the two bands alternating songs, but I still like it. (Justin) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, Rock And Roll Disgrace, 24 Sadler St., Lynn, MA 01905, rnrdisgrace@gmail.com)

PIG TAKEOVER – This isn't just a demo—it's an eleven-song concept album about pigs taking over the world. Literal pigs, not cops. You know, swine. The lyrics are pretty awful, just really silly shit about pigs and, for some reason, wizards. Musically this is slow-to-mid-tempo hardcore/punk that sounds like it was recorded in a tin can, with the lyrics mostly spoken rather than sung or screamed. They often use an echo effect on the vocals as well. Somebody obviously thought that this was a great idea. Limited to 100 copies, maybe 99 other people will want this, I sure don't want my copy. (xYosefx) (11-song cassette, lyrics included, $3 ppd to Frankenjew Records, 1776 Chestnut Ave., Glenview, IL 60025, myspace.com/frankenjewshows, frankenjew@sbcglobal.net, myspace.com/pigtakeover)

SEMEN – Not only does this demo come with a rad booklet of lyrics, artwork, and information, the tunes also rule! Here's another addition to the swelling ranks of the new wave of Spanish punk. SEMEN, from Bilbao, in the Basque country of northern Spain, carries on the fine tradition of raw DISCHARGE-loving, D-beat bands from their country, most notably, DESTRUCCION, whom they cover here, and I hear a lot of similarities with. This shit is just awesome, and stands on its own, and you should track yourself down a copy. (Justin) (8-song cassette, lyric zine included, 2 euro plus postage, www.radioruido.com/soloparapunks or jorge@radioruido.com)

SUDOR – These Spanish punks had their demo reviewed it these pages a few issues back, and now they've sent us an excellent live tape, entitled *Hardcore es Punk Radical*. I just want to start by noting the awesome, surrealistic cover art, beautifully deranged color images of demonic punks. You'll have to see for yourself. Heading on to the music, we have fifteen frantic songs of thrashing hardcore punk, with strong influences from HHH and early '80s UK and US hardcore. For a live tape the sound is amazing, you can hear everything clearly in the mix. I'm looking forward to a vinyl release from these folks, hopefully the wait won't be too long. (xYosefx) (15-song cassette, lyrics included, 4 euros ppd, afeitealperro.blogspot.com, afeitealperro@hotmail.com)

TRENCHFOOT – If members of NOFX and SCREECHING WEASEL got the idea to reinvent themselves as a basement pop punk band, this is what it would sound like. I think I've heard every single riff on this tape at least three times in other pop punk songs. (Dan) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o Lasagnacide Tapes, 1142 Illini Dr., O'Fallon, IL 62269)

VILE INTENT – This quote caught my eye well before I even heard the tunes on here, and is in reference to their use of NON lyrics in a song: "We have no respect for Boyd Rice. Our use of his lyrics should be interpreted as, 'It's easy for those who have never seen war to rally behind it'"—right-fucking-on. Musically, this Montreal, Quebec band treads heavily in the slow-and-dirge-y-into-blasting realm of power violence-styled hardcore. There is something odd about their timing and structure that sets VILE INTENT away from the fold. (Justin) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, vileintent.likeweeds.org)

VIOLENT CHANGE – Solid, fast hardcore in the early '80s vein, mixing the Boston '82 style with early NYHC. Four originals and a MINOR THREAT cover. The song "Posi Jump" bashes on the whole posi thing, "Pulp Fiction" is about the movie, and "Fuck, It's Cold" is about, well, being cold and how that sucks. They also include a self-proclaimed "joke" song called "Woman Driver" about how women can't drive. Whatever. I'm not particularly offended, I'm just disappointed that "Posi Jump" is the only song where the lyrics are as good as the music. Limited to 100. (xYosefx) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $3 ppd to Frankenjew Records, 1776 Chestnut Ave., Glenview, IL 60025, myspace.com/frankenjewshows, frankenjew@sbcglobal.net, myspace.com/ changingviolently)

WAR DOGS – More blown out raw punk in the CONFUSE/GAI vein, this time from Malaysia's WAR DOGS. Pretty standard fare for the style—goofy artwork with plenty of random circled letters, lo-fi recording, distort distort distort, etc. I can hang with this, but I highly doubt it'll get pulled out to play. (Justin) (6-song cassette, some lyrics included, Black Konflik, PO Box 28, 27600 Raub, Pahang, MALAYSIA, www.myspace.com/violentparty)

V/A "VANCOUVER SIMPLIFICATION" – A nice addition here to the tradition of fine Vancouver punk comps—*Vancouver Independence* and *Vancouver Complication,* and now *Vancouver Simplification*. This cassette features 13 bands from, you guessed it, Vancouver, British Columbia. Some of them you may have heard of (SPECTRES and B-LINES) as they have records out, but most of them you probably have not. DAMAGED GOODS opens this comp up with a track of speedy poppy punk (read: not pop punk!) with clean guitars and a song about makeout spots. They are quickly followed by a competently done, DAG NASTY-worship tune by CIRCLES (just look at the band name!) Third in line is SPECTRES. I really wanted to like their singles but I just couldn't do it. Their track here is pretty ok. There are lots of effect on the vocals and guitars that work well with this brand of dark gothic-tinged post punk. The A-side is rounded out with a herky-jerky joint by HERMETIC, a slightly indie-rock-ish tune from WOOLWORM that reminds of the less-punk moments of LEMONHEADS' *Hate Your Friends*, and ending in a doom-ish dirge from DIRK. The B-side opens with the B-LINES, who play a faster regular old punk tune that leans to the garage end of things but isn't entirely in that realm. CITIZEN GRADE follows with a song that is kinda MINOR THREAT-like in its riff structure. Next up is VACANT STATE with a mid-paced tough hardcore roger-ing and some hard as nails vocals. Track four on this side is STARING PROBLEM who reminds me of the Bay Area's ACTS OF SEDITION. That's quickly followed by DICHOTOMY, whom I already reviewed in this demo section, with a song reminiscent of what I described in that review. FEAR OF TOMORROW's "Rotten System" is up. I loved this band live however many times I saw em and this is my first recorded experience with them. Raw hardcore to the core! Great band. I hope a record is in the works. The comp comes to a close with a heavy, fast-ish metallic ditty from TEMPEST. This is a nice window into a little known scene. (Justin) (13-song cassette, lyrics included, $4 ppd US and Canada, $6 world, 638 Hawks Ave., Vancouver, BC, V6A 3J1, CANADA)

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ZINES

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Reviews by:
(DA) Diane Anastasio
(JD) Judy Balmin
(JB) Julia Booze
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(DG) Dan Goetz
(BG) Bob Goldie
(MJ) Meredith Jones
(MM) Marissa Magic
(JM) Jeff Mason
(CR) Casey Ress
(CI) Cissie Scurlock
(XV) XYosefX

ASSCACTUS #2 / 50 cents
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
Asscactus is funny for me to read since I grew up and went to high school in Berkeley, CA. I get the feeling that the group of kids who put together this little *Absolutely Zippo* Jr. type fanzine are super young punks, since they still ride the #9 bus, hang around on Telegraph, and live in El Cerrito. I find this really amusing because it wasn't that long ago (ok, like eight years ago, which probably brings me to old lady status in the eyes of the *Asscactus* staff) that I was doing pretty much exactly the same thing, except I was a real square and didn't do a fanzine. That aside, *Asscactus* is a medley of drawings, collages, rants, and observations such as a "what punk are you?" diagram with hysterical doodles of the subtypes of punks (hardcore jocks, hipsters, fashion punks, etc.) and reasons why Gilman rules, and more stuff too. I hope these kids keep it up and put out another issue. (MJ)
Asscactus Fanzine c/o Cole Gates / 3432 Yosemite Ave. / El Cerrito, CA 94530

BARRICATA #19 / 10 Euros
8.5 x 12 – printed – 84 pgs – French
Barricata is subtitled *Fanzine de contre culture antifasciste et libertaire*, which even this non-Francophone can translate as "fanzine of the antifascist and libertarian [or anarchist] counterculture." That's a pretty good summary, as this magazine (and it is more of a magazine than anything else, very high production values) is allied with and apparently produced by the Paris chapter or RASH, the Red and Anarchist Skinheads. The content is largely what you would expect, with news, reviews, and articles on recent actions against neo-Nazis and cops, strikes, le Front National, etc. This issue seems to be a music special as well, with interviews with antifa rappers, punk bands, folk musicians, a Basque nationalist hardcore band, and others. If you read French, or if you're an ARA kid who needs the right reading material to try to learn French, give this well-produced magazine a try. (XV)
Barricata / 21 ter / rue Voltaire / 75011 Paris / France
barricata.org

CITY TRASH #33
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 36 pgs
I've always liked *City Trash* because the music interviews are really dense and the layout is really neat and organized. *City Trash* to me is like a DIY version of the '60s garage magazine *Ugly Things* that comes out every year, because it has tons of nerdy garage bands that are new that I haven't heard of, then of course references to my favorites like the Mummies, Sonics, etc. But then it still has personal fanzine pieces from people about their lives that wouldn't be in some nerdy record collector magazine. Bands covered in issue #33: Apache, Frustration, the Aggravation, and, of course, a slew of record reviews. (MJ)
Mark K. Beizenveld / 48 7943 Mc Meppel / Holland

CITY TRASH #34
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 50 pgs
Ah yes, another review of the "magazine for Wild & Raw Rockin' Primitive Teens!" Interviews here with the Untamed Youth, the Urges, Thee Civars, and the Goodnight Loving. There is also more fun filler, and a "Garage-punk lifestyle" quiz that is more stupid than it is amusing, but whatever. (MJ)
Mark K. Beizenveld / 48 7943 Mc Meppel / Holland

COLLECTED LETTERS #1 / free
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 24 pgs
Exactly as advertised, *Collected Letters* is a ton of letters sent and received, all in the vein of Rich Mackin's legacy. Dude sends smarmy letter to corporation or local TV network, maybe they write back. So you have the public relations attempts to satisfy the customer, the generic response, and the classic no-reply. I usually hate this form, but I have to admit it is kinda funny here and there, in bits. (JB)
Skankuvius1@hotmail.com

COUNTERFEIT GARBAGE #1 / $3 ppd (US)
8.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs
"Hardcore can never die" are the opening words of this zine. Sums it up pretty well. Lots of well laid out super grainy black and white photos and a reoccurring background image of a hand flipping you, the reader, off. Pretty cool. There are interviews with Urban Blight, F.U.'s and reviews of Dry-Rot, Total Abuse, Iron Age, Painbox, and more. The F.U.'s look like complete animals in their photo. Can't help but notice all the text didn't quite make it onto the copy. Might want to work on that for issue number two. The reviews are pretty thorough. I like how in the Total Abuse record review the author writes, "If I was some retard journalist for a glossy magazine, I'd say they are 'reinventing the breakdown by growing it into a new paradigm' by gradually slowing down the pace of 'Peace & Quiet' before throwing a flurry of power chords back into our ears." He did go ahead and say the bit about reinventing the breakdown in a roundabout way, so I suppose that would make him some retard journalist of a *matte* magazine. Definitely not as lame. (JD)
Tall Rob / 1131 N. High St. Apt. 301 / Colombus, OH 43201
counterfeit.garbage@gmail.com

CUP AND SAUCER CHRONICLES #1 / $?
4 x 5.5 – copied – 16 pgs
A little zine put together by an ABC No Rio worker with some slightly pixilated Pettibon flyers scattered throughout. *Cup and Saucer Chronicles* is a well-written mini-perzine that touches on losing a parent, growing up, shifting neighborhoods, restless youth, train rides out of town, and how these things shape a person... A cool zine that made for a strangely involving read. (LG)
ericnelson83@gmail.com

EARTH FIRST! Vol. 29 #5 / $4.50
11 x 17 – printed – 32 pgs
I'm assuming most readers of *MRR* are quite familiar with the inspirational, radical environ-

mental group Earth First, and this well-written newsprint journal is their vehicle to keep people informed of the latest ecological activism around the globe. For a refreshing change, there is some good news in the form of several victories starting off the issue! This is always nice to see in the difficult struggle against the powerful forces of development and profit. This issue has a load of interesting articles that cover, among other things, the art of foraging, political support groups for incarcerated activists, and updates on animal rights activists being prosecuted in the UK. And what would an issue of this journal be without the fun page of poetry and other reader submissions? Always good to read and definitely a cause worth your support, so send away for an issue. (BG)
Daily Planet Publishing – Earth First! / PO Box 3023 / Tucson, AZ 85702
www.earthfirstjournal.org

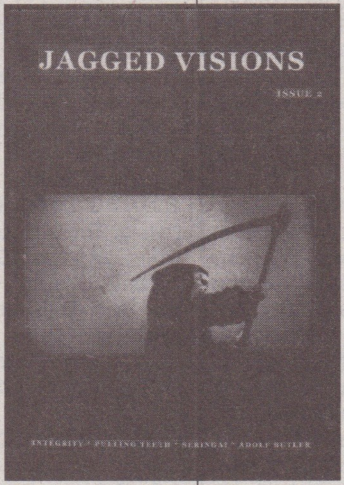
ENTES ANOMICOS #11 / $?
5.5 x 8 – copied – 24 pgs – Spanish
Emtes Anomicos appears to be an accompaniment to a CDR compilation of South American punk bands, put out by a label in Germany. I could be wrong! Unfortunately, I do not speak Spanish, (seriously, if you know someone in the Bay Area who wants to review zines for *MRR* that does, email us!), and did not get the CDR with this zine, so I can't comment on that, but this looks fucking rad!! There are features on the bands Suburban Hostages, Histeria Kolectiva, MOFA, and what appears to be a piece on feminism and capitalism. *Emtes Anomicos* looks like a classic cut and paste zine, i.e. really fucking cool... (LG)
recontrapunk@hotmail.com
www.myspace.com/entes

EQUALIZING-X-DISTORT Volume 9, Issue 3 / $?
8.5 x 11 – printed – 16 pgs
Equalizing-X-Distort, the radio show, has been a Toronto hardcore/punk institution for a decade now, with its fame spreading at least as far as, well, here in the Bay Area, tome. That has largely come about due to its accompanying print zine, the one I'm reviewing here. As usual the zine features several in-depth interviews with obscure hardcore bands, this time around showcasing In Time, Molested Youth, and Death Is Easy. These three interviews take up a combined thirteen of the zine's sixteen pages, so I'm not using "in-depth" lightly here. Rounding it out are a couple of pages of record reviews and a back cover of recent Toronto hardcore flyers. Top notch as always. (XV)
21 Foundry Ave Unit 5 / Toronto, ON / M6H 4K7 / Canada
exd.ohc.org
equalizingxdistort@ciut.fm

HEY RONNIE #4/ $3 or trade, email for international rates
8.5 x 11 – printed – 20 pgs
Classic-style hardcore zine, which brings to mind the question, does referencing Ronald Reagan in '09 make your classic hardcore zine more authentic? *Flex Your Head.* There's an interview with FL hardcore mutants Divisions in which the zine maker asks what instrument they would prefer to perform an abortion with. Another interview with the Teenage Cool Kids touches on their bands feelings on straightedge via a drugged up New Years Eve anecdote that somehow involves four-degree weather and Tony from Holy Shit! There's a cool show report/review, which includes a pre-show skate session that involved bombing hills in a cemetery, and a ton of music reviews. The best music zines manage to get across the personality of the people who produced them, which *Hey Ronnie* does admirably. (LG)
1142 Illini Dr, O Fallon, IL 62269
matinpoop@hotmail.com

I WAS A TEENAGE ZOMBIE #2 / $3 ppd or trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs
This zine's got style not unlike that of the Australian zine, *Distort*, and its creator seems to be some kind of social outcast shut-in nerd that has dedicated his life to studiously cataloguing punk, then and now. He seems disenchanted with modern life and current punk outfits, as well as with the incorporation of internet culture into his beloved underground community. He writes long reviews of records and zines, during which he pores over the slightest minutia of the release that would be missed by those even half as diligent as he. I'd say throw this dude a couple bucks, or better yet, a mix tape, and snag one of these zines. (DA)
Erik Meyer / 1142 Illini Dr. / O'Fallon, IL 62269
girlproblems@hotmail.com

JAGGED VISIONS #2 / $3 ppd
8.5 x 11 – copied – 40 pgs
Jagged Visions is a beautiful zine that is experimental in concept. It is named after an Integrity song, and there is an interview with the singer of that band about lucid dreaming. The theme of this issue is dreaming, and there is definitely an ethereal aesthetic about it—tons of pictures collaged really nicely and a lot of darkness. The writer talks about his dreams, questions the use of dreams, and the state of non-reality. There are also interviews with Arian from the Indonesian band Seringai, Boris from the band Adolf Butler, (who sounds like a dipshit who is into being "confrontational"), and Mike from Pulling Teeth. (JB)
jaggedvisionszine@gmail.com



KALAMAZOO #1 / $2
4 x 4.5 – copied – 40 pgs
So this is the waxing nostalgia of adolescent boyhood in Kalamazoo. Stupid stunts, drugs/booze, girls. The writing is kind of redneck with a lot of boner talk, getting into fights, trying to cop a feel. I was strangely fascinated by it. Apparently there is a part two to it, I want it. There are a few pictures here and there, mostly text, no fancy formatting. It's not really romanticized and it's not a bummer, it's just a story. It's good. (MM)
Eight-Track Publishing / 9408 SE Hollywood Ave / Milwaukie, OR 97222

LONG TIME COMING #1 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 22 pgs
The author is clearly enthusiastic about the music he covers, but *Long Time Coming* leaves a lot to be desired, though it's not without some decent moments. The layout is basically text imposed over graphics in Photoshop with no attention given to things as simple as contrast or leading, which renders some of the text unreadable. There are a few boring show reviews, hit-or-miss interviews with Reigntion, Die Young (who claim their LP will still be talked about 10+ years from now), Joe Lally of Fugazi (which is the most interesting), and Henry Rollins (which is the most insipid), some OK record reviews, and a nauseating recap of the day-long event that he makes of Record Store Day. (DG)
vincentpghpa@yahoo.com

LOST KISSES #9 & 10 **/ JUST A MAN / XO / WORMS** #4 / $1 each or 10 for $8
2 x 1.75 – copied – 48-60 pgs
Small things are great. Mini things are even better. Four mini comics, each more or less self-contained, each different, and each totally worth your time. *XO* and *Just A Man* are fictitious short stories sparingly illustrated while *Lost Kisses* is a biographical comic with angst and stick figures, lastly, *Worms* seems to be a horror/sci-fi mini comic. These would succeed even without the gimmick of their seriously reduced size, but the format and stories all compliment the medium well. Eight dollars for ten readable mini-comics is a far better deal than most out there. (CR)
Silber Media / PO Box 18062 / Raleigh, NC 27619
www.silbermedia.com/comics

MENTALLY ILL #2 / $1
5.5 x 8 – copied – 12 pgs
I can't hang with a typo in the first sentence, but I'll forgive the guilty, offending party this time. Reluctantly. Following was a comic pondering the meaning and truth of a Marx excerpt, which is a good indication that this zine is going somewhere thoughtful. These are strange comics about anxiety and depression made by a 38-year-old guy with two kids. I like how the arms are often oddly too big and there are lots of sneaky, vague penises. That last part may

very well be my own imagination. Ivagination. I wish the images weren't as pixel-y as they are. (JD)
Absent Cause / PO Box 1568 / New York, NY 10276
redguard@gmail.com

MINDLESS MUTANT #4-#5/ $4 each
8.5 x 11 – copied – 48 and 32 pgs
So after a long hiatus Matt Rolland sent us two different issues of *Mindless Mutant* for review. Matt's zine has a hostile, confrontational tone that always reminds me of late-'80s/early-'90s straight-edge hardcore zines or maybe even *Hardware*. He has also included some love for Morrissey to make the late-'80s feel more official. But nary a fear, Matt's main musical affection is hardcore punk, which is made evident on almost every page of *Mindless Mutant*. Well, he says his interest in all-things-hardcore is dulling with age, but *Mindless Mutant* is still a great peek into one person's Midwest hardcore mindset. Both issues contain tons of show reviews and lots of action-oriented band photos. Matt has a knack for securing awesome photos for use in his zine... Aside from the basics, Issue 4 contains some record reviews and interviews with Deep Sleep, Pulling Teeth, and In Disgust, and a really long Weekend Nachos tour diary. Issue 5 has more of a reminiscing mood with last-show-ever reviews of Punch In the Face and the Repos (photospreads included!) and tour diaries of Harms Way and Born Bad. There's lots to read in both issues, so I didn't get to everything, but the live photos alone are worth the price of admission—at least to those that are into the artifact nature of zines. Not to say I only like *Mindless Mutant* for the photos... (CI)
Matt Rolland / 3108 98th St E / Highland, IN 46322
mindlessmutantfanzine@gmail.com

MISHAP #27 / $2, trade, free to prisoners
5.5 x 8 – copied – 32 pgs
Noted bibliophile Ryan Mishap has devoted this, his twenty-seventh issue, to asking people about books, and reviewing some recent titles. Some of the contributor's responses are more compelling than others, including Ryan's own story of turning to reading while dealing with insomnia. The lady in prison has some interesting picks as well. The reviews are concise, well done, and there are a lot of them. Ryan mostly reads fiction, but he reads so much that a fair number of non-fiction titles (eleven) also get discussed. If you're living at the library anyway, you might as well send cash or trade. (JM)
PO Box 5841 / Eugene, OR 97405

MORE NOIZE #1 / $?
8.5 x 12 – copied – 4 pgs
"It was easy. Quick. Fun. & cheap." That's the opening line to this four-pager, and that's the truth. This is basically a rather large piece of paper folded in half and printed on all sides, with that "straight out of Microsoft Word" layout that you'd see on a term paper. Design, or lack thereof, aside, *More Noize* was enjoyable, even though it felt more like a "webzine" than a real zine. Very short interviews with Exit Hippies and Reality Crisis, a bit of UK scene gossip and three-and-a-half pages of reviews. I can think of worse ways to spend five minutes of your life. Maybe next time it'll be an actual zine... (XV)
Tony Gunnarsson / 31 Woodville Road / London / E17 7ER / United Kingdom
slobodanburgher@gmail.com

MUTANT #0 / free
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 36 pgs
If I were into comics as much as I was a few years ago, I would probably really dig this compilation zine of short comics from the likes of Julia Wertz, Laura Park, Brian Ralph, and fifteen others. Though I found a few of the submissions to be on the more boring and self-indulgent side of things, *Mutant* is an alright comic zine overall, with the best contribution being James Williams' piece about the neuroses of the modern white male figure. Most of the selections are simple drawings with straightforward plots and predictable dialogue and are limited in length to a page or two, which is perfect for my attention span. Despite not being particularly captured by this collection of comics, I'm still intrigued by what Atomic Books will release in the future. (DA)
Atomic Book Company / 3620 Falls Rd / Baltimore, MD 21211
benn@atomicbooks.com

NODE POJOMO Summer 2009 / $1 (US), $2 (international)
4.25 x 5.25 – copied – 24 pgs
This little zine isn't really a zine like most punks are used to, but yea olde mail art!!! I may be one of the only people I know who enjoys this, because it's not *really* to do with zines, but sending art pieces through the mail that have significance by the medium by which they are sent and a process of interaction than the actual mail art piece. *Node Pojomo* serves as sort of a *Factsheet 5* for those interested in mail art—addresses and names of people who would like to receive mail art and what they are looking for. Nice to see someone out there is still in the loop! On the back of this zine the author wrote, "I dunno if this is fucking punk enough for you...I'm listening to the SONICS while I write this...that must count for something." Well, in my opinion, mail art is punk as fuck and so are the Sonics, and so is this zine. Way to go daddy-o! (MJ)
PO Box 2632 /Bellingham, WA 98227
nodepajomo@gmail.com

ONG ONG #5 / $8
7 x 10 – copied – 116 pgs
The format is slightly confusing; *Ong Ong* is two books that make up one issue, and I can't quite figure out how they go together. *Ong Ong* is a collective zine that runs the gambit from photocopier art to interviews to how-tos (no recipes though) and there are some comics, dating musings by Jean Smith (which I really enjoyed), and nice screen-printed covers. It's very Northwest, what with the kind of elaborate DIY-ness, the characters involved (Jean Smith, an interview with the Mississippi Records guy, Seattle show reviews, general punk community togetherness) and such. *Ong Ong* is an entertaining read, and I dig the artwork. Worth the time. (MM)
Ong Ong / 315 E. Pine St. / Seattle, WA 98122

OX #84 / 4.50 Euros
7.75 x 11 – printed – 116 pgs – German
I don't' read German, but many of the bands covered here seem to be too close to commercial crap for my taste. On the cover is Anti-Flag, on whom I am sour. The sad part is, the CD included with this issue has many of the bands inside on it, and the Anti-Flag song is actually good! If I heard a whole album, I'd puke for sure, but this one overproduced song is catchy and driving enough to hold my attention. Muletrain comes off pretty strong as well. There is an awful lot of material to read inside, including record and live reviews, and listings of millions of upcoming shows. (JM)
PO Box 110420 / 42664 Solingen / Germany
www.ox-fanzine.de

PLASTIC BOMB #67 / 3,50 Euros (Germany), 5 Euros (world)
11.75 x 8.25 – printed – 80 pgs – German
If I were to judge this German zine according to its cover ("punk"/rave girl on a tropical beach with a popsicle) or the horrendous punk merchandise ads on the back (order up your punk gear!), I wouldn't even give this the time of day. Once inside, however, things are much better and the pages are jam-packed with interviews (RF7, Anders Lesen, and a bunch more), columns, and reviews of all sorts. There's also an interesting article covering, in some detail, fifteen classic German punk records. For your money you also get a 35-track CD compilation of worldwide punk ranging from the Restarts to Attentat Sonore. There's definitely enough material crammed in *Plastic Bomb* to make it worth your while, but keep in mind these pages are limited to those who speak Deutsche before you order. (BG)
Plastic Bomb / GmbH / Postfach 100205 / 47002 Duisburg / Germany
www.plastic-bomb.de
antiracistaction_la@yahoo.com

RAZORCAKE #51 / $4
8.5 x 11 – printed – 112 pgs
It's *Razorcake*, you are probably already familiar with it. A bunch of columns, including Nardwaur, which is always good for a laugh—Underground Railroad to Candyland is on the cover. There are interviews with Cobra Skulls, Tiltwheel, some top fives. Yup. (MM)
Razorcake / PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042
www.razorcake.org

RESTLESS LEGS ZINE #2 / $1ppd (US), $2

(international)
5.5 x 4 – copies – 14 pgs
Hell yeah. Bring on the color-copied photo zines. What a fine way to share your photography. Bryan May is documenting the punk life and bringing it to us in this attractive, lovely way. I especially like the photo of a deceased parakeet being held in an upward facing open palm and then the photo following on the next page, which is the tattooed image of presumably that very same parakeet with the text, "Never Forget." It's a timeless sentiment. (JD)
4412 West Street / Oakland, CA 95608 / USA
bryanmay138@yahoo.com

SELF AWARE #4 / $3 ppd
8.5 x 11 – copied – 34 pgs
Kind of a townie community zine here, with emphasis on the Charlotte, NC scene. I see totally random record reviews—actually they're not reviews they are recommendations, which I prefer because I like to hear what people are excited about as opposed to what they think is garbage. There is an interview with Fucked Up that is uselessly goofy, but others I've read are primarily hyping the mystery of the band, which isn't happening here at all. There's also an obituary/biography for the band Obstruction, some cool book reviews of punk histories, and an interview with Coke Bust. (JB)
selfawarezine@gmail.com

SLASH AND BURN #6 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 32 pgs
This time around *Slash and Burn* features a bunch of ephemera related to Michigan hardcore punk, new and old. The new interviews are with the State, Attention Span, Vilently Ill, and *Local Chaos* zine, and then there's a bunch of reprinted pages from old zines with a heavy focus on the bands Born Without a Face and Violent Apathy. The last couple pages contain a collage of flyers from a Michigan-themed flyer art show that was curated by *Slash and Burn's* author. I liked the mixture of chaos and cohesion in this issue of *Slash and Burn*, and I'm a sucker for old flyer reprints… (CI)
PO Box 1148 / Grand Rapids, MI 49501
www.punksbeforeprofit.org

THE TEMPLE AT AMARNA #1 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
The Temple at Amarna is a tribute to the band Fucked Up. It contains show listings, gossip, news, reviews, flyers, analysis, speculation, a rare track round up, and an "evolving" discography. I wasn't interested enough to read most of it, although I can appreciate the absurdity of such a tribute. If this is a joke, I'll emit a mild chortle, and I really doubt that most Fucked Up fans will find much of merit in *The Temple at Amarna*. I mean, is anyone really interested in some kids take on Fucked Up's "use of branding" or "motifs"? (CI)
2200 Monroe St / Apt. 306 / Santa Clara, CA 95050

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #220 /$?
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 30 pgs – Finnish
This Finnish zine features interviews with Ääritila, Khatarina, and Japanissa, some record and zine reviews, a recap of Punk Illegal Fest 3, and some articles I could discuss more if I knew the language. In spite of the semi-professional look and layout here, this is a fully DIY effort with no semi-corporate or otherwise ridiculous ads or content. (DG)
PL. 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland

TRUST #136 / $?
7.5 x 12 – printed - 70 pgs – German
This issue of the long-running German zine *Trust* has interviews with the Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Captain Planet, Tackleberry, Only Crime, Scheisse Minnelli, among others, plus the usual reviews and whatnot that makes up each issue that is reviewed in literally every other issue of *MRR*. In the interest of reciprocation, there is an equally vague *MRR* review in here, which is actually in English, as well as a half-page *MRR* ad featuring a sick live shot of Look Back And Laugh. (DG)
Dolf Hermannstadter / Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany

TURNING THE TIDE Vol. 22 #3 / $18 (year sub)
11.5 x 17 – printed – 8 pgs
Turning the Tide is a newspaper print activist journal put out by the Anti-Racist Action group in Los Angeles and contains articles concerning ARA activity throughout the nation. I agree with most of the viewpoints and causes espoused by the writers of this news journal, but I can't help but feel that sometimes the extreme views of everything being "fascist" and "racist" come off as one-sided as the extreme right wing shit that they're (correctly) against. I do have to admit that I have huge respect for the groups standing up to racists at their gatherings, for instance, but simultaneously I don't necessarily approve of the silencing and censorship tactics geared towards those they disagree with. Anyway, there is a good article leading off this issue about the necessity of a "three-way fight" against not only the US imperialist corporate state, but also against Zionist aggression, fascism, and Islamic fundamentalism in the troubled region of the Middle East. All of this gets tied into the unsustainable American way of life and the upcoming Third World War. This essay is both frightening and thought provoking, and easily the best entry this time around. (BG)
Anti-Racist Action Publishers / PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232

UMEÅ PUNK CITY / $?
9 x 13 – printed – 80 pgs
This huge zine and accompanying CD covers the punk scene of Umeå, Sweden. Thirty-one bands, two zines, a studio and four show spaces are profiled. Twenty-six bands are on the CD. This thing looks great, with each band having some distinctive layout, and the enormous format lets the photos and writing really come through. A down side is that all the bands were asked the same, generic questions. This project originated out of the scene, so it's too bad this insider knowledge wasn't put to more use in asking juicier or specifically-relevant questions. Umeå obviously has a lot to be proud of, and I think that *Umeå Punk City* will be a prized reference work in the years to come. With the CD, you get to hear some fucking rad bands like Amöba, Brottsvag, Instängd, Invasionen, and Suppression, as well as some that are just biting the Circle Jerks or Bikini Kill a little too hard. I love this zine, and if you think this sounds good, find out how to get one. My only other question is if money from the state helped finance it (*Ed: the answer is yes*). (JM)
umeapunkcity@gmail.com

THE WANDERERS #7 / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied - 52 pgs
Simply put, the street art zine genre is a rough one. The challenges of reproducing photographs of street art through the fickle medium of Xerox machines leads to some completely undecipherable zines. Worse yet, unless the creator uses a judicious editorial eye, the entire thing falls apart in a mix of unclear unconnected images. Fortunately our Australian friends who create *The Wanderers* use both a clean layout and quality images that produce a nice tight zine while retaining a DIY aesthetic that compliments the content. Inside are photos of walls, stickers, signs and other traces of street art as well as an interview with local artist Shida. If you've no interest in looking at pictures of graffiti, this probably won't interest you. If however such is your cup of tea, you'll find yourself satisfied with *The Wanderers*. No price, so email before ordering. (CR)
PO Box 568 / Fortitude Valley / QLD 4006/ Australia
valleystreettrash@yahoo.com

WORLD BURNS TO DEATH IS GONNA STAR IN A BROADWAY SHOW / $1 + SASE or trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 8 pgs
An irreverent collage comic that tells the "story" of a few fans that go to see World Burns To Death. Jack Control kills the guitar player with a "fuckin' big-ass bong" for fucking up his solos, one of the aforementioned fans attempts suicide by burning his face on a stove at the news of WBTD's breaking up, and then the story loses me at the end. The burn victim gets turned into a "naked boy," then gets knocked out by a "big-ass monkey." The dialogue comes from the mouths of cut-and-pasted comic book characters, and the fact that the choice of characters fits the dialogue (alternating between cohesion and intentional disregard for it) makes it that much more humorous. (DG)
Crucial Brigade / 5200 Robinsdale Ln. / Austin, TX 78723
thrashforsatan@hotmail.com

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Fri., September 11 • 8:00
Hellbastard (UK)
Gehenna
Resistant Culture
Acephalix
Caulfield

Sat, September 12 • 7:30
Babyland
Caustic • Syndika:Zero
Savior

Sun, September 13 • 7:30
Rocknroll Adventure Kids
Shannon & the Clams
High Heels (Denmark)

Fri, September 18 • 7:30
Flip the Switch
Aught 7
Los Arambula
Nino Zombi (Mexico)
Dear Horizon (Australia)

Sun, September 20 • 7AM
MRR Record Swap (Free!)

Sun, September 20 • 8:00
Beowolf
Head On Collision
Zombie Holocaust
Laceration

Fri, September 25 • 7:30
Electric Valentine
Metroid • Sassy

Sat, September 26 • 7:30
Black Fork
Shankers • Street Eaters
Schlitz Clairborne

Fri, October 2 • 8:00
TSOL
Oppressed Logic
Everything Must Go
Disciples

Sat, October 10 • 8:00
Ludicra
Subarachnoid Space
Ovo (Italy)

Fri, October 16 • 7:30
Warbringer
Witchaven • Hatchet
Havok • Crucial Cause
Demonslaught

Sat, October 17 • 7:30
Schlong

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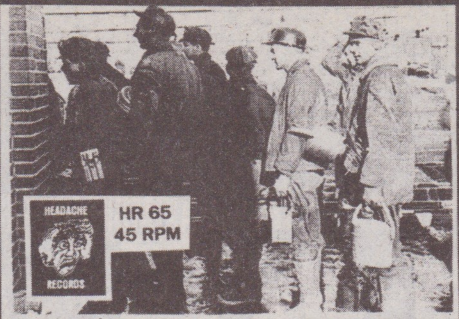
THE WRETCHED ONES



SIDE A: "RUT" / SIDE B: "LADY BOSS"

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EUROPE / U.S. TOUR 2009

EUROPEAN DATES

9/09 NEUMBERG	9/25 ANTWERP	10/11 GIJON	10/25 NH (EARLY)
9/10 LEIPZIG	9/26 BRUSSELS	10/12 CORUNA	10/25 BOSTON
9/11 RIESE	9/27 ROUEN	10/13 PORTO	10/26 RI
9/12 FORST	9/28 PARIS	10/14 MADRID	10/27 CT
9/13 PRAGUE	9/29 AMHEM	10/15 BARCELONA	10/28 TBA
9/14 PARDUBICE	9/30 AMSTERDAM	10/16 RITTEN	10/29 TBA
9/15 ZILINA	10/01 TBA	10/17 MUNICH	10/30 THE FEST
9/16 UZUGAROD	10/02 STUTTGART	10/18 MAINZ	10/31 THE FEST
9/17 LUBLIN	10/03 BASEL	**U.S. DATES**	11/01 THE FEST
9/18 WARSAW	10/04 BIEL	10/20 CHICAGO	11/03 AUSTIN
9/19 BERLIN	10/05 TBA	10/21 INDIANAPOLIS	11/04 DALLAS
9/20 NEUBRANDENBURG	10/06 ST ETIENNE	10/22 LIMA	11/05 OK
9/21 MALMOE	10/07 LYON	10/23 PHILLY	11/06 KC
9/22 KOPENHAGEN	10/08 TOULOUSE	10/24 NYC (EARLY)	11/07 IA
9/23 KIEL	10/09 SAN SABASTIAN	10/24 NJ (LATE)	11/09 MPLS
9/24 HAMBURG	10/10 BILBAU		

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